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Aunt Clarissa.

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THE

STANDARD SPEAKER;

CONTAINING

Exercises in Prose and Poetry

FOR DECLAMATION

IN SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, LYCEUMS, COLLEGES:

NEWLY TRANSLATED OR COMPILED FROM CELEBRATED ORATORS, AUTHORS, AND POPULAR DEBATERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A TREATISE ON ORATORY AND ELOCUTION.

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY EPES SARGENT.

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THE

STANDARD SPEAKER.

INTRODUCTORY TREATISE.

I. ORATORY.

Oratory, which has its derivation from the Latin verb *oro*, signifying to plead, to beseech, may be defined the art of producing persuasion or conviction by means of spoken discourse. The word *eloquence*, in its primary signification, as its etymology implies, had a single reference to public speaking; but it is applied by Aristotle, as well as by modern writers, to compositions not intended for public delivery. A similar extension of meaning has been given to the word *rhetoric*, which, in its etymological sense, means the art of the orator, but now comprehends the art of prose composition generally.

ORATORY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

It is apparent, from the speeches attributed by Homer to the chiefs of the Iliad, as well as by the commendations which he bestows on Nestor and Ulysses for their eloquence, that the art of Oratory was early understood and honored in Greece. But it was not till Demosthenes appeared that Grecian eloquence reached its perfection. Demosthenes, who, by the consent of all antiquity, was the prince of orators, still maintains his preëminence. Of his style, Hume has happily said: "It is rapid harmony, exactly adjusted to the sense; it is vehement reasoning, without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument; and of all human productions, the orations of Demosthenes present to us the models which approach the nearest to perfection." It is related of this great orator, that, in his first address to the people, he was laughed at and interrupted by their clamors. He had a weakness of voice and a stammering propensity which rendered it difficult for him to be understood. By immense labor, and an undaunted perseverance, he overcame these defects; and subsequently, by the spell of his eloquence, exercised an unparalleled sway over that same people who had jeered at him when they first heard him speak in public. The speeches of Demosthenes were not extemporaneous. There were no writers of short-hand in his days; and what was written could only come from the author himself.

After the time of Demosthenes, Grecian eloquence, which was coëval with Grecian liberty, declined with the decay of the latter. In Rome, the military spirit, so incompatible with a high degree of civil freedom, long checked the

growth of that popular intelligence which is the only element in which the noblest eloquence is nurtured. Rhetoricians were banished from the country as late as the year of the city 592. A few years subsequent to this period, the study of Oratory was introduced from Athens; and it at length found a zealous disciple and a consummate master in Cicero, whose fame is second only to that of his Athenian predecessor. The main causes to which the extraordinary perfection of ancient Oratory is to be ascribed are the great pains bestowed on the education of the young in this most difficult art, and the practice among speakers of preparing nearly all their finest orations before delivery.

MODERN ORATORY.

In modern times, Oratory has not been cultivated with so much care as among the ancients. The diffusion of opinions and arguments by means of the Press has, perhaps, contributed in some degree to its neglect. A speaker is now mainly known to the public through the Press, and it is often more important to him to be *read* than *heard*. Still, the power of Oratory in republican countries must always be immense, and the importance of its cultivation must be proportionate. We see it flourish or decay according to the degree of freedom among the people, and it is a bad sign for a republic when Oratory is slighted or undervalued. It was not till France began to throw off the trammels of her monarchical system, that she produced a Mirabeau. Her parliamentary annals will show that the eloquence of her National Assembly has been in proportion to the predominance of the element of constitutional freedom in her government.

The struggle against incipient despotism in England, which resulted in the execution of King Charles the First, was productive of some great bursts of eloquence from Vane, Pym, Eliot, and other champions of popular rights; whose speeches, however, have been strangely slighted by the majority of English critics. The latter part of the eighteenth century was illumined by the genius of Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Grattan; all of whom were roused to some of their most brilliant efforts by the arbitrary course of government towards our ancestors of the American colonies. Ireland is well represented in this immortal list. Her sons have ever displayed a true genius for Oratory.

The little opportunity afforded for the cultivation of forensic or senatorial eloquence by the different governments of Germany has almost entirely checked its growth in that country; and we may say the same of Italy, Spain and Portugal, and most of the other countries of Europe. To the pulpit Oratory of France, the illustrious names of Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon, have given enduring celebrity; and in forensic and senatorial eloquence, France has not been surpassed by any modern nation. But it is only in her intervals of freedom that her senatorial eloquence reaches its high note.

The growth of eloquence in the United States has been such as to inspire the hope that the highest triumphs of Oratory are here to be achieved. Already we have produced at least two orators, Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster, to whom none, since Demosthenes, in the authority, majesty and amplitude, of their eloquence, can be pronounced superior. In proportion to the extent of our cultivation of Oratory as an art worthy our entire devotion, must be our success in enriching it with new and precious contributions. And of the power of a noble Oratory, beyond its immediate circle of hearers, who can doubt? "Who doubts?" asks Mr. Webster, "that, in our own struggle for freedom and independence, the majestic eloquence of Chatham, the profound reasoning of Burke, the burning satire and irony of Barré, had influence on our fortunes in America? They tended to diminish the confidence of the British ministry in their hopes to subject us. There was not a reading man who did not struggle more boldly for his rights when those exhilarating

Canton High School

PREFACE.

The distinguishing features of the present collection are, the unusual variety and methodical arrangement of the materials; a comprehensive grouping, such as has not hitherto been attempted, of exercises from the most celebrated orators and popular debaters of ancient and modern times; the allotment of a liberal space to original translations from the French and other languages; and the introduction of notes, explanatory and biographical, with the dates of the birth and death of authors. Side by side with those pieces of acknowledged excellence, that justify the title of the work, will be found a large number that are now, for the first time, presented as exercises for recitation and declamation. In the case of selections, care has been taken to collate them with the latest and most authentic editions of the works from which they are extracted; and thus many current errors and mutilations have been avoided.

Of the British parliamentary specimens, many are valuable, not only as models of style, but as illustrating the early history of our own country. Much original research has been bestowed on this part of the volume. The privilege of occasional compression being indispensable, it has been exercised with as scrupulous a regard as possible to the integrity of the text. Most of the extracts from Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan; nearly all from Burke, Grattan, Curran, and Brougham; all but one from Canning and Macaulay; and all from Vane, Meredith, Wilkes, Sheil, Croker, Talfourd, Peel, Cobden, Palmerston, Russell, and others, are now, for the first time, introduced into a "Speaker."

Among the familiar masterpieces of American oratory will be found many new extracts, not unworthy of the association. They belong to the whole country, and no sectional bias has influenced the choice.

Of the brilliant specimens of the senatorial eloquence of France, all but two have been translated expressly for this work. In the other departments of the volume, there has also been a considerable expenditure of original editorial labor; all the highly effective exercises from Massillon, Hugo, Pichat, Mickiewicz, and many others, having been translated; all those from Homer, Schiller, Delavigne, Bulwer, Mazzini, Kossuth, and

Browning; and nearly all from Knowles, Croly, Horace Smith, and others, together with the comic dialogues from Morton, Mathews, and Coyne, having been selected or adapted for this collection.

It will be seen that the oratory of the ancients has supplied an unusual number of exercises. A certain novelty has, however, in many instances, been imparted here, by original translations. We have had little, in modern times, to surpass the Philippics of Demosthenes or the fiery invective of Æschines. The putative speeches from Livy, Tacitus, and Sallust, have been newly translated or adapted. In two or three instances, the translation has been so liberal that a nearer relationship to the original than that of a paraphrase has not been claimed. The speeches of Brutus, Caius Marius, Canuleius, Virginius, and others, have been expanded or abridged, to serve the purpose of declamation. The two speeches of Spartacus, that of Regulus, with several others, are now, for the first time, published. The extracts from that strangely depreciated work, Cowper's Homer, have the vivid simplicity and force of the original, and are among the most appropriate exercises for elocution in the whole scope of English blank verse.

Throughout the present volume, in deciding upon the insertion of a piece, the question has been, not "Who wrote it?" or, "What country produced it?" but, "Is it good for the purpose?" Like other arts, that of eloquence is unhedged by geographical lines; and it is as inconsistent with true culture, to confine pupils to American models in this art, as it would be in sculpture or painting. While exercising great freedom of range in selection, however, it has been the editor's study to meet all the demands of a liberal patriotism; to do justice to all the noblest masters of eloquence, and to all schools and styles, from which a grace may be borrowed; and, above all, to admit nothing that could reasonably offend the ear of piety and good taste.

The Introductory Treatise embodies the views, not only of the editor, but of many of our most experienced and distinguished teachers, in regard to the unprofitable character of those "systems" which profess to teach reading and speaking by the rule and plummet of sentential analysis or rhetorical notation. Of these attempts the pupil may well exclaim, in the words of Cowper, —

> "Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
> From reveries so airy, — from the toil
> Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
> And growing old in drawing nothing up!"

The preceptive portion of the Treatise presents no particular claim to originality; the object being merely to give a summary of all the discoveries and hints that can be serviceable to the student, in the development of his vocal and elocutionary powers.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY TREATISE.

	Page
I. ORATORY,	15
Eloquence,	15
Rhetoric,	15
Oratory among the Ancients,	15
The Art in Greece,	15
Homer,	15
Demosthenes,	15
His Speeches prepared,	15
Oratory in Rome,	15
Cicero,	16
Superiority of Ancients,	16
Modern Oratory,	16
Effect of the Press,	16
Oratory in Republics,	16
Mirabeau,	16
English Oratory,	16
European Oratory,	16
American Oratory,	16
Patrick Henry,	16
Daniel Webster,	16
Power of Oratory,	16
Mr. Webster's Opinion,	16
Success in Oratory,	17
How to achieve it,	17
Quintilian's Opinion,	17
Divisions of Oratory,	17
II. ELOCUTION,	17
Among the Ancients,	18
Modern Theories,	18
Steele's Measure of Speech,	18
" System of Marks,	18, 19
Walker's Elements,	19
Inflections of the Voice,	19
Rules of Inflection,	20, 21
Illustration from Pope,	21
" from Shakspeare,	21
Rush on the Voice,	21
Artificial Rules,	22
Their Insufficiency,	22
Whately's Objections,	22, 23
Failure of Walker's Method,	22, 23
His own Admission,	23
Edmund Kean,	23
Attention the Secret,	23
Practical Hints,	24
John Quincy Adams,	24
Divisions of Elocution,	24
Articulation,	24
Pronunciation,	24
Defects in Pronunciation,	24
Importance of Dictionaries,	24
Quotation from Holmes,	25, 26
Distinctness to be Studied,	26
Unemphatic Words,	26
Solemn Reading,	26
Modulation of the Voice,	26
Good Practical Rule,	26
The Different Keys,	26
Low Key,	27
Illustration from Milton,	28
" from Shakspeare,	28
Middle Key,	28
High Key,	29
Illustration from Shakspeare,	29
Curious Fact in Sound,	29
Burke's Voice,	29
Chatham's Voice,	29
Monotone,	30
Illustration from Shakspeare,	30
" from Talfourd,	30
Time,	30
Imitative Modulation,	30
Illustration from Pope,	30
Pauses,	31
Emphasis,	31
Illustration from Milton,	31
" from Shakspeare,	32
III. GESTURE,	32
Fenelon's Directions,	32
Austin's Chironomia,	32
Oratorical Attitudes,	32
Engraved Representations,	32
Matters for Mirth,	32
General Rules,	32, 33
On Timing Gestures,	33
Walker's Direction,	33
Illustration from Shakspeare,	33
Whately's Theory,	33
Attitude,	34
Quintilian on the Hand,	34
Practical Hints,	34
Awkward Habits,	35
Dress and Manner,	35
The Countenance,	35
IV. STRENGTHENING THE VOICE,	35
Management of the Breath,	36
A Good Exercise,	36
Reading Aloud,	36
Its Physical Benefits,	36
Andrew Combe's Advice,	36
EXPLANATORY MARKS,	36

PART FIRST.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC.

	Page
1. Truth, ... *Frayssinous*,	37
2. Immortality, ... *Massillon*,	38
3. Utility of the Beautiful, . . . *Ruskin*,	39
4. The Mind of Man, ... *Akenside*,	40
5. The World, ... *Talfourd*,	41
6. Mechanical Epoch, ... *Kennedy*,	41
7. To-day, ... *Withington*,	42
8. Duellist's Honor, ... *England*,	43
9. Day Conceals what Night Reveals, *Nichol*,	44
9. Sonnet, ... *White*,	45
10. Man's Material Triumphs, . . . *Fayet*,	45
11. Fortitude, ... *Anonymous*,	46
12. The United States of Europe, . . *Hugo*,	46
13. The Peace Congress of the Union, *Everett*,	48
14. The Spirit of the Age, . . . *Beckwith*,	49
15. Moses in Sight of the Promised Land, *Peabody*,	50
16. Necessity of Law, ... *Hooker*,	50
17. Justice, ... *Carlyle*,	51
18. To-morrow, ... *Cotton*,	52
19. Eloquence of Action, . . . *Webster*,	53
20. Sincerity the Soul of Eloquence, *Goethe*,	53
21. The Christian Orator, . . *Villemain*,	54
22. Affectation in the Pulpit, . . . *Cowper*,	55
23. Utility of History, ... *De Ségur*,	56
24. False Coloring Lent to War, *Chalmers*,	57
25. Death's Final Conquest, . . . *Shirley*,	58
26. Religion, ... *Lamartine*,	58
27. The Saviour's Reply, ... *Milton*,	59
28. Nobility of Labor, ... *Dewey*,	60
29. Labor is Worship, ... *Osgood*,	61
30. Moral and Physical Science, . . *Chapin*,	62
31. The Order of Nature, ... *Pope*,	63
32. Future Empire of our Language, *Bethune*,	63
33. Compensations of the Imagination, *Akenside*,	64
34. The Great Distinction of a Nation, *Channing*,	65
35. What Makes a Hero, ... *Taylor*,	66
36. The Last Hours of Socrates, ...	66
37. To a Child, ... *Yankee*,	67
38. America's Contributions, *Verplanck*,	68
39. The True King, ... *Hunt*,	69
40. Death is Compensation, *Rousseau*,	69
41. Fate of Charles XII., . . . *Johnson*,	70
42. Our Duties, ... *Story*,	71
43. Love of Country, . . *Montgomery*,	72
44. Nature a Hard Creditor, . . *Carlyle*,	73
45. Time's Midnight Voice, . . . *Young*,	74
46. The Common Lot, . . *Montgomery*,	75
47. True Source of Reform, . . *Chapin*,	76
48. The Beacon Light, ... *Pardoe*,	77
49. Cleon and I, ... *Mackay*,	77
50. Problem for the U. States, *Boardman*,	78
51. American Experiment, . . *Everett*,	78
52. The Ship of State, ... *Lunt*,	79
52. Lines, ... *Longfellow*,	80
53. Art, ... *Sprague*,	80
54. The Pilot, ... *Bayly*,	81
55. Death Typified by Winter, *Thomson*,	82
56. Religious Inducements, . . . *James*,	83
57. Never Despair, ... *Lover*,	84
58. Charity, ... *Talfourd*,	84
59. The Battle-field, ... *Bryant*,	85
60. Dizzy Activities, ... *Everett*,	86
61. The Good Great Man, . . *Coleridge*,	87
62. Taxes, ... *Sydney Smith*,	87
63. The Press, ... *Elliot*,	88
64. Defence of Poetry, ... *Wolfe*,	89
65. Great Ideas, ... *Channing*,	89
66. England, ... *Elliot*,	90
67. Hallowed Ground, ... *Campbell*,	91
68. Nature Proclaims a Deity, *Chateaubriand*,	92
69. What we owe the Sword, . . *Grimké*,	92
70. Abou Ben Adhem, ... *Hunt*,	93
71. Polonius to Laertes, . . *Shakspeare*,	94
72. Where is he, ... *Neele*,	94
73. International Sympathies, *Wayland*,	95
74. Worth of Fame, ... *Baillie*,	96
75. Frivolous Pleasures, ... *Young*,	97
76. Forgive, ... *Heber*,	97
77. Science Religious, . . . *Hitchcock*,	98
78. Triumphs of the English Language, *Lyons*,	99
79. The Water Drinker, . . *E. Johnson*,	99
80. The Days that are Gone, . *Mackay*,	100
81. The Work-shop and Camp, ...	101
82. The Wise Man's Prayer, *Johnson*,	102

PART SECOND.

MARTIAL AND POPULAR.

	Page
1. Scipio to his Army, ... *Livy*,	103
2. Hannibal to his Army, ... *Id.*,	104
3. Regulus to the Roman Senate, *Orig'l*,	105
4. Leonidas to his Three Hundred, *Pichat*,	107
5. Brutus over the dead Lucretia, *Orig'l and compiled*,	107
6. Achilles' Reply, *Cowper's Homer*,	108
7. Hector's Rebuke, ... *Id.*,	109
8. Hector's Exploit, ... *Id.*,	110
9. Hector Slain, ... *Id.*,	111
10. Telemachus to the Chiefs, *Fenelon*,	113
11. Titus Quintius, ... *Livy*,	114
12. Caius Marius, ... *Sallust*,	115
13. Caius Gracchus, ... *Knowles*,	116
14. Galgacus, ... *Tacitus*,	117
15. Icilius on Virginia's Seizure, *Macaulay*,	118
16. The Spartans' March, . . . *Hemans*,	119
17. The Greeks' Return, ... *Id.*,	119
18. Ode, ... *Collins*,	120
19. Virginius' Refusal to Claudius, *Livy*,	120
20. Canuleius against Patrician Arrogance, *Id.*,	121
21. Catiline to his Army, ... *Jonson*,	122
22. Spartacus to the Gladiators, *Kellogg*,	123

Page

23. Spartacus to the Roman Envoys, *Orig.*, 124
24. Marullus to the Romans, *Shakspeare*, 126
25. Brutus on Cæsar's Death, ... *Id.*, 126
26. Mark Antony, " . . . . *Id.*, 127
27. Moloch's Address, ... *Milton*, 129
28. Belial's Address, ... *Id.*, 131
29. The Death of Leonidas, . . . *Croly*, 132
30. Catiline to the Gallic Conspirators, *Id.*, 133
31. Catiline's Last Harangue, ... *Id.*, 134
32. The Bard's Summons, . . . *Bulwer*, 135
33. Caradoc to Cymrians, ... *Id.*, 136
34. Alfred to his Men, ... *Knowles*, 137
35. Rienzi to the Romans, . . *Mitford*, 138
36. The Patriot's Pass-word, *Montgomery*, 139
37. Richard to the Princes, ... *Scott*, 140
38. Richmond to his Men, . *Shakspeare*, 141
39. Henry V. to his Men, ... *Id.*, 142

Page

40. Battle of Ivry, ... *Macaulay*, 143
41. Van Artevelde to Men of Ghent, *Taylor*, 145
42. Wat Tyler to the King, . . *Southey*, 146
43. The Soldier's Dream, . . . *Campbell*, 147
44. Before Quebec, ... *Wolfe*, 147
45. The American Flag, ... *Drake*, 148
46. To his Men, before the Battle of Long Island, ... *Washington*, 150
47. To the Army of Italy, . . *Napoleon*, 150
48. Byron to the Greeks, . *Lamartine*, 151
49. Burial of Sir John Moore, . . *Wolfe*, 152
50. Hohenlinden, ... *Campbell*, 153
51. Song of Greeks, ... *Id.*, 154
52. Fall of Warsaw, ... *Id.*, 155
53. Marco Bozzaris, ... *Halleck*, 156
54. The Seminole's Defiance, . . *Patten*, 158
55. Battle Hymn, ... *Korner*, 158

PART THIRD.

SENATORIAL.

Page

ANCIENT.

1. Against Philip, ... *Demosthenes*, 159
2. Degeneracy of Athens, ... *Id.*, 160
3. Democracy hateful to Philip, . . *Id.*, 161
4. Venality the Ruin of Greece, . . *Id.*, 162
5. Demosthenes Denounced, *Æschines*, 163
6. Exordium, ... *Demosthenes*, 165
7. Public Spirit of Athenians, . . . *Id.*, 166
8. Demosthenes not Vanquished, . *Id.*, 167
9. Catiline Denounced, ... *Cicero*, 168
10. Catiline Expelled, ... *Id.*, 169
11. Verres Denounced, ... *Id.*, 170

FROM THE FRENCH.

12. Against the Nobility, &c., *Mirabeau*, 171
13. Necker's Financial Plan, . . . *Id.*, 172
14. Disobedience to National Assembly, *Id.*, 173
15. Reply, ... *Id.*, 174
16. On being Suspected, ... *Id.*, 175
17. Eulogium on Franklin, ... *Id.*, 177
18. Church and State, ... *Id.*, 177
19. To the French, ... *Vergniaud*, 178
20. Terrorism of Jacobins, ... *Id.*, 179
21. Against War, ... *Robespierre*, 180
22. Morality the Basis of Society, . *Id.*, 181
23. Last Speech, ... *Id.*, 182
24. To the Peers, ... *Trélat*, 183
25. The Republic, ... *Lamartine*, 185
26. Democracy adverse to Socialism, *De Tocqueville*, 185
27. Practical Religious Instruction, *Hugo*, 186
28. Necessity of Religion, ... *Id.*, 187
29. Universal Suffrage, ... *Id.*, 188
30. Liberty of the Press, ... *Id.*, 189
31. A Republic or Monarchy, . . . *Id.*, 190
32. The Two Napoleons, ... *Id.*, 191

BRITISH.

33. The End of Government, . . . *Pym*, 192
34. Defence, ... *Earl of Strafford*, 193
35. Reducing the Army, . . *Pulteney*, 195
36. Against Richard Cromwell, . . *Vane*, 196
37. How to make Patriots, . . . *Walpole*, 196
38. Against Pitt (Earl of Chatham), . *Id.*, 197
39. Reply to Walpole, *Earl of Chatham*, 198
40. Reply to Grenville, ... *Id.*, 199

Page

41. Reconciliation with America, *Chatham*, 201
42. Repeal claimed as a Right, . . . *Id.*, 202
43. Lord North's Ministry, ... *Id.*, 203
45. On Employing Indians, ... *Id.*, 204
45. Ruinous Consequences, ... *Id.*, 205
46. America Unconquerable, ... *Id.*, 206
47. Frequent Executions, . . *Meredith*, 207
48. Parliamentary Innovations, *Beaufoy*, 208
49. Religious Persecution, . *Compilation*, 209
50. America's Obligations, ... *Barré*, 210
51. Reply to Lord North, ... *Id.*, 211
52. Bold Predictions, ... *Wilkes*, 212
53. Conquest of Americans, . . . *Id.*, 213
54. Reply to Duke of Grafton, *Thurlow*, 214
55. Present Popularity, *Lord Mansfield*, 214
56. Magnanimity in Politics, . . *Burke*, 215
57. American Enterprise, ... *Id.*, 216
58. American Taxation, ... *Id.*, 217
59. Despotism Unrighteous, . . . *Id.*, 218
60. Impeachment of Hastings, . . *Id.*, 219
61. Peroration against Hastings, . . *Id.*, 220
62. To the Bristol Electors, ... *Id.*, 221
63. Marie Antoinette, ... *Id.*, 222
64. Irish Rights, ... *Grattan*, 223
65. Reply to Flood, ... *Id.*, 224
66. National Gratitude, ... *Id.*, 225
67. Catholic Disqualification, . . . *Id.*, 226
68. Heaven on the Side of Principle, *Id.*, 226
69. Against Corry, ... *Id.*, 227
70. Union with Great Britain, . . *Id.*, 228
71. The Catholic Question, ... *Id.*, 229
72. Religion Independent, ... *Id.*, 230
73. Sectarian Tyranny, ... *Id.*, 231
74. American War Denounced, . . *Pitt*, 232
75. Motion to Censure Ministry, . . *Id.*, 232
76. Attempt to make him Resign, . *Id.*, 233
77. Barbarism of Ancient Britons, . *Id.*, 234
78. Results of American War, . . . *Fox*, 235
79. Washington's Foreign Policy, . *Id.*, 236
80. Liberty is Strength, ... *Id.*, 237
81. Democratic Governments, . . *Id.*, 238
82. Partition of Poland, ... *Id.*, 239
83. Atheist Government null, . *Sheridan*, 240
84. Political Jobbing, ... *Id.*, 241
85. Popular and Kingly Examples, . *Id.*, 241
86. Reform in Parliament, . *Lord Grey*, 242
87. Conservative Innovators, *Huskisson*, 243
88. The Pension System, . . . *Curran*, 244

	Page
89. On Threats of Violence,	*Curran*, 245
90. Religious Distinctions,	*Id.*, 246
91. War with France,	*Canning*, 246
92. Bank-notes and Coin,	*Id.*, 247
93. Lord J. Russell's Motion,	*Id.*, 248
94. Mr. Tierney's Motion,	*Id.*, 249
95. Defence of Pitt,	*Id.*, 250
96. Measures, not Men,	*Id.*, 251
97. Balance of Power,	*Id.*, 252
98. Collision of Vices,	*Id.*, 253
99. England and America,	*Mackintosh*, 254
100. Fate of Reformers,	*Brougham*, 255
101. Parliamentary Reform,	*Id.*, 256
102. Religious Liberty,	*O'Connell*, 257
103. Irish Disturbance Bill,	*Id.*, 258
104. The Death Penalty,	*Byron*, 259
105. Charges against Catholics,	*Sheil*, 260
106. Irish Aliens,	*Id.*, 261
107. Irish Establishment,	*Id.*, 262
108. Repeal of Union,	*Id.*, 263
109. England's Misrule,	*Id.*, 264
110. Civil War,	*Lord Palmerston*, 265
111. Reform,	*Lord J. Russell*, 266
112. Irish Church,	*Macaulay*, 267
113. Hours of Labor,	*Id.*, 268
114. Reform, to Preserve,	*Id.*, 269
115. Men always fit to be Free,	*Id.*, 270
116. Second Bill of Rights,	*Id.*, 270
117. Public Opinion, the Sword,	*Id.*, 271
118. A Government should Grow,	*Id.*, 272
119. Reform irresistible,	*Id.*, 273
120. Reply to 119,	*Croker*, 275
121. Perils of Reform,	*Id.*, 275
122. Copyright,	*Talfourd*, 276
123. Literary Property,	*Id.*, 277
124. International Copyright,	*Id.*, 278
125. Legislative Union,	*Peel*, 279
126. American Vessels,	*Cobden*, 280

AMERICAN.

127. Resistance,	*Henry*, 281
128. War inevitable,	*Id.*, 282
129. Return of British Fugitives,	*Id.*, 283
130. Supposed Speech,	*Otis*, 284
131. For Independence,	*Lee*, 285
132. Federal Constitution,	*Franklin*, 286
133. God Governs,	*Id.*, 287
134. For a Declaration,	*Adams*, 288
135. Conclusion of foregoing,	*Id.*, 289
136. On Government,	*Hamilton*, 290
137. U. S. Constitution,	*Id.*, 291
138. Aristocracy,	*Livingston*, 292
139. Extent of Country,	*Randolph*, 293
140. France and the U. S.	*Washington*, 294
141. Foreign Influence,	*Id.*, 294
142. Sanctity of Treaties,	*Ames*, 295
143. The British Treaty,	*Id.*, 296
144. The Strongest Government,	*Jefferson*, 297
145. Freedom of Judges,	*Bayard*, 298
146. Judiciary Act,	*Morris*, 299
147. Free Navigation,	*Id.*, 300
148. Foreign Conquest,	*Clinton*, 301
149. Innovations,	*Madison*, 302
150. Party Intemperance,	*Gaston*, 302
151. The Embargo,	*Quincy*, 303
152. Disunion,	*Pinkney*, 304
153. British Influence,	*J. Randolph*, 305
154. Greek Question,	*Id.*, 306
155. Virginia Constitution,	*Id.*, 307
156. Against Duelling,	*Compilation*, 308
157. The Declaration,	*J. Q. Adams*, 309
158. Washington's Sword, &c.,	*Id.*, 310
159. Union with Liberty,	*Jackson*, 311
160. War,	*Binney*, 312
161. The Supreme Court,	*Id.*, 312
162. U. S. Constitution,	*Legaré*, 313
163. On Returning to the U. States,	*Id.*, 314
164. In Favor of War, 1813,	*Clay*, 315
165. Jefferson Defended,	*Id.*, 316
166. Military Insubordination,	*Id.*, 316
167. Noblest Public Virtue,	*Id.*, 317
168. Expunging Resolution,	*Id.*, 318
169. Independence of Greece,	*Id.*, 319
170. Prospect of War,	*Calhoun*, 320
171. The Force Bill,	*Id.*, 321
172. Purse and Sword,	*Id.*, 322
173. Liberty the Meed,	*Id.*, 323
174. Popular Elections,	*McDuffie*, 324
175. Military Qualifications,	*Sergeant*, 325
176. Opposition,	*Webster*, 326
177. Moral Force,	*Id.*, 327
178. Sympathy with South America,	*Id.*, 328
179. The Poor and Rich,	*Id.*, 329
180. Sudden Conversions,	*Id.*, 330
181. Constitution Platform,	*Id.*, 331
182. Resistance to Oppression,	*Id.*, 332
183. Peaceable Secession,	*Id.*, 333
184. Clay's Resolutions,	*Id.*, 333
185. Justice to the Whole,	*Id.*, 334
186. Matches and Over-matches,	*Id.*, 335
187. S. Carolina and Mass.,	*Id.*, 336
188. Liberty and Union,	*Id.*, 338
189. Reply to Webster,	*Hayne*, 339
190. The South in 1776,	*Id.*, 340
191. The South in 1812,	*Id.*, 341
192. Defalcations,	*Prentiss*, 342
193. American Laborers,	*Naylor*, 343
194. Fulton's Invention,	*Hoffman*, 344
195. Sectional Services,	*Cushing*, 345
196. National Hatreds,	*Choate*, 346
197. Precedents,	*Cass*, 347
198. On Intervention,	*J. Clemens*, 348
200. Hazards of Prosperity,	*W. R. Smith*, 349
201. Flogging in the Navy,	*Stockton*, 350
202. Gov't Extravagance,	*Crittenden*, 352

PART FOURTH.

FORENSIC AND JUDICIAL.

	Page
1. Liberty of the Press,	*Curran*, 353
2. Mr. Rowan,	*Id.*, 353
3. Habeas Corpus Act,	*Id.*, 354
4. Appeal to Lord Avonmore,	*Id.*, 355
5. On being found Guilty,	*Emmet*, 357
6. Great Minds and Christianity,	*Erskine*, 362
7. On Biasing Judgment,	*Mansfield*, 364
8. Defence of Peltier,	*Mackintosh*, 365
9. Instigators of Treason,	*Wirt*, 366
10. Burr and Blennerhassett,	*Id.*, 367
11. Reply to Wickham,	*Id.*, 368
12. Guilt its own Betrayer,	*Webster*, 369
13. Moral Power,	*McLean*, 370
14. The Death Penalty,	*Hugo*, 371

PART FIFTH.

POLITICAL AND OCCASIONAL.

	Page
1. The Example of America,	*Jeffrey*, 373
2. Government Vigor,	*S. Smith*, 374
3. Rejection of Reform,	*Id.*, 374
4. Address to Young Men,	*Mazzini*, 375
5. Appeal to Hungarians,	*Kossuth*, 377
6. Contentment of Europe,	*Id.*, 378
7. Hungarian Heroism,	*Id.*, 379
8. In a Just Cause,	*Id.*, 379
9. Peace Inconsistent,	*Id.*, 380
10. The 22d Dec.,	*Sir H. Bulwer*, 381
11. British Aggressions,	*J. Quincy, Jr.*, 382
12. Eloquence and Logic,	*Preston*, 383
13. Relief to Ireland,	*Prentiss*, 384
14. Plea for the Sailor,	*Mountford*, 385
15. Relations to England,	*Everett*, 386
16. Great Examples,	*Everett*, 387
17. What Good will the Monument do,	*Id.*, 388
18. Revolutionary Veterans,	*Webster*, 389
19. State Obligations,	*Id.*, 391
20. Fourth of July,	*Id.*, 391
21. Apostrophe to Washington,	*Id.*, 393
22. Power of Public Opinion,	*Id.*, 394
23. Future of the U. States,	*King*, 395
24. Agricultural Interest,	*Cushing*, 396
25. European Struggles,	*Johnson*, 396
26. Birth-day of Washington,	*Choate*, 397
27. California's Prospects,	*Bennett*, 398
28. Standard of Constitution,	*Webster*, 399

PART SIXTH.

NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL.

	Page
1. The Crucifixion,	*Croly*, 401
2. Seventh Plague of Egypt,	*Id.*, 403
3. Three Days of Columbus,	*Delavigne*, 405
4. Destruction of the Philistines,	*Milton*, 407
5. Satan's Encounter with Death,	*Id.*, 408
6. Belshazzar's Feast,	*Hughes*, 409
7. Bernardo del Carpio,	*Hemans*, 411
8. Casabianca,	*Id.*, 412
9. Rocks of My Country,	*Id.*, 413
10. The Two Homes,	*Id.*, 413
11. Invocation,	*Id.*, 414
12. Lochinvar,	*Scott*, 414
13. Marmion taking Leave,	*Id.*, 416
14. Death of Marmion,	*Id.*, 417
15. Death of Bertram,	*Id.*, 418
16. Love of Country,	*Id.*, 419
17. Baron's Last Banquet,	*Greene*, 420
18. How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,	*Browning*, 421
19. The Soldier from Bingen,	*Norton*, 422
20. The Torch of Liberty,	*Moore*, 424
21. Sailor-boy's Dream,	*Dimond*, 425
22. Damon and Pythias,	*Schiller*, 427
23. The Battle,	*Id.*, 429
24. The Glove,	*Id.*, 431
25. Fate of Virginia,	*Macaulay*, 432
26. Horatius at the Bridge,	*Id.*, 433
27. Execution of Montrose,	*Aytoun*, 435
28. Peace and War,	*Shelley*, 437
29. America to Britain,	*Allston*, 438
30. Old Ironsides,	*Holmes*, 439
31. Ball at Brussels,	*Byron*, 439
32. The Dying Gladiator,	*Id.*, 441
33. Degeneracy of Greece,	*Id.*, 441
34. Sennacherib,	*Id.*, 442
35. The Tempest stilled,	*Lyons*, 443
36. Excelsior,	*Longfellow*, 444
37. To the Rainbow,	*Campbell*, 445
38. Glenara,	*Id.*, 446
39. The O'Kavanagh,	*Shea*, 447
40. Ode on the Passions,	*Collins*, 448
41. The Greek and Turkman,	*Croly*, 450
42. The Curse of Cain,	*Knox*, 451
43. America,	*Berkeley*, 452
44. The World for Sale,	*Hoyt*, 452
45. Death of Gen. Taylor,	*Conrad*, 454
46. The Passage,	*Uhland*, 455
47. Courage,	*Procter*, 456
48. The Moor's Revenge,	*Mickiewicz*, 456
49. Charade on Campbell,	*Praed*, 458

PART SEVENTH.

SCRIPTURAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

	Page
1. Balaam's Prophecy,	459
2. Paul's Defence,	460
3. Omnipotence of Jehovah,	*Job*, 461
4. True Wisdom,	*Id.*, 462
5. A Nation's Strength,	*Psalms*, 463
6. Exhortation to praise God,	463
7. The Joyful Messenger,	*Isaiah*, 464
8. Hymn of Our First Parents,	*Milton*, 464
9. Universal Hymn,	*Thomson*, 465
10. Chamouny,	*Coleridge*, 467
11. The Dying Christian,	*Pope*, 469
12. Life beyond the Tomb,	*Beattie*, 469
13. Forgiveness,	*Anon.*, 470
14. The Christian Life,	*Doddridge*, 470

PART EIGHTH.

RHETORICAL AND DRAMATIC.

	Page
1. Rome and Carthage, ... *Hugo*,	471
2. Drones of the Community, . *Shelley*,	472
3. Cæsar's Passage of Rubicon, *Knowles*,	473
4. Rolla's Address, ... *Sheridan*,	473
5. Richelieu to the King, . . . *Bulwer*,	474
6. Cromwell by Coffin of Charles I., *Id.*,	475
7. Virtue of Great Examples, . . *Byron*,	476
8. Marino Faliero to Conspirators, *Id.*,	477
9. Marino Faliero's Dying Speech, . *Id.*,	478
10. Catiline to his Friends, ... *Croly*,	480
11. Catiline's Defiance, ... *Id.*,	481
12. Pride of Ancestry, ... *Id.*,	482
13. Lochiel's Warning, . . . *Campbell*,	483
14. Van Artevelde's Defence, . . *Taylor*,	485
15. Duty to One's Country, ... *More*,	486
16. St. Pierre to Ferrardo, . . *Knowles*,	487
17. Wm. Tell on Switzerland, ... *Id.*,	488
18. Tell among the Mountains, . . . *Id.*,	489
19. The Fractious Man, ... *Brueys*,	489
20. Balthazar and the Quack, . . *Tobin*,	491
21. Brutus and Titus, ... *Lee*,	492
22. Cato's Soliloquy, ... *Addison*,	495
23. Brutus and Cassius, . . *Shakspeare*,	495
24. Regrets of Drunkenness, ... *Id.*,	498
25. Cassius instigates Brutus, . . . *Id.*,	500
26. Cardinal Wolsey, ... *Id.*,	501
27. Hamlet to the Players, ... *Id.*,	502
28. Hamlet's Soliloquy, ... *Id.*,	503
29. Not ashamed of his Trade, . *Morton*,	504
30. The Union and Government, . *Simms*,	507
31. Colonna to the King, ... *Sheil*,	507
32. Address to the Swiss, . . . *Schiller*,	508
33. Wm. Tell in Wait for Gesler, . . *Id.*,	509
34. Wm. Tell's Escape, ... *Id.*,	511
35. Wallenstein's Soliloquy, ... *Id.*,	512
36. Belief in Astrology, ... *Id.*,	513
37. Grief of Bereavement, ... *Id.*,	514
38. Priuli and Jaffier, ... *Otway*,	514
39. Nothing in it, ... *Mathews*,	517
40. Moses at the Fair, ... *Coyne*,	519
41. Van den Bosch and Artevelde, *Taylor*,	520
42. The Weathercock, . . . *Allingham*,	523
43. Saladin and Malek Adhel, ...	525
44. Damon to Syracusans, . . . *Banim*,	530

PART NINTH.

COMIC AND SATIRICAL.

	Page
1. Speech of Buzfuz, ... *Dickens*,	531
2. Art of Book-keeping, ... *Hood*,	533
3. Magpie and Monkey, . . . *Yriarte*,	534
4. Rich Man and Poor, . . . *Khemnitzer*,	536
5. Whittling, ... *J. Pierpont*,	537
6. City Men in the Country, . *Holmes*,	538
7. Fuss at Fires, ... *Anon.*,	539
8. One Story 's Good till another is Told, *Swain*,	540
9. The Great Musical Critic, ...	541
10. Dramatic Styles, ...	542
11. Merchant and Stranger, . *H. Smith*,	543
12. Victim of Reform, ...	544
13. Not Fine Feathers make Fine Birds,	546
14. Culprit and Judge, . . *Horace Smith*,	546
15. Jester Condemned to Death, . . . *Id.*,	547
16. Poet and Alchemist, ... *Id.*,	547
17. Blindman's Buff, ... *Id.*,	548
18. Farmer and Counsellor, ... *Id.*,	549
19. Puff's Account of Himself, *Sheridan*,	550

PART TENTH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Page
1. Black Hawk to Gen. Street, ...	551
2. Pushmataha to Sec. of War, ...	552
3. Supposed Speech of Chief of Pocomtuc Indians, ... *Everett*,	552
4. Logan to Lord Dunmore, ...	553
5. Moral Cosmetics, . . . *Horace Smith*,	554
6. Pauper's Death-bed, . *C. B. Southey*,	554
7. Hope, ... *Sarah F. Adams*,	555
8. Death, ... *Horace Smith*,	555
9. Lachrymose Writers, ... *Id.*,	556
10. The Sanctuary, ... *Id.*,	557

INDEX TO NAMES OF AUTHORS, ETC.

Page

ACHILLES, Reply of, ... 108
ADAMS, JOHN, Supposed Speech of, . . . 288
" " Conclusion, ... 289
ADAMS, J. Q., The Declaration, ... 309
" " " Washington and Franklin, 310
ADAMS, SARAH F., Hope, ...
ADDISON, Cato's Soliloquy, ... 495
ÆSCHINES, Denunciation of Demosthenes, 163
AKENSIDE, The Mind of Man, ... 40
" Compensations of Imagination, 64
ALFRED, to his Troops, ... 137
ALLINGHAM, The Weathercock, ... 523
ALLSTON, America to Britain, ... 438
AMES, Sanctity of Treaties, ... 295
" The British Treaty, ... 296
ANONYMOUS, Fortitude, ... 46
" The Work-shop and Camp, . 101
" Forgiveness, ... 470
" Saladin and Malek Adhel, . . 525
" Fine Feathers and Birds, . . 546
ANTONY, MARK, on Cæsar's Death, ... 127
AUSTIN, Chironomia, ... 32
AYTOUN, Execution of Montrose, ... 435
BAILLIE, Worth of Fame, ... 96
BALAAM, Prophecy of, ... 459
BANIM, Damon's Speech, ... 430
BARRE, ISAAC, America's Obligations, . . 210
" " Reply to Lord North, . . . 211
BAYARD, Freedom of Judges, ... 298
BAYLY, T. H., The Pilot, ... 91
BEATTIE, Life beyond the Tomb, ... 469
BEAUFOY, Parliamentary Innovations, . . 208
BECKWITH, Spirit of the Age against War, . 49
BELIAL, Address of, ... 131
BENNETT, California's Prospects, ... 398
BERKELEY, America, ... 452
BETHUNE, Future Empire of our Language, 63
BINNEY, War, ... 312
" The Supreme Court, ... 312
BLACK HAWK, Speech of, ... 551
BOARDMAN, Problem for the U. S., ... 78
BOWRING, Translation from Khemnitzer, . 536
BROUGHAM, LORD, Translation, ... 165
" " Translation, ... 167
" " Fate of Reformers, . . . 255
" " Parliament Reform, . . 256
BROWNING, How News came to Ghent, . . 421
BRUEYS, The Fractious Man, ... 489
BRUTUS, On Lucretia's Death, ... 107
BRUTUS, MARCUS, On Cæsar's Death, . . . 126
BRYANT, The Battle Field, ... 85
BULWER, SIR H., The 22d Dec., ... 381
BULWER, (See Lytton.)
BURKE, Magnanimity in Politics, ... 215
" American Enterprise, ... 216
" American Taxation, ... 217
" Despotism Unrighteous, ... 218
" Impeachment of Hastings, . . . 219
" Peroration against Hastings, . . . 220

Page

BURKE, To Bristol Electors, ... 221
" Marie Antoinette, ... 222
BYRON, LORD, Supposed Address to Greeks, 151
" " The Death-penalty, ... 259
" " Ball at Brussels, ... 439
" " The Dying Gladiator, . . . 441
" " Sennacherib, ... 442
" " Great Examples, ... 476
" " Faliero to Conspirators, . . 477
" " Faliero's Dying Speech, . . 478
CAIUS GRACCHUS, Speech of, ... 116
CAIUS MARIUS, Speech of, ... 115
CALHOUN, Prospect of War, ... 321
" The Force Bill, ... 320
" Purse and Sword, ... 321
" Liberty the Meed, ... 322
CAMPBELL, Hallowed Ground, ... 91
" Soldier's Dream, ... 147
" Hohenlinden, ... 153
" Song of Greeks, ... 154
" Fall of Warsaw, ... 155
" To the Rainbow, ... 445
" Glenara, ... 446
" Lochiel's Warning, ... 483
CANNING, War with France, ... 246
" Bank-notes and Coin, ... 247
" Lord J. Russell's Motion, . . . 248
" Tierney's Motion, ... 249
" Defence of Pitt, ... 250
" Measures, not Men, ... 251
" Balance of Power, ... 252
" Collision of Vices, ... 253
CANULEIUS, On the Patricians, ... 121
CARLYLE, Justice, ... 51
" Nature a hard Creditor, ... 73
CASS, Precedents, ... 347
CATILINE, to his Army, ... 127
" Last Harangue, ... 132
" To the Gallic Conspirators, . . . 133
" To his Friends, ... 482
" Defiance to the Senate, ... 480
CATO, Soliloquy, ... 495
CHALMERS, False Coloring lent to War, . . 57
CHANNING, Distinction of a Nation, ... 65
" Great Ideas, ... 89
CHAPIN, Science friendly to Freedom, . . 162
" True Source of Reform, ... 76
CHATEAUBRIAND, Nature Proclaims a Deity, 92
CHATHAM, EARL OF, Reply to Walpole, . . 193
" " " Reply to Grenville, . 198
" " " Reconciliation, . . . 209
" " " Repeal Claimed, . . . 201
" " " Lord North's Ministry, 202
" " " Employing Indians, . 203
" " " Consequences, ... 204
" " " America, ... 205
CHILD, MRS. L. M., Speech of Otis, ... 284
CHOATE, National Hatreds, ... 346
" Birthday of Washington, ... 397

Page

CICERO, Catiline Denounced, ... 168
" Catiline Expelled, ... 169
" Verres Denounced, ... 170
CLAY, For the War of 1813, ... 315
" Jefferson Defended, ... 316
" Military Insubordination, ... 316
" Noblest Public Virtue, ... 317
" Expunging Resolution, ... 318
" Independence of Greece, ... 319
CLEMENS, Intervention, ... 348
CLINTON, Foreign Conquest, ... 301
COBDEN, American Vessels, ... 280
COLERIDGE, The Good Great Man, ... 87
" Chamouny, ... 467
" Translations, . . . 512, 513, 514
COLLINS, How Sleep the Brave, ... 120
" Ode on the Passions, ... 448
COMBE, On the Exercise of Speaking, . . . 36
COMPILATION, Religious Persecution, . . . 209
" Against Duelling, ... 308
CONRAD, The Death of Taylor, ... 454
COTTON, To-morrow, ... 52
COWPER, Affectation in the Pulpit, ... 55
" Translations, . . 108, 109, 110, 111
COYNE, Moses at the Fair, ... 519
CRITTENDEN, Government Extravagance, . 351
CROKER, Reply to Macaulay, ... 275
" Perils of Reform, ... 275
CROLY, Death of Leonidas, ... 131
" Catiline to the Conspirators, . . . 132
" Catiline's Last Harangue, ... 133
" The Crucifixion, ... 401
" Seventh Plague of Egypt, ... 403
" The Greek and Turkman, ... 450
" Catiline to his Friends, ... 480
" Catiline's Defiance, ... 481
" Pride of Ancestry, ... 482
CURRAN, The Pension System, ... 244
" Threats of Violence, ... 245
" Religious Distinctions, ... 246
" Liberty of the Press, ... 353
" Mr. Rowan, ... 353
" Habeas Corpus Act, ... 354
" To Lord Avonmore, ... 355
CUSHING, Sectional Services, ... 345
" Agricultural Interest, ... 396
DELAVIGNE, Three Days of Columbus, . . 405
DEMOSTHENES, Against Philip, ... 159
" Degeneracy of Athens, . . . 160
" Democracy Hateful to Philip, 161
" Venality the Ruin of Greece, 162
" Exordium on the Crown, . . 165
" Public Spirit, ... 166
" Not Vanquished by Philip, . 167
DEWEY, Nobility of Labor, ... 60
DICKENS, Speech of Buzfuz, ... 531
DIMOND, Sailor-boy's Dream, ... 425
DODDRIDGE, The Christian Life, ... 470
DRAKE, The American Flag, ... 148
ELLIOT, The Press, ... 88
" England, ... 90
EMMET, On being found Guilty, ... 357
ENGLAND, The Duellist, ... 43
ERSKINE, Great Minds and Christianity, . 362
EVERETT, The Peace Congress of the Union, 42
" American Experiment, ... 78
" Dizzy Activities of the Times, . . 88
" Relations to England, ... 386
" Great Examples, ... 387
" Civilization of Africa, ... 387
" Good of the Monument, ... 388
" Supposed Indian Speech, . . . 552
FAYET, Man's Material Triumphs, ... 45
FENELON, On Gesture, ... 32
" Telemachus to the Allied Chiefs, 113

Page

FOX, The American War, ... 235
" Washington's Foreign Policy, . . . 236
" Liberty is Strength, ... 237
" Democratic Governments, ... 238
" Partition of Poland, ... 239
FRANKLIN, On the Federal Constitution, . 286
" God Governs, ... 287
FRAYSINNOUS, Truth, ... 37
GALGACUS, Speech of, ... 117
GASTON, Party Intemperance, ... 302
GOETHE, Sincerity the Soul of Eloquence, . 53
GRATTAN, Irish Rights, ... 223
" Reply to Flood, ... 224
" National Gratitude, ... 225
" Catholic Disqualifications, . . . 226
" Heaven on the Side of Principle, 226
" Against Corry, ... 227
" Union with Great Britain, . . . 228
" The Catholic Question, ... 229
" Religion Independent, ... 230
" Sectarian Tyranny, ... 231
GREENE, Baron's Last Banquet, ... 420
GREY, LORD, Reform in Parliament, . . . 242
GRIMKE, The Sword, ... 92
HALLECK, Marco Bozzaris, ... 156
HAMILTON, On Government, ... 290
" The Federal Constitution, . . . 291
HAYNE, Reply to Webster, ... 339
" The South in 1776, ... 340
" The South in 1812, ... 341
HEBER, Forgive, ... 97
HECTOR, His Rebuke, ... 109
" His Exploit, ... 110
" Slain, ... 111
HEMANS, The Spartans' March, ... 119
" The Greeks' Return, ... 119
" Bernardo del Carpio, ... 411
" Casabianca, ... 412
" Roeks of my Country, ... 413
" The Two Homes, ... 413
" Invocation, ... 414
HENRY, PATRICK, Resistance, ... 281
" " War Inevitable, ... 282
" " Return of Fugitives, . . 283
HITCHCOCK, Science Religious, ... 98
HOFFMAN, Fulton's Invention, ... 344
HOLMES, Old Ironsides, ... 439
" City Men in the Country, . . . 553
HOOD, Art of Book-keeping, ... 533
HOOKER, Necessity of Law, ... 50
HOMER, Achilles' Reply, ... 108
" Hector's Rebuke, ... 109
" Hector's Exploit, ... 110
" Hector Slain, ... 111
HOYT, The World for Sale, ... 452
HUGHES, Belshazzar's Feast, ... 409
HUGO, V., The United States of Europe, . 56
" " Practical Religious Instruction, . 186
" " Necessity of Religion, ... 187
" " Universal Suffrage, ... 188
" " Liberty of the Press, ... 189
" " Republic or Monarchy, ... 190
" " The Two Napoleons, ... 191
" " The Death-penalty, ... 371
" " Rome and Carthage, ... 471
HUNT, LEIGH, Abou Ben Adhem, ... 93
" " The True King, ... 61
HUSKISSON, The Conservative Innovator, . 243
ICILIUS, On Virginia's Seizure, ... 118
JACKSON, Union with Liberty, ... 311
JAMES, J. A., Inducements to Religion, . 83
JEFFERSON, The Strongest Government, . 297
JEFFREY, The Example of America, . . . 373
JOB, True Wisdom, ... 462
" A Nation's Strength, ... 462

	Page
JOHNSON, DR, Fate of Charles XII.,	70
" " The Wise Man's Prayer,	102
JOHNSON, E., The Water Drinker,	99
JOHNSON, R., Europe's Struggles,	396
JONSON, BEN, Catiline to his Army,	122
KELLOGG, Spartacus to the Gladiators,	123
KENNEDY, The Mechanical Epoch,	41
KHEMNITZER, Rich and Poor,	536
KING, Future of the U. S.,	395
KNOWLES, J. S., Speech of Caius Gracchus,	116
" " " Alfred to his Men,	337
" " " Cæsar at the Rubicon,	473
" " " St. Pierre to Ferrardo,	487
" " " Wm. Tell on Switzerland,	488
" " " Tell among the Mountains,	489
KNOX, The Curse of Cain,	451
KORNER, Battle-hymn,	158
KOSSUTH, Appeal to the Hungarians,	377
" Contentment of Europe,	378
" Hungarian Heroism,	379
" In a Just Cause,	379
" Peace inconsistent,	380
LAMARTINE, Revolutionary Men,	58
" Byron to the Greeks,	151
" The Republic,	185
LEE, For Independence,	285
LEE, NATHANIEL, Brutus and Titus,	492
LEGARE, The U. S. Constitution,	313
" On Returning to the U. S.,	314
LIVINGSTON, Aristocracy,	292
LIVY, Scipio to his Army,	103
" Hannibal to his Army,	104
" Titus Quintius to the People,	114
" Virginius against Claudius,	120
" Canuleius against Patricians,	121
LOGAN, Speech of,	553
LONGFELLOW, Lines,	80
" Excelsior,	444
LOVER, Never Despair,	84
LOWTH, Translation from Isaiah,	464
LUNT, The Ship of State,	79
LYONS, Triumphs of English Language,	99
" The Tempest Stilled,	443
LYTTON, SIR E. B., The Bard's Summons,	135
" " " " Caradoc to Cymrians,	136
" " " " Damon and Pythias,	427
" " " " The Battle,	429
" " " " Richelieu to the King,	474
" " " " Cromwell at Coffin,	475
MACAULAY, Icilius on Virginia's Seizure,	118
" Battle of Ivry,	143
" Irish Church,	267
" Hours of Labor,	268
" Reform to Preserve,	269
" Men fit to be Free,	270
" Second Bill of Rights,	270
" Public Opinion and the Sword,	271
" A Government should Grow,	272
" Reform irresistible,	273
" Fate of Virginia,	432
" Horatius at the Bridge,	433
MACKAY, Cleon and I,	77
" The Days that are Gone,	100
MACKINTOSH, England and America,	254
" Defence of Peltier,	365
MADISON, Innovations,	302
MANSFIELD, LORD, Present Popularity,	214
" " Attempts to Bias,	364
MARULLUS, To the People,	126
MASSILLON, Immortality,	38
MATHEWS, Nothing in it,	517
MAZZINI, Address to Young Men,	375
MCDUFFIE, Popular Elections,	324
MCLEAN, Moral Power,	370
MEREDITH, Frequent Executions,	207

	Page
MICKIEWICZ, The Moor's Revenge,	456
MILTON, The Saviour's Reply,	59
" Moloch's Address,	129
" Belial's Address,	131
" Destruction of the Philistines,	407
" Satan's Encounter with Death,	408
" Hymn of our First Parents,	464
MIRABEAU, Against the Nobles, &c.,	171
" On Necker's Plan,	172
" Disobedience to the Assembly,	173
" Reply,	174
" On being Suspected,	175
" Eulogium on Franklin,	177
" Church and State,	177
MITFORD, Rienzi to the Romans,	138
MONTGOMERY, JAMES, Love of Country,	72
" " The Common Lot,	75
" " Patriot's Pass-word,	139
MOORE, The Torch of Liberty,	424
MORE, Duty to Country,	486
MORRIS, Judiciary Act,	299
" Free Navigation,	300
MORTON, Not ashamed of his Occupation,	504
MOUNTFORD, Plea for the Sailor,	385
NAPOLEON, To the Army of Italy,	150
NAYLOR, American Laborers,	343
NEELE, Where is he,	94
NICHOL, Day conceals,	44
NORTON, The Soldier from Bingen,	422
NOYES, Translation from Job,	561
" Translation — True Wisdom,	462
" Translation from Psalms,	463
O'CONNELL, Religious Liberty,	257
" Irish Disturbance Bill,	258
OSGOOD, Labor is Worship,	61
OTIS, JAMES, Supposed Speech of,	284
OTWAY, Priuli and Jaffier,	514
PALMERSTON, LORD, Civil War,	265
PARDOE, The Beacon Light,	77
PATTEN, The Seminole's Defiance,	158
PAUL, Defence,	460
PEABODY, Moses,	50
PEEL, Legislative Union,	279
PICHAT, Speech of Leonidas,	107
PIERPONT, Whittling,	537
PINKNEY, Disunion,	304
PITT, American War Denounced,	232
" On the Censure of Ministry,	232
" Attempt to make him Resign,	233
" Barbarism of Ancient Britons,	234
POPE, The Order of Nature,	63
" The Dying Christian,	469
PRAED, Charade,	458
PRENTISS, S. S., Defalcations,	342
" " " Relief to Ireland,	384
PRESTON, Eloquence and Logic,	383
PROCTER, Courage,	456
PULTENEY, Reducing the Army,	195
PUSHMATAHA, Speech of,	552
PYM, End of Government,	192
QUINCY, The Embargo,	303
QUINCY, J., JR., British Aggressions,	382
RANDOLPH, E., Extent of Country,	293
RANDOLPH, JOHN, British Influence,	305
" " Greek Question,	306
" " Virginia Constitution,	307
REGULUS, Speech of,	105
RICHARD, To the Princes of the Crusade,	140
RICHMOND, To his Men,	141
RIENZI, To the Romans,	138
ROBESPIERRE, Against War,	180
" Morality the Basis,	181
" Last Speech,	182
ROUSSEAU, Death,	69
RUSH, On the Voice,	21

Page

Ruskin, Utility of the Beautiful, ... 39
Russell, Lord J., Parliament Reform, . . 266
Sallust, Caius Marius, ... 115
Schiller, Damon and Pythias, ... 427
" The Battle, ... 429
" The Glove, ... 431
" To the Swiss, ... 508
" Tell in Wait for Gesler, ... 509
" Tell's Escape, ... 511
" Wallenstein's Soliloquy, ... 512
" Belief in Astrology, ... 513
" Grief of Bereavement, ... 514
Scipio, to his Army, ... 103
Scott, Sir Walter, Princes of Crusade, . 140
" " " Lochinvar, ... 415
" " " Marmion taking Leave, 416
" " " Death of Marmion, . . 417
" " " Death of Bertram, . . 418
" " " Love of Country, . . . 419
Segur, De, Utility of History, ... 56
Sergeant, Military Qualifications, . . . 325
Shakspeare, Polonius to Laertes, ... 94
" Marullus to the People, . . . 126
" Brutus on Cæsar's Death, . 126
" Mark Antony, ... 127
" Richmond to his Men, . . . 141
" Henry V. to his Men, . . . 142
" Brutus and Cassius, ... 500
" Regrets of Drunkenness, . . 498
" Cassius instigates Brutus, . 500
" Cardinal Wolsey, ... 501
" Hamlet to the Players, . . . 502
" Hamlet's Soliloquy, ... 503
Shea, The O'Kavanagh, ... 447
Shelley, Peace and War, ... 437
" Drones of the Community, . . . 472
Sheil, Charges against Catholics, . . . 260
" Irish Aliens, ... 261
" Irish Establishment, ... 262
" Repeal of Union, ... 263
" England's Misrule, ... 264
" Colonna to the King, ... 507
Sheridan, Atheistic Government, ... 240
" Political Jobbing, ... 241
" People and King, ... 241
" Rolla to Peruvians, ... 473
" Puff's Account of Himself, . . 550
Shirley, Death's Final Conquest, ... 58
Simms, The Union and Government, . . . 507
Smith, Horace, Merchant and Stranger, . 543
" " Culprit and Judge, . . . 546
" " Jester Condemned, . . . 547
" " Poet and Alchemist, . . . 547
" " Blindman's Buff, ... 548
" " Moral Cosmetics, ... 554
" " Farmer and Counsellor, . 549
" " Death, ... 555
" " Lachrymose Writers, . . 556
" " The Sanctuary, ... 547
Smith, Sydney, Taxes, ... 87
" " Government Vigor, . . . 374
" " Rejection of Reform, . . . 374
Smith, W. R., Prosperity, ... 349
Southey, Wat Tyler to the King, ... 146
Southey, Caroline B., Pauper's Death-bed, 554
Spartacus, To the Gladiators, ... 123
" To Roman Envoys, ... 124
Sprague, Art, ... 80
Steele, Measure of Speech, ... 18
Stockton, Flogging in the Navy, ... 350
Story, Our Duties, ... 71
Strafford, Earl of, Defence, ... 193
Swain, One Story 's Good, &c., ... 540

Page

Tacitus, Speech of Galgacus, ... 117
Talfourd, The World, ... 41
" Charity, ... 84
" Copyright, ... 276
" Literary Property, ... 277
" International Copyright, . . . 278
Taylor, What Makes a Hero, ... 66
" Van Artevelde to Men of Ghent, . 145
" Van Artevelde's Defence, ... 485
" Van den Bosch and Artevelde, . 520
Telemachus, To the Allies, ... 113
Thomson, Death Typified by Winter, . . . 82
" Universal Hymn, ... 465
Thurlow, Lord, Reply, ... 214
Titus Quintius, Speech of, ... 114
Tobin, Balthazar and the Quack, ... 491
Tocqueville, De, Democracy, ... 185
Trelat, To the Peers, ... 183
Uhland, The Passage, ... 455
Vane, Against Richard Cromwell, ... 196
Vergniaud, To the French, ... 178
" Terrorism of Jacobins, . . . 179
Verplanck, America's Contributions, . . 68
Virginia, Ballad of, ... 432
Virginius, Against Claudius, ... 120
Villemain, The Christian Orator, ... 54
Walker, Rules of Inflection, ... 19
" On Gesture, ... 33
" Failure of his Method, ... 22
Walpole, How to make Patriots, ... 196
" Against Pitt, ... 197
Washington, To the Army, ... 150
" France and the U. S., . . . 294
" Foreign Influence, ... 294
Wat Tyler, Speech of, ... 146
Wayland, International Sympathies, . . 95
Webster, Eloquence of Action, ... 53
" Supposed Speech of J. Adams, . 288
" Opposition, ... 326
" Moral Force, ... 327
" Sympathy with South America, 328
" The Poor and Rich, ... 329
" Sudden Conversions, ... 330
" Constitution Platform, ... 331
" Resistance to Oppression, . . . 332
" Peaceable Secession, ... 333
" Clay's Resolutions, ... 333
" Justice to the Whole, ... 334
" Matches and over Matches, . . 335
" S. Carolina and Mass., ... 336
" Liberty and Union, ... 338
" Guilt cannot keep its own Secret, 369
" To Revolutionary Veterans, . . 389
" State Obligations, ... 361
" Fourth of July, ... 391
" Apostrophe to Washington, . . 393
" Power of Public Opinion, . . . 394
" Standard of the Constitution, . 399
Whately, Against Artificial Elocution, . 22
White, J. Blanco, Sonnet, ... 45
Wilkes, Bold Predictions, ... 212
" Conquest of Americans, ... 213
Wirt, Instigators of Treason, ... 366
" Burr and Blennerhassett, ... 367
" Reply to Wickham, ... 368
Withington, To-day, ... 42
Wolfe, Gen., To the Army before Quebec, 147
Wolfe, Charles, Defence of Poetry, . . 89
" " Burial of Sir J. Moore, . 152
Yankee, To a Child, ... 67
Young, Time 's Midnight Voice, ... 74
" Frivolous Pleasures, ... 97
Yriarte, The Monkey and Magpie, . . . 534

sounds, uttered in the two houses of Parliament, reached him from across the seas."

SUCCESS IN ORATORY.

For the attainment of the highest and most beneficent triumphs of the orator, no degree of labor can be regarded as idly bestowed. Attention, energy of will, daily practice, are indispensable to success in this high art. The author of "Self-Formation" remarks: "Suppose a man, by dint of meditation on Oratory, and by his consequent conviction of its importance, to have wrought himself up to an energy of will respecting it, — this is the life and soul of his enterprise. To carry this energy into act, he should begin with a few sentences from any speech or sermon; he should commit them thoroughly, work their spirit into his mind, *and then proceed to evolve that spirit by recitation.* Let him assume the person of the original speaker,— put himself in his place, to all intents and purposes. Let him utter every sentence, and every considerable member of it,—if it be a jointed one,—distinctly, sustainedly, and unrespiringly; suiting, of course, everywhere his tone and emphasis to the spirit of the composition. Let him do this till the exercise shall have become a habit, as it were, a second nature, till it shall seem unnatural to him to do otherwise, and he will then have laid his corner-stone."

Quintilian tells us that it is the good man only who can become a great orator. Eloquence, the selectest boon which Heaven has bestowed on man, can never ally itself, in its highest moods, with vice. The speaker must be himself thoroughly sincere, in order to produce a conviction of his sincerity in the minds of others. His own sympathies must be warm and genial, if he would reach and quicken those of his hearers. Would he denounce oppression? His own heart must be free from every quality that contributes to make the tyrant. Would he invoke mercy in behalf of a client? He must himself be humane, generous and forgiving. Would he lash the guilty? His own life and character must present no weak points, to which the guilty may point in derision. And not only the great orator, but the pupil who would fittingly interpret the great orator, and declaim what has fallen from his lips, must aim at similar qualifications of mind and heart.

DIVISIONS OF ORATORY.

The Greeks divided discourses according to their contents, as relating to precept, manners, and feelings; and as therefore intended to instruct, to please and to move. But, as various styles may oftentimes be introduced into the same discourse, it is difficult to make a strictly accurate classification. The modern division, into the eloquence of the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Senate, is hardly more convenient and comprehensive.

Oratory comprehends the four following divisions: invention, disposition, elocution, and delivery. The first has reference to the character of the sentiments employed; the second, to their arrangement, and the diction in which they are clothed; the third and fourth, to the utterance and action with which they are communicated to the hearer. It is the province of rhetoric to give rules for the invention and disposition of a discourse. It is with the latter two divisions of Oratory that we have to deal in the present treatise.

II. ELOCUTION.

Elocution is that pronunciation which is given to words when they are arranged into sentences, and form discourse. It includes the tones of voice, the utterance, and enunciation of the speaker, with the proper accompaniments of countenance and gesture. The art of elocution may therefore be

defined to be that system of rules which teaches us to pronounce written or extemporaneous composition with justness, energy, variety and ease ; and, agreeably to this definition, good reading or speaking may be considered as that species of delivery which not only expresses the sense of the words so as to be barely understood, but at the same time gives them all the force, beauty and variety, of which they are susceptible.

ELOCUTION AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

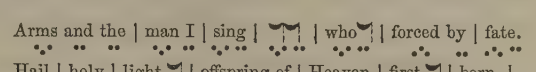
The Greeks and Romans paid great attention to the study of elocution. They distinguished the different qualities of the voice by such terms as hard, smooth, sharp, clear, hoarse, full, slender, flowing, flexible, shrill, and rigid. They were sensible to the alternations of heavy and light in syllabic utterance ; they knew the time of the voice, and regarded its quantities in pronunciation ; they gave to loud and soft appropriate places in speech ; they perceived the existence of pitch, or variation of high and low ; and noted further that the rise and fall in the pronunciation of individual syllables are made by a *concrete* or continuous slide of the voice, as distinguished from the *discrete* notes produced on musical instruments. They designated the pitch of vocal sounds by the term *accent ;* making three kinds of accents, the acute (´), the grave (`), and the circumflex(^), which signified severally the rise, the fall, and the turn of the voice, or union of acute and grave on the same syllable.

MODERN THEORIES OF ELOCUTION. — THE MEASURE OF SPEECH.

For the modern additions to elocutionary analysis, we are indebted mainly to the labors of Steele, Walker, and Dr. James Rush of Philadelphia.

The measure of speech is elaborately explained by Mr. Steele, in his "Prosodia Rationalis." According to his analysis, measure, as applied to speech, consists of a heavy or accented portion of syllabic sound, and of a light or unaccented portion, produced by one effort of the human voice. In forming the heavy or accented syllable, the organs make a stroke or beat, and, however instantaneous, are placed in a certain position, from which they must be removed before they make another stroke. Thus, in the repetition of *fast, fast*, there must be two distinct pulsations ; and a pause must occur betwixt the two, to enable the organs to recover their position. But the *time* of this pause may be filled up with a light syllable, or one under remission ; thus, *faster, faster*, occupy the same time in the pronunciation as *fast, fast.* This remiss or light action of the voice may extend to two and three syllables, as in *circumstance, infinitely*, &c. The stroke or pulsative effort of the voice, then, can only be on one syllable ; the remission of the voice can give several syllables after the pulsation. This pulsation and remission have been illustrated by the planting and raising of the foot in walking ; hence the Thesis and Arsis of the Greeks. The first is the pulsative, the second the remiss action. Now, apart from the pauses of passion and connection, there must be frequent pauses arising from the nature of the organs of speech ; these are denoted in examples marked, according to Steele's system, by the figure ⌐, and the pulsative and remiss syllables by •.• and . . . It has been said that the pulsative effort can be made only on one syllable ; if the syllable have extended quantity, it may be pronounced both with the pulsative effort and die away in the remission ; but if it is short in quantity, a pause must occur before the pronunciation of the next syllable. One syllable, then, may occupy what is called a measure, the voice being either prolonged, or the time being made up with a pause. This pause, as already remarked, is denoted by the figure ⌐; a repetition of the same figure is used to denote the longer pauses, which are determined by passion, or the intimacy and remoteness of the sense. Steele's system has been adopted by several teachers of elocution ; by Mr. Chapman,

in his Rhythmical Grammar, and by Mr. Barber, in his Grammar of Elocution. The following lines are marked according to Mr. Steele's plan:



WALKER'S ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION. — INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

Towards the close of the last century, Mr. John Walker, author of the excellent "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" which bears his name, promulgated his analysis of vocal inflection. He showed that the primary division of speaking sounds is into the upward and downward slide of the voice; and, that whatever other diversity of time, tone or force, is added to speaking, it must necessarily be conveyed by these two slides or inflections, which are, therefore, the axis, as it were, on which the power, variety, and harmony of speaking turn. In the following sentence: — "As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Antony, the seed of this most calamitous war," — the voice slides up at the end of the first clause, as the sense is not perfected, and slides down at the completion of the sense at the end of the sentence. The rising slide raises expectancy in the mind of the hearer, and the ear remains unsatisfied without a cadence. Walker adopted the acute accent (′) to denote the rising inflection, and the grave accent (`) to denote the falling inflection; as thus —

Does Cæsar deserve fame′ or blame`?

Every pause, of whatever kind, must necessarily adopt one of these two inflections, or continue in a monotone. Thus, when we ask a question without the contrasted interrogative words, we naturally adopt the rising inflection on the last word; as,

Can Cæsar deserve blame′? Impossible`!

Here *blame* — the last word of the question — has the rising inflection, contrary to the inflection on that word in the former instance; and *impossible*, with the note of admiration, the falling. Besides the rising and falling inflection, Walker gives the voice two complete sounds, which he terms *circumflexes:* the first, which he denominates the *rising circumflex*, begins with the falling and ends with the rising on the same syllable; the second begins with the rising and ends with the falling on the same syllable. The *rising circumflex* is marked thus, ˇ; the *falling*, thus, ^. The *monotone*, thus marked, – – – –, denotes that there is no inflection, and no change of key.

Having explained the inflections, Walker proceeds to deduce the law of delivery from the structure of sentences, which he divides into *compact, loose, direct periods, inverted periods*, &c. By the term *series*, he denotes an enumeration of particulars. If the enumeration consists of single words, it is called a *simple series;* if it consists of clauses, it is called a *compound series.* When the sense requires that there should be a rising slide on the last particular, the series is called a *commencing series;* and when the series requires the falling slide on the last particular, it is termed a *concluding series.* The *simple commencing series* is illustrated in the following sentence, having two (1` 2′) members: —

"Honor` and shame′ from no condition rise."

The *simple concluding series* is illustrated in the following sentence of four (1` 2′ 3′ 4`) members: — "Remember that virtue alone is honor`, glory′, wealth′, and happiness`."

Among the Rules laid down by Walker and his followers are the following, which we select as the most simple. The pupil must not take them, however, as an infallible guide. Some are obvious enough ; but to others the exceptions are numerous, — so numerous, indeed, that they would be a burthensome charge to the memory. The Rules, however, may be serviceable in cases where the reader desires another's judgment in regard to the inflection of voice that is most appropriate :

Rule I. *When the sense is finished, the falling inflection takes place ;* as, "Nothing valuable can be gained without labor\."

II. *In a compact sentence, the voice slides up where the meaning begins to be formed ;* as, "Such is the course of nature/, that whoever lives long, must outlive those whom he loves and honors."

There are many exceptions to this rule. For instance, when an emphatic word is contained in the first part of the compact sentence, the falling inflection takes place ; as, "He is a traitor to his country\, he is a traitor to the human kind/, he is a traitor to Heaven\, who abuses the talents which God has given him."

III. *In a loose sentence, the falling inflexion is required ;* as, "It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devo\tion ; which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it."

IV. *In a compound commencing series, the falling inflection takes place on every member but the last ;* as, "Our disordered hearts\, our guilty passions\, our violent prejudices\, and misplaced desires/, are the instruments of the trouble which we endure."

V. *In a compound concluding series, the falling inflection takes place on every member except the one before the last ;* as, "Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are\ ; Spenser, as we wish\ them to be ; Shakspeare, as they would/ be ; and Milton, as they ought\ to be."

VI. *In a series of commencing members forming a climax, the last member, being strongly emphatic, takes a fall instead of a rise ;* as, "A youth\, a boy/, a child\, might understand it."

VII. *Literal interrogations asked by pronouns or adverbs (or questions requiring an immediate answer) end with the falling inflection ;* as, "Where are you going\ ? What is your name\ ? " *Questions asked by verbs require the rising inflection, when a literal question is asked ;* as, "Are you coming/ ? Do you hear/ ? "

To these rules the exceptions are numerous, however. Emphasis breaks through them continually ; as,

Was ever woman in this humor wooed/ ?
Was ever woman in this humor won\ ?

VIII. *The inflection which terminates an exclamation is regulated by the common rules of inflection. This rule is, of course, broken through by passion, which has slides and notes of its own. As a general rule, it may be stated that exclamations of surprise and indignation take a rising slide in a loud tone ; those of sorrow, distress, pity and love, the rising slide in a gentle tone ; and those of adoration, awe and despair, the falling inflection.*

IX. *Any intermediate clause affecting the sense of the sentence (generally termed the modifying clause) is pronounced in a different key from that in which the rest of the sentence is spoken. As the intermediate words are frequently the pivot on which the sense of the sentence turns, the mind is directed to it by a change of voice. The voice sinks at the beginning of the clause, but rises gradually towards the conclusion ;* as, "Age, in a virtuous/ person, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth."

X. *The Parenthesis is an intermediate clause, not necessary to the sense. It is pronounced in a different key from that in which the sentence is pro-*

nounced, in order to distinguish it from the body of the sentence; and it is pronounced more quickly, that the hearer may not be diverted by it from forgetting the connection of the sentence. It generally terminates with the inflection of the clause preceding it. When it contains a strongly emphatic word, the falling inflection is necessary:

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

XI. *An echo, or the repetition of a word or thought introductory to some particulars, requires the high rising inflection, and a long pause after it. This is frequently the language of excitement; the mind recurs to the exciting idea, and acquires fresh intensity from the repetition of it;* as, "Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give its sanction to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it? — *Measures'*, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing Kingdom to scorn and contempt."

XII. *When words are in contradistinction to other words, either expressed or understood, they are pronounced with emphatic force; when the contradistinction is not expressed, the emphasis must be strong, so as to suggest the word in contradistinction;* as, "How beautiful is nature in her wildest\ scenes!" That is, not merely in her soft scenes, but even in her wildest scenes. "It is deplorable when age\ thus errs." Not merely youth, but age.

XIII. *A climax must be read or pronounced with the voice progressively ascending to the last member; accompanied with the increasing energy, animation or pathos, corresponding with the nature of the subject.*

See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls'; the front of Jove himself';
An eye like Mars', to threaten and command';
A station like the herald Mercury",
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill\';
A combination' and a form' indeed,
Where every god' did seem to set his seal",
To give the world assurance of a man\.

RUSH'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Dr. Rush, whose "Philosophy of the Human Voice" presents the most minute and scientific analysis of the subject that has yet appeared, adopts an arrangement of the elementary sounds of our language into tonics, subtonics, atonics and aspirates. He distinguishes the qualities of the voice under the following heads: the Orotund, which is fuller in volume than the common voice; the Tremor; the Aspiration; the Guttural; the Falsette; and the Whisper. The complex movement of the voice occasioned by the union of the rising and falling slides on the same long syllable he calls a *wave*. It is termed by Steele and Walker the *circumflex accent*. Dr. Rush illustrates the slides of the voice by reference to the Diatonic scale, consisting of a succession of eight sounds, either in an ascending or descending series, and embracing seven proximate intervals, five of which are Tones, and two Semitones. Each sound is called a Note; and the changes of pitch from any one note to another are either Discrete or Concrete, and may be either rising or falling. Concrete changes of Pitch are called slides; and of these movements there are appropriated to speech the slides through five different intervals, — the Semitone, the Second, the Third, the Fifth, and the Octave. By a careful analysis of the speaking voice, Dr. Rush shows that its movements can be measured and set to the musical scale; and that, however various the combinations of these vocal movements may at first appear, they may readily be

reduced to six, called Phrases of Melody. These are the Monotone, the Rising and Falling Ditone, the Rising and Falling Tritone, and the Alternate Phrase. By a more careful analysis, we ascertain that some of the simpler styles of delivery take their character from the predominance of some one of these phrases of melody. Thus we have the Diatonic Melody, the Melody of the Monotone, of the Alternate Phrase, and of the Cadence; and to these are added the Chromatic Melody which arises from the predominance of the Semitone, and the Broken Melody.

INSUFFICIENCY OF ARBITRARY SYSTEMS OF ELOCUTION.

It would be impossible, in the space we have given to the subject, to do justice to any one of these ingenious analyses; and it would be quite unprofitable to enumerate the many systems that have been deduced from them up to the present time. The important question is, Do they establish, severally or collectively, a positive science of elocution, which will justify the pupil in laboring to master it in its details, and to accomplish himself according to its rules of practice? We believe there are very few students, who have given much time and attention to the subject, who will not render a negative reply. The shades of expression in language are often so delicate and undistinguishable, that intonation will inevitably vary according to the temperament of the speaker, his appreciation of the sense, and the intensity with which he enters into the spirit of what he utters. It is impossible to establish rules of mathematical precision for utterance, any more than for dancing. Take the first line of Mark Antony's harangue:

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!

An ingenious speaker will give, at one time, the *falling* inflection, and at another the *rising*, to the word *countrymen;* and both modes shall seem equally expressive and appropriate. Nay, he will at one moment place the chief stress upon *lend*, and the next upon *ears;* and he will make either mode of rendering the verse appear appropriate and expressive. We do not deny that there are passages in regard to which there can be little doubt as to the inflection and emphasis to be employed; but these are precisely the passages in reference to which rules are not needed, so obvious is the sense to every intelligent reader, and so unerringly does nature guide us.

"Probably not a single instance," says Archbishop Whately, "could be found, of any one who has attained, by the study of any system of instruction that has appeared, a really good delivery; but there are many — probably nearly as many as have fully tried the experiment — who have by this means been totally spoiled." There is one principle, he says, radically erroneous, which must vitiate every system founded on it, — the principle, "that, in order to acquire the best style of delivery, *it is requisite to study analytically the emphasis, tones, pauses, degrees of loudness, &c.*, which give the proper effect to each passage that is well delivered; to frame *Rules* founded on the observation of these; and then, in practice, deliberately and carefully to conform the utterance to these rules, so as to form a complete artificial system of Elocution." "To the adoption of any such artificial scheme there are three weighty objections: first, that the proposed system must necessarily be *imperfect;* secondly, that if it were perfect, it would be a circuitous path to the object in view; and thirdly, that even if both these objections were removed, the object would not be effectually obtained."

The first of those objections, which is not denied by the most strenuous advocates of the artificial systems, would seem to be all-sufficient. Any number of Rules must needs leave the subject incomplete, inasmuch as the analysis of sentences, in their structure, and their relations to vocal inflection, may be carried to almost any extent. Few Rules can be laid down to which many unforeseen exceptions cannot be made. Mr. Walker, in his "Rhetorical

Grammar," published some years after his "Elements of Elocution" had been before the public, admits the practical failure of the systems founded on his analysis. "The sanguine expectations I had once entertained," he says, "that this Analysis of the Human Voice would be received by the learned with avidity, are now over." And, his imagination kindling at a ray of hope, he adds: "It is not improbable that the active genius of the French, who are so remarkably attentive to their language, may first adopt this vehicle" of instruction in reading and speaking. But more than forty years have passed since this suggestion was thrown out; and the French, so quick to adopt improvements based on scientific analysis, have been as backward as Walker's own countrymen in applying to practical uses his discovery. But although the Science of Europe has weighed these artificial systems in the balance, and found them wanting for practical purposes of instruction, the hope seems to be entertained that Young America will not yet a while concur in the judgment.

"It is surely a circuitous path," says Archbishop Whately, "when the learner is directed first to consider how each passage ought to be read (that is, what mode of delivering each part of it would *spontaneously* occur to him, if he were attending exclusively to the matter of it); then to observe all the modulations, &c., of voice, which take place in such a delivery; then to note these down, by established marks, in writing; and, lastly, to pronounce according to these marks." "Such instruction is like that bestowed by Molière's pedantic tutor upon his *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who was taught, to his infinite surprise and delight, what configurations of the mouth he employed in pronouncing the several letters of the alphabet, which he had been accustomed to utter, all his life, without knowing how."

The labors of Steele, Walker and Rush, are important, and their analyses of vocal expression may always be studied with profit. But the attempt to establish a practical system of elocutionary rules, which may be a consistent and reliable guide to the pupil in reading aloud and in declamation, has been continually baffled. The subject is not one that, in its nature, admits of a resolution into rigid analytical rules. Thought and language being as various as the minds of men, the inflections of the human voice must partake of their plastic quality; and passion and genuine emotion must break through all the rules which theorists can frame. Anatomy is a curious and a profitable study; but what if we were to tell the pugilist that, in order to give a blow with due effect, he ought to know how the muscles depend for their powers of contraction and relaxation on the nerves, and how the nerves issue from the brain and the spinal marrow, with similar facts, requiring, perhaps, a lifetime of study for their proper comprehension, — would he not laugh at us for our advice? And yet, even more unreasonable is it to say, that, to accomplish ourselves in reading and speaking, we must be able to classify a sentence under the head of "loose" or "compact," and their subdivisions, and then to glibly enunciate it according to some arbitrary rule, to which, the probability is, there are many unsurmised exceptions. When Edmund Kean thrilled the heart of a great audience with the tones of indescribable pathos which he imparted to the words,

"Othello's occupation 's gone,"

it would have puzzled him to tell whether the sentence was a "simple declarative" or an "imperfect loose." He knew as little of "intensive slides," "bends," "sweeps," and "closes," as Cribb, the boxer, did of osteology. He studied the intonation which most touched his own heart; and he gave it, reckless of rules, or, rather, guided by that paramount rule, which seeks the highest triumphs of art in elocution in the most genuine utterances of nature.

Attention is the secret of success in speaking, as in other departments of human effort. Sir Isaac Newton was one day asked how he had discovered

the true system of the universe. He replied, "By continually thinking upon it." He was frequently heard to declare that, "if he had done the world any services, it was due to nothing but *industry and patient thought;* that he kept the subject under consideration constantly before him, and waited till the first dawning opened gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light." Attention to the meaning and full effect of what we utter in declamation will guide us, better than any system of marks, in a right disposition of emphasis and inflection. By attention, bad habits are detected and repudiated, and happy graces are seized and adopted. Demosthenes had a habit of raising one shoulder when he spoke. He corrected it by suspending a sword, so that the point would pierce the offending member when unduly elevated. He had a defective utterance, and this he amended by practising declamation with pebbles in his mouth.

Practice in elocution, under the guidance, if possible, of an intelligent instructor, will lead to more solid results than the most devoted endeavors to learn, by written rules, what is above all human attempt at "circumscription and confine." Possess your mind fully with the spirit of what you have to utter, and the right utterance will come by practice. If it be a political speech of a remarkable character, acquaint yourself * with the circumstances under which it was originally uttered; with the history and peculiarities of the speaker; and with the interests which were at stake at the time. Enter, with all the warmth of your imaginative faculty, into the speaker's feelings; lose yourself in the occasion; let his words be stamped on your memory; and do not tire in repeating them aloud, with such action and emphasis as *attention* will suggest and improve, until you have acquired that facility in the utterance which is essential to an effective delivery before an audience. If it be a poem which you have to recite, study to partake the enthusiasm which the author felt in the composition. Let the poetical element in your nature be aroused, and give it full play in the utterance of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The practice of frequent public declamation in schools cannot be too much commended. The advantages of such training, if not immediate, will be recognized later in life. In awakening attention, inspiring confidence, acquainting the pupil with the selectest models of Oratory, compelling him to try his voice before an audience, and impressing him with a sense of the importance of elocutionary culture, the benefits which accrue from these exercises are inestimable. The late John Quincy Adams used to trace to his simple habit of reciting, in obedience to his father, Collins' little ode, "How sleep the brave," &c., the germ of a patriotic inspiration, the effects of which he felt throughout his public career; together with the early culture of a taste for elocution, which was of great influence in shaping his future pursuits.

DIVISIONS OF ELOCUTION.

Elocution is divided into Articulation and Pronunciation; Inflection and Modulation; Emphasis; Gesture.

ARTICULATION AND PRONUNCIATION.

Correct articulation is the most important exercise of the voice, and of the organs of speech. A public speaker, possessed only of a moderate voice, if he articulate correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates, without judgment. The voice of the latter may, indeed, extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in con-

* As an assistance to the pupil in carrying out this recommendation, the author has, in many instances, appended illustrative notes, or brief biographical sketches, to the extracts from the speeches of great orators.

fusion. Of the former voice, not the smallest vibration is wasted; every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches, and hence it may often appear to penetrate even further than one which is loud, but badly articulated. "In just articulation," says Austin, "the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable. They are delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, in due succession, and of due weight."

Pronunciation points out the proper sounds of vowels and consonants, and the distribution of accent on syllables. Articulation has a reference to the positions and movements of the organs which are necessary to the production of those sounds with purity and distinctness; it also regulates the proportion of the sounds of letters in words, and of words in sentences. Articulation and pronunciation may thus be said to form the basis of elocution. An incorrect or slovenly pronunciation of words should be carefully avoided. The most eloquent discourse may be marred by the mispronunciation of a word, or by a vicious or provincial accent. The dictionaries of Worcester or Webster, in which the pronunciation is based mainly on the accepted standard of Walker, should be carefully consulted by the pupil, wherever he is doubtful in regard to the pronunciation of a word, or the accent of a syllable. These dictionaries also contain ample rules for the guidance and practice of the reader in the attainment of a correct pronunciation of the rudimental sounds of the vowels and consonants. They should be carefully studied. A speaker who continually violates the ear of taste by his mispronunciation must never hope to make a favorable impression upon an educated audience.

DEFECTS IN PRONUNCIATION.

The omission to sound the final *g* in such words as *moving, rising,* — as if they were spelled *movin, risin,* — is one of the most frequent defects which inattentive readers exhibit. A habit also prevails of slurring the full sound of the italicised letter in such words as b*e*lief, p*o*lite, p*o*litical, w*h*isper, w*h*ich; several, every, deliverer, traveller; history, memorable, melody, philosophy; society, variety, &c.; also of muffling the *r* in such words as alarm, reform, arrest, warrior; omitting the *e* in the last syllable of sudden, mitten, &c.; corrupting the *a* in musical, social, whimsical, metal, &c.; the *i* in certainly, fountain, &c.; the last *o* in Boston, notion, &c.; giving *e* the sound of *u* in momentary, insolent, and the like; and *a* the same sound in jubilant, arrogant, &c.; giving the sound of *er* to the final termination of such words as fellow, potato, follow, hallow; giving to *r* in war, warlike, partial, &c., the sound of *w;* prolonging the sound of *w* in law, flaw, as if there were an *r* tacked on at the end of the words; in such words as *nature, creature, legislature,* &c., failing to give the full sound to the *u* and *e* of the last syllable, as they are sounded in *pure, sure,* &c.; giving to the *a* in *scarce* the sound of *u* in *purse;* slurring the final *o* in occasion, invention, condition, &c.; giving the sound of *u* to the *a* in Indian; giving the sound of *um* to the final *m* in chasm, patriotism, &c.; the sound of *i* to the *e* in goodness, matchless; the sound of *fle* to the *ful* of awful, beautiful, and the like. The *e* in the first syllable of such words as terminate, mercy, perpetrate, &c., ought, according to the stricter critics in elocution, to have the sound of *e* in merit, terror, &c. A habit of speaking through the nose, in the utterance of such words as *now, cow,* is prevalent in New England, and should be overcome by all who would not make themselves ridiculous in educated society.

Other common defects in pronunciation are thus satirized by Holmes:

> "Learning condemns, beyond the reach of hope,
> The careless churl that speaks of sŏap for sōap;
> Her edict exiles from her fair abode
> The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad;

Less stern to him who calls his cōat a cŏat,
And steers his bōat, believing it a bŏat;
She pardoned one,—our classic city's boast,—
Who said, at Cambridge, mŏst instead of mōst;
But knit her brows, and stamped her angry foot,
To hear a teacher call a rōot a rŏot.
"Once more; speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over-hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't — let me beg you — don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs!*"

In the beginning of a course of elocution, it is necessary that a minute attention be paid to the producing of the exact sounds on the unaccented syllables; and though this may be censured by many, as affected and theatrical, it must, for a time, be encouraged. Most persons will give the sound of *a* in *accessory* distinctly and purely, as the accent is on it; but, if the accent is on the second syllable of a word beginning in the same way, as in *accord*, the greater number of people would give the *ac* an obscure sound, as if the word were *uccord*. The same remark holds with regard to the initial *ab*, *ad*, *af*, *ag*, *al*, *am*, *an*, *ar*, *ap*, *as*, *at*, *av*, *az*, *con*, *col*, &c.; *e*, *de*, *re*, *i*, *in*, *o*, *ob*, *op*, &c. Thus, the *o* in *omen*, the *e* in *exact*, will be sounded correctly by most persons; but, in *opinion*, *proceed*, and *emit*, as the accent is shifted, these vowels would be generally sounded *upinion*, *pruceed*, and *imit*. Through the same neglect, the second *o* in *nobody* is not sounded like the *o* in *body*, as it should be; and the *a* in *circumstances* is different from the *a* in *circumstantial;* — the former words being sounded *nob'dy*, *circumst'nces*. The terminational syllables *ment*, *ness*, *tion*, *ly*, *ture*, *our*, *ous*, *en*, *el*, *in*, &c., are also generally given impurely, the attention being directed principally to the previous accented syllable; thus, the word *compliments* is erroneously given the sound of *complimints; nation*, that of *nashn; only*, *onlē* (the *e* as in *met*); *nature*, *natchur; valor*, *valer; famous*, *famuss; novel*, *novl; chicken*, *chickn; Latin*, *Latn*. Sometimes the concluding consonant is almost lost in the unaccented syllable, while it is preserved in the accented; thus, in the noun *subject*, in which the accent is on the first syllable, the *t* is scarcely sounded by many who would sound it in the verb to *subject*, in which the accent is on the last syllable. In *d* and *t* final, the articulation is not completed until the tongue comes off from the roof of the mouth. Distinctness is gained by this attention to the quality of unaccented vowels, and to the clear and precise utterance of the consonants in unaccented syllables. Care must be taken, however, that the pupil do not enunciate too slowly. The motions of the organs must frequently be rapid in their changes, that the due proportions of syllables may be preserved.

As emphasis is to a sentence what accent is to words, the remarks which have been made on accented and unaccented syllables apply to words *emphatic* and *unemphatic*. The unemphatic words are also apt to become inarticulate from the insufficient force which is put upon them, and the vowel-sounds, as in *can*, *as*, and the consonant *d* in *and*, &c., are changed or lost. In certain words, such as *my*, *mine*, *thy*, *thine*, *you*, *your*, the unemphatic pronunciation is different from the emphatic, being sounded *me*, *min*, *the*, *thin*, *ye*, *yur;* as, *this is min own*, *this is yur own*. In solemn reading, this abbreviated pronunciation is avoided, and the words are pronounced as they are when single.

MODULATION OR MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

The modulation of the voice is one of the most important requisites in a public speaker. Even to the private reader, who wishes to execute his task

with pleasure to others, it is a necessary accomplishment. A voice which keeps long in one key, however correct the pronunciation, delicate the inflection, and just the emphasis, will soon tire the hearer. The voice has been considered as capable of assuming three keys, — the low, the high, and the middle. This variety is undoubtedly too limited ; but, for the first lessons of a student, it may be useful to regard the classification. A well-trained voice is capable of ranging in these with various degrees of loudness, softness, stress, continuity, and rapidity.

These different states of the voice, properly managed, give rise to that striking and beautiful variety which is essential to eloquent delivery. The difference between loud and soft, and high and low tones, should be well understood. *Piano* and *forte* have no relation to pitch or key, but to force and quantity ; and, when applied to the voice, they relate to the body or volume which the speaker or singer gives out. We can, therefore, be very soft in a high note, and very loud in a low one ; just as a smart stroke on a bell may have exactly the same note as a slight one, though it is considerably louder. It ought to be a first principle, with all public readers and speakers, rather to begin *below* the common level of the voice than *above* it. A good practical rule for the speaker, in commencing, is to speak as if he would have his voice reach those in the centre of the hall. He thus will begin on a level tone, from which he may easily rise. Some abrupt forms of speech require, however, a loud tone of voice, even at the commencement, to give them their due effect; as, for instance : " How long, O Catiline ! wilt thou abuse our patience?"

The right assumption of the keys constitutes what may be termed the *feeling* of a composition; — without it, acting is lifeless, and argument tiresome. It is a want of this variety which distinguishes the inanimate speaker. His inflection may be correct, and have even what has been termed a musical cadence; but, without this variety of key, he must tire his audience. The effect of a transition from the major to the minor key in music is not more striking than the variety which the voice will occasionally assume. A change of key is generally necessary at the commencement of a new sentence. When, in the preceding sentence, the voice has sunk down towards the close, in the new sentence it sometimes recovers its elasticity, and sometimes it continues in the depressed note on which the preceding sentence terminates.

In common conversation, our tone is light, and appears to come from the lip ; in serious and impressive speaking, it appears to be formed further back, and is accompanied by a greater tension of the muscles of the throat. The deeper formation of the voice is the secret of that peculiar tone which is found in actors and orators of celebrity. Some have this voice naturally; but the greater number must acquire it by assiduous practice. The pupil must be required to speak " further down in the throat." This peculiar voice, which is adapted to the expression of what is solemn, grand and exciting, " is formed in those parts of the mouth posterior to the palate, bounded below by the root of the tongue, above by the commencement of the palate, behind by the most posterior part of the throat, and on the sides by the angles of the jaw. The tongue, in the mean time, is hollowed and drawn back; and the mouth is opened in such a manner as to favor, as much as possible, the enlargement of the cavity described."

LOW KEY.

To acquire strength and distinctness in this key, the remarks in the last paragraph will be found useful. Nothing more unequivocally marks the finished speaker than a command over the low notes of his voice ; it is a rare accomplishment, but one which is a most valuable principle in Oratory. Strengthening the low notes, after forming them, should be a great object with the master in Elocution ; but it too often happens that the acquisition of a screaming high note is reckoned the desideratum in speaking. The difficulty of being distinct and audible in the low key is at first discouraging ; but prac-

tice will, in most cases, attain the object. Similes in poetry form proper examples for gaining a habit of lowering the voice.

He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs.

The following passage, in which King John takes Hubert aside, and tempts him to undertake the death of Arthur, requires, in the enunciation, a full, audible tone of voice, in a low key :

K. John. I had a thing to say, — but let it go;
The sun is in the Heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;
— Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone, —
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words, —
Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But, ah ! I will not, — yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well !
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I 'd do 't !
K. John. Do I not know thou wouldst ?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On that young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me ! Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I 'll keep him so
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My Lord ?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee:
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember. *Shakspeare's King John, Act* iii. *Scene* 5.

MIDDLE KEY.

This is the key of common discourse, and the key in which a speaker must usually deliver the greater part of his speech. Sheridan points out a simple method of acquiring loudness in this key. "Any one, who, through habit, has fallen into a weak utterance, cannot hope suddenly to change it ; he must

do it by degrees, and constant practice. I would therefore recommend it to him that he should daily exercise himself in reading or repeating, in the hearing of a friend ; and that, too, in a large room. At first, his friend should stand at such a distance only as the speaker can easily reach, in his usual manner of delivering himself. Afterwards, let him gradually increase his distance, and the speaker will in the same gradual proportion increase the force of his voice.'' In doing this, the speaker still keeps on the same tone of voice, but gives it with greater power. It is material to notice, that a well-formed middle tone, and even a low one, is capable of filling any room; and that the neglect of strengthening the voice in these leads a speaker to adopt the high, shouting note which is often heard in our pulpits. Hamlet's address to the players should be mostly delivered in this middle key.

HIGH KEY.

This key of the voice, though very uncommon in level speaking or reading, ought to be practised, as it tends to give strength to the voice generally, and as it is frequently employed in public speaking and declamation. Every one can speak in a high key, but few do it pleasingly. There is a compression necessary in the high notes, as well as the middle and low; this compression distinguishes the vociferous passion of the peasant from that of the accomplished actor or orator. The following passage will bear the most vigorous exercise of the high key :

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold Yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves ! —
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom;
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms !

It should be borne in mind, that it is not he who speaks the loudest who can be heard the furthest. "It is a curious fact in the history of sound,'' says a scientific observer, "that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced, *whereas musical notes will be heard at a great distance.* Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but more distinctly the organs, and other musical instruments, which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much louder than the former; but the sweet, brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Dr. Young, on the authority of Durham, states that at Gibraltar the human voice may be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal; thus, when the cottager in the woods, or the open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended as much as the formality of his discourse in the House of Commons to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard. 'His middle tones were sweet, rich and beautifully varied,' says a writer, describing the orator; 'when he raised his voice to the highest pitch, the House was completely filled with the volume of sound; and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate — and then he had spirit-stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the House sank before him; still, he was dignified, and, wonder-

ful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer than his words, — that the man was greater, infinitely greater, than the orator.' "

MONOTONE.

A monotone is intonation without change of pitch: that is, preserving a fulness of tone, without ascent or descent on the scale. It is no very difficult matter to be loud in a high tone; but to be loud and forcible in a low tone, requires great practice and management; this, however, may be facilitated by pronouncing forcibly at first in a low monotone. A monotone, though in a low key, and without force, is much more sonorous and audible than when the voice slides up and down at almost every word, as it must do to be various. This tone is adopted by actors when they repeat passages aside. It conveys the idea of being inaudible to those with them in the scene, by being in a lower tone than that used in the dialogue; and, by being in a monotone, becomes audible to the whole house. The monotone, therefore, is an excellent vehicle for such passages as require force and audibility in a low tone, and in the hands of a judicious reader or speaker is a perpetual source of variety. It is used when anything awful or sublime is to be expressed, as

> O ! when the last account twixt Heaven and earth
> Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
> Witness against us to damnation.

The language of the ghost in Hamlet is mostly uttered in a deep monotone. The following passage from Ion is partly given in a solemn monotone:

> Dark and cold
> Stretches the path, which, when I wear the Crown,
> I needs must enter; — *the great Gods forbid*
> *That thou shouldst follow it !*

The monotone is varied, in the italicized part, to the tone of passionate emotion and supplication.

TIME.

Modulation includes, also, the consideration of *time*, which is natural in the pronunciation of certain passages. The combinations, then, of pitch, force and time, are extremely numerous: thus, we have low, loud, slow; low, soft, slow; low, feeble, slow; low, loud, quick, &c.; middle, loud, slow; middle, soft, slow; middle, feeble, slow, &c. Thus, we have a copious natural language, adapted to the expression of every emotion and passion.

IMITATIVE MODULATION.

Motion and sound, in all their modifications, are, in descriptive reading, more or less imitated. To glide, to drive, to swell, to flow, to skip, to whirl, to turn, to rattle, &c., all partake of a peculiar modification of voice. This expression lies in the key, force, and time of the tones, and the forcible pronunciation of certain letters which are supposed more particularly to express the imitation.

> Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
> And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
> But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labors, and the words move slow;
> Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
> Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

PAUSES.

Grammatical punctuation does not always demand a pause; and the time of the pauses at various points is not correctly stated in many books on reading. In some treatises, the pause at the period is described as being uniformly four times as long as that at a comma; whereas, it is regulated entirely by the nature of the subject, the intimacy or remoteness of the connection between the sentences, and other causes. "I am convinced," says Mr. Knowles, "that a *nice* attention to rhetorical punctuation has an extremely mischievous tendency, and is totally inconsistent with nature. Give the sense of what you read — MIND is the thing. Pauses are essential only where the omission would *obscure the sense*. The orator, who, in the act of delivering himself, is studiously solicitous about parcelling his words, is sure to leave the best part of his work undone. He delivers words, not thoughts. *Deliver thoughts, and words will take care enough of themselves.*"

EMPHASIS.

By *emphasis* is meant that stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which, in reading or speaking, we distinguish the accented syllable, or some word, on which we design to lay particular stress, in order to show how it affects the rest of the sentence. On the right management of the emphasis depend the whole life and spirit of every *discourse*. If no emphasis be placed on any word, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often *ambiguous*. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we *pervert* and confound the meaning wholly. In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, then, the great rule, and, indeed, the *only* unexceptional rule, is, that the speaker or reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of those forms of expression which he is to pronounce.

To give a common instance: such a simple question as this, "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable of no fewer than four *acceptations*, according as the emphasis is differently placed on the words. If it be pronounced thus: Do *you* ride to town to-day? the answer may naturally be, No; I send my servant in my stead. If thus: Do you *ride* to town to-day? Answer. No; I intend to *walk*. Do you ride to *town* to-day? No; I ride out into the *fields*. Do you ride to town *to-day*? No; but I shall *to-morrow*. And there is yet another expression that this little sentence is capable of, which would be given by placing the emphasis on the first word, *do*, being a necessary enforcement of the question, if the person asked had evaded giving a reply; thus: "*Do* you ride to town to-day?" The tone implying: Come, tell me at once, *do* you, or *do* you *not*?

There are four obvious distinctions in the sound of words, with respect to force. First, the force necessary for the least important words, such as conjunctions, particles, &c., which may be called feeble or unaccented. Second, the force necessary for substantives, verbs, &c., which may be called accented. Third, that force which is used for distinguishing some words from others, commonly called emphasis of force. Fourth, the force necessary for emphasis of sense. As opposition is the foundation of all emphasis of sense, whatever words are contrasted with, contradistinguished from, or set in opposition to, one another, they are always emphatic. Hence, whenever there is antithesis in the sense, whether words or clauses, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation.

The variations of emphasis are so numerous as to defy the formation of rules that can be appropriate in all cases. Give a dozen well-trained elocutionists a sentence to mark emphatically, and probably no two would perform the task precisely alike.

> *What* though the *field* be lost?
> *All* is not lost; the unconquerable *will*,
> And study of *revenge*, immortal *hate*,

And *courage* never to submit or yield,—
That glory *never* shall *His* wrath or might
Extort from *me*.

The following speech of Othello is an example of what is termed cumulative emphasis:

If thou dost slander *her* and torture *me*,
Never pray *more*; abandon all *remorse;*
On horror's head *horrors* accumulate;
Do deeds to make *Heaven* weep, all *earth amazed*—
For nothing canst thou to *damnation* add
Greater than *this!*

III. GESTURE.

Gesture, considered as a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the body to the nature and import of the subject we are pronouncing, has always been considered as one of the most essential parts of Oratory. Cicero says, that its power is even greater than that of words. It is the language of nature in the strictest sense, and makes its way to the heart without the utterance of a single sound. I may threaten a man with my sword by speech, and produce little effect; but if I clap my hand to the hilt simultaneously with the threat, he will be startled according to the earnestness of the action. This instance will illustrate the whole theory of gesture. According to Demosthenes, action is the beginning, the middle, and the end of Oratory.

To be perfectly motionless while we are pronouncing words which require force and energy, is not only depriving them of their necessary support, but rendering them unnatural and ridiculous. A very vehement address, pronounced without any motion but that of the lips and tongue, would be a burlesque upon the meaning, and produce laughter; nay, so unnatural is this total absence of gesticulation, that it is not very easy to speak in this manner. As some action, therefore, must necessarily accompany our words, it is of the utmost consequence that this be such as is suitable and natural. No matter how little, if it be but akin to the words and passion; for, if foreign to them, it counteracts and destroys the very intention of delivery. The voice and gesture may be said to be tuned to each other; and, if they are in a different key, as it may be called, discord must inevitably be the consequence.

"A speaker's body," says Fenelon, "must betray action when there is movement in his words; and his body must remain in repose when what he utters is of a level, simple, unimpassioned character. Nothing seems to me so shocking and absurd as the sight of a man lashing himself to a fury in the utterance of tame things. The more he sweats, the more he freezes my very blood."

Mr. Austin, in his "Chironomia," was the first to lay down laws for the regulation of gesture; and nearly all subsequent writers on the subject have borrowed largely from his work. He illustrates his rules by plates, showing the different attitudes and gestures for the expression of certain emotions. Experience has abundantly proved that no benefit is to be derived from the study of these figures. They only serve as a subject for ridicule to boys; and are generally found, in every volume in use, well pencilled over with satirical marks or mottoes, issuing from the mouths of the stiff-looking gentlemen who are presented as models of grace and expression to aspiring youth.

The following is an enumeration of some of the most frequent gestures, to which the various members of the body contribute:

The Head and Face. The hanging down of the head denotes shame, or grief. The holding it up, pride, or courage. To nod forward, implies assent. To toss the head back, dissent. The inclination of the head implies bashfulfulness or languor. The head is averted in dislike or horror. It leans forward in attention.

The Eyes. The eyes are raised, in prayer. They weep, in sorrow. Burn, in anger. They are cast on vacancy, in thought. They are thrown in different directions, in doubt and anxiety.

The Arms. The arm is projected forward, in authority. Both arms are spread extended, in admiration. They are held forward, in imploring help. They both fall suddenly, in disappointment. Folded, they denote thoughtfulness.

The Hands. The hand on the head indicates pain, or distress. On the eyes, shame. On the lips, injunction of silence. On the breast, it appeals to conscience, or intimates desire. The hand waves, or flourishes, in joy, or contempt. Both hands are held supine, or clasped, in prayer. Both descend prone, in blessing. They are clasped, or wrung, in affliction. The outstretched hands, with the knuckles opposite the speaker's face, express fear, abhorrence, rejection, or dismissal. The outstretched hands, with the palms toward the face of the speaker, denote approval, acceptation, welcoming, and love.

The Body. The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage. Thrown back, pride. Stooping forward, condescension, or compassion. Bending, reverence, or respect. Prostration, the utmost humility, or abasement.

The Lower Limbs. Their firm position signifies courage, or obstinacy. Bended knees, timidity, or weakness. Frequent change, disturbed thoughts. They advance, in desire, or courage. Retire, in aversion, or fear. Start, in terror. Stamp, in authority, or anger. Kneel, in submission and prayer.

Walker says that we should be careful to let the stroke of the hand which marks force, or emphasis, keep exact time with the force of pronunciation; that is, the hand must go down upon the emphatic word, and no other. Thus, in the imprecation of Brutus, in Julius Cæsar:

> When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
> To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
> Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
> *Dash* him in pieces!

Here, says Walker, the action of the arm which enforces the emphasis ought to be so directed that the stroke of the hand may be given exactly on the word *dash;* this will give a concomitant action to the organs of pronunciation, and by this means the whole expression will be greatly augmented.

Archbishop Whately contends, on the contrary, that the natural order of action is, that the gesture should precede the utterance of the words. "An emotion, struggling for utterance, produces a tendency to a bodily gesture, to express that emotion more *quickly* than *words* can be framed; the words follow as soon as they *can* be spoken. And this being always the case with a real, earnest, unstudied speaker, this mode, of placing the action foremost, gives (if it be otherwise appropriate) the appearance of earnest emotion actually present in the mind. And the reverse of this natural order would alone be sufficient to convert the action of Demosthenes himself into unsuccessful and ridiculous mimicry."

Where two such authorities clash, the pupil's own good taste must give the bias to his decision.

ATTITUDE.

"The gracefulness of motion in the human frame," says Austin, in his Chironomia, "consists in the facility and security with which it is executed; and the grace of any position consists in the facility with which it can be varied. Hence, in the standing figure, the position is graceful when the weight of the body is principally supported on one leg, while the other is so placed as to be ready to relieve it promptly, and without effort. The foot which sustains the principal weight must be so placed that a perpendicular line, let fall from the pit of the neck, shall pass through the heel of that foot. Of course, the centre of gravity of the body is, for the time, in that line; whilst

the other foot assists merely for the purpose of keeping the body balanced in the position, and of preventing it from tottering. In the various positions of the feet, care is to be taken that the grace which is aimed at be attended with simplicity. The position of the orator is equally removed from the awkwardness of the rustic, with toes turned in and knees bent, and from the affectation of the dancing-master, whose position runs to the opposite extreme. The orator is to adopt such positions only as consist with manly and simple grace. The toes are to be moderately turned outward, but not to be constrained; the limbs are to be disposed so as to support the body with ease, and to admit of flowing and graceful movement. The sustaining foot is to be planted firmly; the leg braced, but not contracted; the other foot and limb must press lightly, and be held relaxed, so as to be ready for immediate change and action. In changing the positions of the feet, the motions are to be made with the utmost simplicity, and free from the parade and sweep of dancing. The speaker must advance, retire, or change, almost imperceptibly; and it is to be particularly observed that changes should not be too frequent. Frequent change gives the idea of anxiety or instability, both of which are unfavorable." Nothing can be more unbecoming than for an orator to be constantly tripping from one side to the other, on the stand, and walking so fast as to seem to outrun his speech. Such an orator was said, anciently, to run after a cause, instead of pleading it; and it is stated of Flavius Virginius, that he asked a speaker, very much addicted to this habit, how many miles he had spoken that day. Of an orator, whose favorite action was rising on tiptoe, it was said, that he must have been accustomed to address his audience over a high wall.

The bow of the speaker to his audience, previous to his speech, should be graceful and dignified; as far removed from a careless, jerking abruptness, as from a formal and unnecessary flourish.

REGULATION OF THE HANDS, ARMS, &C.

In Oratory, the regulation of the hand is of peculiar importance, not only as it serves to express passion, but to mark the dependence of clauses, and to interpret the emphasis. All action without the hand, says Quintilian, is weak and crippled. The expressions of the hand are as varied as language. It demands, promises, calls, dismisses, threatens, implores, detests, fears, questions, and denies. It expresses joy, sorrow, doubt, acknowledgment, dependence, repentance, number and time. Yet, the hand may be so employed as not only to become an unmeaning, but an inconvenient appendage. One speaker may raise his hands so high that he cannot readily get them down. One, cannot take them from his bosom. One, stretches them above his head; and another lays about him with such vigor, that it is dangerous to be within his reach.

In using the arms, a speaker should give his action in curves, and should bear in mind that different situations call for more or less motion of the limbs. The fingers of the hand should not be kept together, as if it were intended by nature that they should unite; nor should they be held forth unmeaningly, like a bunch of radishes; but they should be easily and naturally bent.

The speaker who truly feels his subject will feel it to his very finger-tips, and these last will take unconsciously the right bend or motion. Study well, therefore, what you have to say, and be prepared to say it in earnest.

The hand and arm should usually be moved gracefully in semi-circles, except in indicative passages, as thus: "I charm thy life!" "Lord Cardinal, to *you* I speak!" To lay down rules as to how far the arms may be extended, or to what elevation the hand may be raised, would be superfluous. A speaker should avoid throwing his arms up, as if he were determined to fling them from him; and he should avoid letting them fall with a violence sufficient to bruise his thigh; yet it is indispensable that the arm should fall, and that it should not remain pinioned to the side.

It is as essential for a speaker to endeavor, by his appearance and manner, to please the eye, as by his tones to please the ear. His dress should be decent and unaffected. His position should be easy and graceful. If he stand in a perfectly perpendicular posture, an auditor would naturally say, "He looks like a post." If the hands work in direct lines, it will give him the appearance of a two-handled pump. The first point to be attained is to avoid awkward habits: such as resting the chief weight of the body first on one foot and then on the other; swinging to and fro; jerking forward the upper part of the body, at every emphatic word; keeping the elbows pinioned to the sides; and sawing the air with one hand, with one unvaried and ungraceful motion. As gesture is used for the illustration and enforcement of language, so it should be limited, in its application, to such words and passages as admit of or require it. A judicious speaker will not only adapt the general style and manner of his action to the subject, the place, and the occasion, but even when he allows himself the greatest latitude, he will reserve his gesture, or, at least, the force and ornament of it, for those parts of his discourse for which he also reserves his boldest thoughts and his most brilliant expressions.

As the head gives the chief grace to the person, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery. It must be held in an erect and natural position. For, when drooped, it is expressive of humility; when turned upwards, of arrogance; when inclined to one side, it expresses languor; and when stiff and rigid, it indicates a lack of ease and self-possession. Its movements should be suited to the character of the delivery; they should accord with the gesture, and fall in with the action of the hands, and the motions of the body. The eyes, which are of the utmost consequence in aiding the expression of the orator, are generally to be directed as the gesture points; except when we have occasion to condemn, or refuse, or to require any object to be removed; on which occasion, we should at the same moment express aversion in our countenance, and reject by our gesture. A listless, inanimate expression of countenance, will always detract from the effect of the most eloquent sentiments, and the most appropriate utterance.

TRAINING AND STRENGTHENING THE VOICE.

In order to read and speak well, it is necessary to have all the vocal elements under complete command, so that they may be duly applied whenever they are required for the vivid and elegant delineation of the sense and sentiment of discourse. The student, therefore, should first practise on the thirty-five alphabetic elements, in order to insure a true and easy execution of their unmixed sounds. This will be of more use than pronouncing words in which they occur; for, when pronounced singly, the elements will receive a concentration of the organic effort, which will give them a clearness of sound and a definite outline, if we may so speak, at their extremes, making a fine preparation for their distinct and forcible pronunciation in the compounds of speech. He should then take one or more of the compound sounds, and carry it through all the degrees of the diatonic and concrete scales, both in an upward and a downward direction, and through the principal forms of the wave. He should next take some one familiar sentence, and practise upon it with every variety of intonation of which it will admit. He should afterwards run through the various vocal keys, and the forms of the cadence; and, lastly, he should recite, with all the force that he can command, some passage which requires great exertion of the voice. If he would acquire power and volume of utterance, he must practise in the open air, with his face to the wind, his body perfectly erect, his chest expanded, his tongue retracted and depressed, and the cavity of his mouth as much as possible enlarged; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that anything which improves the general tone of the health will proportionably affect the voice. If to this elementary practice the student add a careful and discriminating analysis of some of the best pieces which our

language contains, both in prose and verse, and if he strenuously endeavor to apply to them all the scientific principles which he has learned, there can be no doubt that he will acquire a manner of delivery which will do ample justice to any subject on which he may be called to exercise his vocal powers.

In all reading and public speaking, the management of the breath requires great care, so as not to be obliged to divide words from one another which have so intimate a connection that they ought to be pronounced in the same breath, and without the least separation. Many *sentences* are marred, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is reading or speaking, should be careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at *intervals* of the period, when the voice is only suspended for a moment; and, by this management, we may have always a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence, without improper interruptions.

The importance of a skilful management of the breath in utterance will be made apparent by a little practice. It is a good exercise for the pupil to repeat the cardinal numbers rapidly up to twenty, inhaling a full breath at the commencement. He may, by practice, make his breath hold out till he reaches forty and more, enunciating every syllable distinctly.

It must always be part of a healthful physiological regimen to exercise the voice daily, in reading or speaking aloud. The habit of Demosthenes, of walking by the sea-shore and shouting, was less important, in accustoming him to the sound of a multitude, than in developing and strengthening his vocal organs. The pupil will be astonished to find how much his voice will gain in power by daily exercise. "Reading aloud and recitation," says Andrew Combe, "are more useful and invigorating muscular exercises than is generally imagined; at least, when managed with due regard to the natural powers of the individual, so as to avoid effort and fatigue. Both require the varied activity of most of the muscles of the trunk to a degree of which few are conscious till their attention is turned to it. In forming and undulating the voice, not only the chest, but also the diaphragm and abdominal muscles, are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach and bowels a healthy and agreeable stimulus."

How doubly important does the judicious and methodical exercise of the voice thus become to him who would make it at once an effective instrument of conveying truth to his fellow-men, and of improving his own physical strength and capacity!

EXPLANATORY MARKS.

The length of a vowel is indicated by a horizontal line (–) over it; as, *Latīnus*. Its shortness is marked by a curve (˘); as, *Regŭlus*.

If two vowels, which, in ordinary circumstances, form a diphthong, or are likely to be fused together in their utterance, are to be pronounced separately, the second is marked with (¨) ; that is, a diæresis; as, *aërial*. This rule is not always observed in familiar instances.

The acute accent (′) is employed to indicate that the vowel over which it is placed is not merged in the preceding syllable ; as, *blessĕd*, *Tempē ;* the accent showing that these words are to be pronounced in two syllables. In poetry, the past participle, which in prose is in one syllable, often has to be pronounced in two, to preserve the harmony of the verse.

THE

STANDARD SPEAKER.

PART FIRST.

MORAL AND DIDACTIC.

1. TRUTH THE OBJECT OF ALL STUDIES. — *Original Translation.*

The supreme want, as well as the supreme blessing of man, is truth; yes, truth in religion, which, in giving us pure and exalted ideas of the Divinity, teaches us, at the same time, to render Him the most worthy and intelligent homage; — truth in morals, which indicates their duties to all classes, at once without rigor and without laxity; — truth in politics, which, in making authority more just and the people more acquiescent, saves governments from the passions of the multitude, and the multitude from the tyranny of governments; — truth in our legal tribunals, which strikes Vice with consternation, reässures Innocence, and accomplishes the triumph of Justice; — truth in education, which, bringing the conduct of instructors into accordance with their teaching, exhibits them as the models no less than the masters of infancy and youth; — truth in literature and in art, which preserves them from the contagion of bad taste, from false ornaments as well as false thoughts; — truth in the daily commerce of life, which, in banishing fraud and imposture, establishes the common security; — truth in everything, truth before everything, — this is, in effect, what the whole human race, at heart, solicit. Yes, all men have a consciousness, that truth is ever beneficent, and falsehood ever pernicious.

And, indeed, when none but *true* doctrines shall be universally inculcated, — when they shall have penetrated all hearts, — when they shall animate every order of society, — if they do not arrest all existing evils, they will have, at least, the advantage of arresting a great many. They will be prolific in generous sentiments and virtuous actions; and the world will perceive that truth is, to the body social, a principle of life. But, if, on the other hand, error, in matters of capital import, obtain dominion in the minds of men, — especially of those who are called to serve as guides and models, — it will mislead and confound them, and, in corrupting their thoughts, sentiments and acts, it will become a principle of dissolution and death.

2. IMMORTALITY. — *Original Translation from Massillon.*

JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON, one of the most eloquent preachers of any age, was born in Provence, France, in 1663. He became so celebrated for his eloquence, that he was called to Paris, where he drew crowds of hearers. In 1717, he was made Bishop of Clermont; and died, 1742.

IF we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practised, what are they but empty words, possessing no real and binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are*, or *will* be, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures, — if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to *us* are the sweet ties of kindred? what the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying, — what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men, — an imposition, an usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties, and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented, and imposed on the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body politic

becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be this world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

3. THE UTILITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL. — *John Ruskin.*

Man's use and function — and let him who will not grant me this follow me no further — is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, *useful* to us. And yet people speak, in this working age, as if houses, and lands, and food, and raiment, were alone useful; and, as if sight, thought and admiration, were all profitless: so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body; who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine-forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the preacher, that though God "hath made everything beautiful in his time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."

This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, — in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, — they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of the endurance, the fortitude; out of the deliverance, the faith. Deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also, — a fear greater than of sword and sedition, — that dependence on God may be forgotten, because the bread is given and the water is sure; that gratitude to Him may cease, because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world; that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vain-glory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and the foulness of

dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but, when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.

4. THE WORLD WITHOUT AND WITHIN. — *Thomas Noon Talfourd.*

Existence has become almost a different thing since it began with some of us. It then justified its old similitude of a journey, — it quickened with intellect into a march; it is now whirling with science and speculation into a flight. Space is contracted and shrivelled up like a scroll. Time disdains its old relations to distance. The intervals between the "flighty purpose" and the "deed" are almost annihilated; and the national mind must either glow with generous excitement, or waste in fitful fever. How important, then, is it, that throughout our land the spiritual agencies should be quickened into kindred activity; that the few minutes of leisure and repose which may be left us should, by the succession of those "thoughts which wander through eternity," become hours of that true time which is dialled in Heaven; that thought, no longer circling in vapid dream, but impelled right onward with divine energy, should not only outspeed the realized miracles of steam, but the divinest visions of atmospheric prophecy, and still "keep the start of the majestic world"!

Mr. Canning once boasted, of his South American policy, that he had "called a new world into existence, to balance the old." Be it your nobler endeavor to preserve the balance even between the world within us and the world without us; not vainly seeking to retard the life of action, but to make it steady by Contemplation's immortal freightage. Then may we exult, as the chariot of humanity flies onward, with safety in its speed, — for we shall discover, like Ezekiel of old, in prophetic vision, the spirit in its wheels.

All honor, then, to those who, amid the toils, the cares, and the excitements, of a season of transition and struggle, would rescue the golden hours of the youth around them from debasing pleasures and more debasing sloth, and enable them to set to the world, in a great crisis of its moral condition, this glorious example of intellectual courage and progress!

5. THE MECHANICAL EPOCH. — *Hon. John P. Kennedy.*

The world is now entering upon the Mechanical Epoch. There is nothing in the future more sure than the great triumphs which that epoch is to achieve. It has already advanced to some glorious conquests. What miracles of mechanical invention already crowd upon us! Look abroad, and contemplate the infinite achievements of the

steam power. Reflect a moment on all that has been done by the railroad. Pause to estimate, if you can, with all the help of imagination, what is to result from the agency now manifested in the operations of the telegraph. Cast a thought over the whole field of scientific mechanical improvement and its application to human wants, in the last twenty years, — to go no further back, — and think what a world it has made; — how many comforts it has given to man, how many facilities; what it has done for his food and raiment, for his communication with his fellow-man in every clime, for his instruction in books, his amusements, his safety! — what new lands it has opened, what old ones made accessible! — how it has enlarged the sphere of his knowledge and conversancy with his species! It is all a great, astounding marvel, a miracle which it oppresses the mind to think of. It is the smallest boast which can be made for it to say that, in all desirable facilities in life, in the comfort that depends upon mechanism, and in all that is calculated to delight the senses or instruct the mind, the man of this day, who has secured himself a moderate competence, is placed far in advance of the most wealthy, powerful and princely of ancient times, — might I not say, of the times less than a century gone by?

And yet we have only begun; — we are but on the threshold of this epoch. A great celebration is now drawing to a close,— the celebration, by all nations, of the new era. A vast multitude of all peoples, nations and tongues, has been, but yesterday, gathered under a magnificent crystal palace, in the greatest city of the world, to illustrate and distinguish the achievements of art, — no less, also, to dignify and exalt the great mechanical fraternity who have filled that palace with wonders. Is not this fact, of itself, charged with a volume of comment? What is it but the setting of the great distinctive seal upon the nineteenth century? — an advertisment of the fact that society has risen to occupy a higher platform than ever before? — a proclamation from the high places, announcing honor, honor immortal, to the workmen who fill this world with beauty, comfort and power; honor to be forever embalmed in history, to be perpetuated in monuments, to be written in the hearts of this and succeeding generations!

6. THE MIND OF MAN. — *Mark Akenside. Born*, 1721; *died*, 1770.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation, — why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame, —
But that th' Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal Powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;

To chase each partial purpose from his breast,
And through the mists of Passion and of Sense,
And through the tossing tides of Chance and Pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her Heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the Heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the Northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of Day.
Mind, Mind alone (bear witness, Earth and Heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here, enthroned,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the Soul to never-fading joy.
Look, then, abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!

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7. THE TRUE TO-DAY. — *H. Withington. Born*, 1818; *died*, 1848.

All that there is in what we call To-day is in the life of thought: thought is the spirit's breath. To think is to live; for he who thinks not has no sense of life. Wouldst thou make the most of life, — wouldst thou have the joy of the present, — let Thought's invisible shuttles weave full in the loom of Time the moment's passing threads. To think is to live; but with how many are these passing hours as so many loose filaments, never woven together, nor gathered, but scattered, ravelling, so many flying ends, confused and worthless! Time and life, unfilled with thought, are useless, unenjoyed, bringing no pleasure for the present, storing no good for future need. To-day is

the golden chance, wherewith to snatch Thought's blessed fruition, — the joy of the Present, the hope of the Future. Thought makes the time that is, and thought the eternity to come:

"O bright presence of To-day, let me wrestle with thee, gracious angel;
I will not let thee go except thou bless me; bless me, then, To-day!
O sweet garden of To-day, let me gather of thee, precious Eden;
I have stolen bitter knowledge, give me fruits of life To-day.
O true temple of To-day, let me worship in thee, glorious Zion;
I find none other place nor time than where I am To-day.
O living rescue of To-day, let me run into thee, ark of refuge;
I see none other hope nor chance, but standeth in To-day.
O rich banquet of To-day, let me feast upon thee, saving manna;
I have none other food nor store but daily bread To-day."

8. THE DUELLIST'S HONOR. — *Bishop England. Born*, 1786; *died*, 1842.

Honor is the acquisition and preservation of the dignity of our nature: that dignity consists in its perfection; that perfection is found in observing the laws of our Creator; the laws of the Creator are the dictates of reason and of religion: that is, the observance of what He teaches us by the natural light of our own minds, and by the special revelations of His will manifestly given. They both concur in teaching us that individuals have not the dominion of their own lives; otherwise, no suicide would be a criminal. They concur in teaching us that we ought to be amenable to the laws of the society of which we are members; otherwise, morality and honor would be consistent with the violation of law and the disturbance of the social system. They teach us that society cannot continue to exist where the public tribunals are despised or undervalued, and the redress of injuries withdrawn from the calm regulation of public justice, for the purpose of being committed to the caprice of private passion, and the execution of individual ill-will; therefore, the man of honor abides by the law of God, reveres the statutes of his country, and is respectful and amenable to its authorities. Such, my friends, is what the reflecting portion of mankind has always thought upon the subject of honor. This was the honor of the Greek; this was the honor of the Roman; this the honor of the Jew; this the honor of the Gentile; this, too, was the honor of the Christian, until the superstition and barbarity of Northern devastators darkened his glory and degraded his character.

Man, then, has not power over his own life; much less is he justified in depriving another human being of life. Upon what ground can he who engages in a duel, through the fear of ignominy, lay claim to courage? Unfortunate delinquent! Do you not see by how many links your victim was bound to a multitude of others? Does his vain and idle resignation of his title to life absolve you from the enormous claims which society has upon you for his services, — his family for that support, of which you have robbed them, without your own enrichment? Go, stand over that body; call back that soul

which you have driven from its tenement; take up that hand which your pride refused to touch, not one hour ago. You have, in your pride and wrath, usurped *one* prerogative of God. You have inflicted death. At least, in mercy, attempt the exercise of another; breathe into those distended nostrils, — let your brother be once more a living soul! Merciful Father! how powerless are we for good, but how mighty for evil! Wretched man! he does not answer, — he cannot rise. All your efforts to make him breathe are vain. His soul is already in the presence of your common Creator. Like the wretched Cain, will you answer, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Why do you turn away from the contemplation of your own honorable work? Yes, go as far as you will, still the admonition will ring in your ears: *It was by your hand he fell!* The horrid instrument of death is still in that hand, and the stain of blood upon your soul. Fly, if you will, — go to that house which you have filled with desolation. It is the shriek of his widow, — they are the cries of his children, — the broken sobs of his parent; — and, amidst the wailings, you distinctly hear the voice of imprecation on your own guilty head! Will your *honorable* feelings be content with this? Have you *now* had abundant and gentlemanly satisfaction?

9. DAY CONCEALS WHAT NIGHT REVEALS. — *J. P. Nichol.*

Vast as our firmament may be, has it boundaries, or does it stretch away into infinitude? Are those awful spaces, that surround it on every side, void, empty, — or are they tenanted by worlds and systems similar to our own? No wonder that a mind like Herschell's should have rushed to the conclusion that the space around our system was a vault, in whose capacious bosom myriads of mighty clusters like our own universe are placed. If it be true that this great scheme of ours is simply that which Herschell first supposed it, but still a great, *separate, distinct* scheme, whose nature is, perhaps, more than anything else, represented by these singular Nebulæ, what must we think with regard to it? Surely it is, that notwithstanding its immense diffusion, its vast confines, the great space through which its different portions range, there must lie around it, on every side, vast untenanted spaces; and, if this be so, may it not be that amid all that space, also, there are floating great schemes of being like ours, — schemes, I say, of different shape, of different character, but lying in these vast regions of space like ours, — schemes quite as magnificent as that vast system to which we ourselves belong? If this be so, what a conception, in regard to the material universe, must press itself upon our notice!

How strange that this Universe is only yet cognizable by one human sense! that the veil of the sun's light entirely conceals its wonders from our view! that, had the light of that Sun not been veiled by the curtain of night we had lived amid it and never have known of the existence of the Stellar Universe! May it not, then, be true, that

during midnight, when these infinite orbs appear to us from their unmeasured depths, — may it not be true that through veils as thin, we are withheld now from the consciousness of other Universes, vast even as the world of stars? But, in reference to an idea so lofty, let me use the language of a great mind: *

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee by report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus and the hosts of Heaven came,
And, lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife? —
If Light can thus deceive, why may not Life?"

10. MAN'S MATERIAL TRIUMPHS. — *Original Translation.*

When we contemplate man in his relations to the rest of creation, how lofty, in the comparison, appears his lot! He subdues all the powers of nature. He combines or separates them according to his wants, —according to his caprices. Master of the earth, he covers it at will with cities, with villages, with monuments, with trees, and with harvests. He forces all the lower animals to cultivate it for him, to serve him for use or pastime, or to disappear from his domain. Master of the sea, he floats at ease over its unfathomed abysses; he places dykes to its fury, he pillages its treasures, and he makes its waves his highway of transportation from clime to clime. Master of the elements, fire, air, light, water, docile slaves of his sovereign will, are imprisoned in his laboratories and manufactories, or harnessed to his cars, which they drag, invisible couriers, swift as thought!

What grandeur and what power, in a frail being of a day, a hardly perceptible atom amid that creation, over which he acquires such empire! And yet this creature, so diminutive, so weak, has received an intelligent and reasoning soul; and, alone, among all the rest, enjoys the amazing privilege of deriving from the Fountain of life and light an intellectual radiance, in the midst of worlds whose glow is but the pale reflex of material orbs. The empire of the world has been given to him, because his spirit, greater than the world, can measure, admire, comprehend, and explain it. Nature has been subjected to him, because he can unveil the marvellous mechanism of her laws, penetrate her profoundest secrets, and wrest from her all the treasures which she holds in her bosom. Placed at such a height, man would, indeed, be perilously tempted; — giddy and dazzled, he would forget

* J. Blanco White.

the adorable Benefactor, who had made him so great, and admire and adore himself as the principle and the first source of his grandeur, but that Divine Goodness has been quick to secure him from this danger, by graving in his being a law of dependence, of original infirmity, of which it is impossible for pride itself to efface the celestial imprint.

And so has Nature been commissioned to render up her secrets and her treasures with a reluctant hand, one by one, at the price of harassing labors and profound meditations; to make man feel, at every movement, that if she is obliged to succumb to his desires, she yields less to his will than to his exertions; — a sure sign of his dependence. And so shall there be no progress, no conquests for man, which are not at once a signal proof of his strength and his weakness, and which do not bear the indelible impress at once of his power and his insufficiency.

11. FORTITUDE AMID TRIALS. — *Anonymous.*

O, NEVER from thy tempted heart
Let thine integrity depart!
When Disappointment fills thy cup,
Undaunted, nobly drink it up;
Truth will prevail, and Justice show
Her tardy honors, sure though slow.
Bear on — bear bravely on!

Bear on! Our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born for lives of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please.
To each a daily task is given,
A labor which shall fit for Heaven;
When Duty calls, let Love grow warm; —
Amid the sunshine and the storm,
With Faith life's trials boldly breast,
And come a conqueror to thy rest.
Bear on — bear bravely on!

12. THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. — *Original Translation.*

From Victor Hugo's Presidential Address at the Peace Congress, 1849.

A DAY will come when you, France, — you, Russia, — you, Italy, — you, England, — you, Germany, — all of you, Nations of the Continent, — shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, blend in a higher unity, and form a European fraternity, even as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace,* all the French provinces, have blended into France. A day will come,

* Pronounced Alsass.

when war shall seem as absurd and impossible between Paris and London, between Petersburg and Berlin, as between Rouen * and Amiens,† between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots, by the universal suffrages of the People, by the sacred arbitrament of a great sovereign Senate, which shall be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums, as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such things could be. A day will come when shall be seen those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius, — clearing the earth, colonizing deserts, and ameliorating creation, under the eye of the Creator.

And, for that day to arrive, it is not necessary that four hundred years should pass: for we live in a fast time; we live in a current of events and of ideas the most impetuous that has ever swept along the Nations; and at an epoch when a year may sometimes effect the work of a century. And, to you I appeal, — French, English, Germans, Russians, Sclaves, Europeans, Americans, — what have we to do to hasten the coming of that great day? Love one another! To love one another, in this immense work of pacification, is the best way of aiding God. For God wills that this sublime end should be accomplished. And, see, for the attainment of it, what, on all sides, He is doing! See what discoveries He causes to spring from the human brain, all tending to the great end of peace! What progress! What simplifications! How does Nature, more and more, suffer herself to be vanquished by man! How does matter become, more and more, the slave of intelligence and the servant of civilization! How do the causes of war vanish with the causes of suffering! How are remote Nations brought near! How is distance abridged! And how does this abridgment make men more like brothers! Thanks to railroads, Europe will soon be no larger than France was in the middle ages! Thanks to steamships, we now traverse the ocean more easily than we could the Mediterranean once! Yet a few years more, and the electric thread of concord shall encircle the globe, and unite the world!

When I consider all that Providence has done for us, and all that politicians have done against us, a melancholy consideration presents itself. We learn, from the statistics of Europe, that she now spends annually, for the maintenance of her armies, the sum of five hundred millions of dollars. If, for the last thirty-two years, this enormous sum had been expended in the interests of peace, — America meanwhile aiding Europe, — know you what would have happened? The face of the world would have been changed. Isthmuses would have been cut through; rivers would have been channelled; mountains

* Pronounced Rooang. † Ahmeeang.

tunnelled. Railroads would have covered the two continents. The merchant tonnage of the world would have increased a hundred-fold. There would be nowhere barren plains, nor moors, nor marshes. Cities would be seen where now all is still a solitude. Harbors would have been dug where shoals and rocks now threaten navigation. Asia would be raised to a state of civilization. Africa would be restored to man. Abundance would flow forth from every side, from all the veins of the earth, beneath the labor of the whole family of man; and misery would disappear! And, with misery, what would also disappear? Revolutions. Yes; the face of the world would be changed. Instead of destroying one another, men would peacefully people the waste places of the earth. Instead of making revolutions, they would establish colonies. Instead of bringing back barbarism into civilization, they would carry civilization into barbarism.

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13. THE PEACE CONGRESS OF THE UNION. — *Edward Everett. June 17th*, 1850.

Among the great ideas of the age, we are authorized in reckoning a growing sentiment in favor of peace. An impression is unquestionably gaining strength in the world, that public war is no less reproachful to our Christian civilization than the private wars of the feudal chiefs in the middle ages. A Congress of Nations begins to be regarded as a practicable measure. Statesmen, and orators, and philanthropists, are flattering themselves that the countries of Europe, which have existed as independent sovereignties for a thousand years, and have never united in one movement since the Crusades, may be brought into some community of action for this end.

They are calling conventions, and digesting projects, by which Empires, Kingdoms, and Republics, inhabited by different races of men, — tribes of Slavonian, Teutonic, Latin, and mixed descent, — speaking different languages, believing different creeds, — Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants, men who are scarcely willing to live on the same earth with each other, or go to the same Heaven, — can be made to agree to some great plan of common umpirage. If, while these sanguine projects are pursued, — while we are thinking it worth while to compass sea and land in the expectation of bringing these jarring nationalities into some kind of union, in order to put a stop to war, — if, I say, at this juncture, the People of these thirty United States, most of which are of the average size of a European Kingdom, destined, if they remain a century longer at peace with each other, to equal in numbers the entire population of Europe; States, which, drawn together by a general identity of descent, language and faith, have not so much formed as grown up into a National Confederation, possessing in its central Legislature, Executive and Judiciary, an efficient tribunal for the arbitration and decision of controversies, — an actual Peace Congress, clothed with all the powers of a common Constitution and law, and with a jurisdiction extending to

the individual citizen (which this projected Congress of Nations does not even hope to exercise), — if, while we grasp at this shadow of a Congress of Nations, we let go of — nay, break up, and scatter to the winds — this substantial union, this real Peace Congress, which, for sixty years, has kept the country, with all its conflicting elements, in a state of prosperity never before equalled in the world, we shall commit a folly for which the language we speak has no name; against which, if we, rational beings, should fail to protest, the dumb stones of yonder monument would immediately cry out in condemnation!

14. THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE ADVERSE TO WAR. — *Rev. G. C. Beckwith.*

WAR *will* yet cease from the whole earth; for God Himself has said it shall. As an infidel, I might doubt this; but as a Christian, I cannot. If God has taught anything in the Bible, He has taught peace; if He has promised anything there, He has promised peace, ultimate peace, to the whole world; and, unless the night of a godless scepticism should settle on my soul, I must believe on, and hope on, and work on, until the Nations, from pole to pole, shall beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more. Yes, Sir; I see, or I think I see, the dawn of that coming day. I see it in the new and better spirit of the age. I see it in the Press, the Pulpit, and the School. I see it in every factory, and steamship, and rail-car. I see it in every enterprise of Christian benevolence and reform. I see it in all the means of general improvement, in all the good influences of the age, now at work over the whole earth. Yes; there is a spirit abroad that can never rest until the war-demon is hunted from the habitations of men. The spirit that is now pushing its enterprises and improvements in every direction; the spirit that is unfurling the white flag of commerce on every sea, and bartering its commodities in every port; the spirit that is laying every power of nature, as well as the utmost resources of human ingenuity, under the largest contributions possible, for the general welfare of mankind; the spirit that hunts out from your cities' darkest alleys the outcasts of poverty and crime, for relief and reform; nay, goes down into the barred and bolted dungeons of penal vengeance, and brings up its callous, haggard victims, into the sunlight of a love that pities even while it smites; the spirit that is everywhere rearing hospitals for the sick, retreats for the insane, and schools that all but teach the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see; the spirit that harnesses the fire-horse in his iron gear, and sends him panting, with hot but unwearied breath, across empires, and continents, and seas; the spirit that catches the very lightning of Heaven, and makes it bear messages, swift, almost, as thought, from city to city, from country to country, round the globe; the spirit that subsidizes all these to the godlike work of a world's salvation, and employs them to scatter the blessed truths of the Gospel, thick as leaves of autumn,

or dew-drops of morning, all over the earth; the spirit that is at length weaving the sympathies and interests of our whole race into the web of one vast fraternity, and stamping upon it, or writing over it, in characters bright as sunbeams, those simple yet glorious truths, *the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man*; — is it possible for such a spirit to rest until it shall have swept war from the earth forever?

15. MOSES IN SIGHT OF THE PROMISED LAND.—*W. B. O. Peabody. B.* 1799; *d.* 1847.

The legislation of Moses! Let me ask, what other legislation of ancient times is still exerting any influence upon the world? What philosopher, what statesman of ancient times, can boast a single disciple now? What other voice comes down to us, over the stormy waves of time? But this man is at this day, — at this hour, — exerting a mighty influence over millions; the whole Hebrew Nation do homage to his illustrious name. Though the daily sacrifice has ceased, and the distinction of the tribes is lost, — though the temple has not left one stone upon another, and the altar-fires have been extinguished long ago, — still, wherever a Jew is found, — and they are found wherever the foot of an adventurer travels, — he is a living monument of the power which this great Hebrew statesman still has over the minds and hearts of his countrymen.

And now let us take one glance at this prophet, at the close of a life so laborious and honored. Up to his one hundred and twentieth year, his eye was not dim, nor had his strength abated. But now, when he stands almost on the edge of the promised land, his last hour of mortal life is come. To conduct his People to that land had been his daily effort, and his nightly dream; and yet he is not permitted to enter it, though it would never have been the home of Israel, but for him. He ascends a mountain to die, and there the land of promise spreads out its romantic landscape at his feet. There is Gilead, with its deep valleys and forest-covered hills; there are the rich plains and pastures of Dan; there is Judah with its rocky heights, and Jericho with its palm-trees and rose-gardens; there is the Jordan, seen from Lebanon downward, winding over its yellow sands; the long blue line of the Mediterranean can be seen over the mountain battlements of the West. On this magnificent death-bed the Statesman of Israel breathed his last. Lest the gratitude which so often follows the dead, though denied to the living, should pay him Divine honors, they buried him in darkness and silence; and no man knoweth of his sepulchre, unto this day.

16. NECESSITY OF LAW.—*Richard Hooker. Born*, 1553; *died*, 1600.

The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life,

is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be occasion at any time to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws, all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are.

Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon the world, Heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labor hath been to do His will. He made a law for the rain; He gave His decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass His commandment. Now, if Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were for a while, the observation of her own law; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that Heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of Heaven, which now, as a giant, doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain; the earth be defeated of Heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief, — what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in Heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

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17. JUSTICE. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

In this God's world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and Nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true

thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success!"— Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? — In few years thou wilt be dead and dark — all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading-articles, visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that?

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18. TO-MORROW. —*Nathaniel Cotton. Born*, 1707; *died*, 1788.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to — I will not hear of it — To-morrow!
'T is a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty, — who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee naught, but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots, — injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor! — To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'T is Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend, — arrest the present moment;
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales:
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved. —
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings:

'T is of more worth than Kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

19. THE ELOQUENCE OF ACTION. — *Daniel Webster.*

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, — they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object, — this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence, — it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action!

20. SINCERITY THE SOUL OF ELOQUENCE. — *Goethe. Born*, 1749; *died*, 1832.

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them, or persuade? —
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance, — ask no toil of elocution! —
And, when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search for words? O! these fine holiday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,

And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments, are good for nothing, —
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.
If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive.
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,
In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly, —
Toil on forever, piece together fragments, —
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes, —
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors, —
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of *men*,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart!

21. THE CHRISTIAN ORATOR. — *Original translation from Villemain.*

By the introduction of Christianity, a tribune was erected, from which the most sublime truths were boldly announced to all the world; from which the purest lessons of morality were made familiar to the ignorant multitude; a tribune so authoritative, so august, that before it Emperors, soiled with the blood of the People, were humbled; a tribune so pacific and tutelary, that more than once it has given refuge to its mortal enemies; a tribune, from which many an interest, abandoned everywhere else, was long defended; a tribune which, singly and eternally, has pleaded the cause of the poor against the rich, of the oppressed against the oppressor, and of man against himself.

There, all becomes ennobled and deified. The Christian orator, with his mastery over the minds of his hearers, elevating and startling them by turns, can reveal to them a destiny grander than glory, or terribler than death. From the highest Heavens he can draw down an eternal hope to the tomb, where Pericles could bring only tributary lamentations and tears. If, with the Roman orator, he commemorates the warrior fallen on the field of battle, he gives to the *soul* of the departed that immortality which Cicero dared promise only to his *renown;* he charges Deity itself with the acquittal of a country's gratitude.

Would the orator confine himself to evangelical preaching? That science of morals, that experience of mankind, those secrets of the passions, which were the constant study of the philosophers and orators of antiquity, ought to be his, also, to command. It is for *him*, even

more than it was for *them*, to know all the windings of the human heart, all the vicissitudes of the emotions, all the sensibilities of the soul; not with a view to exciting those violent affections, those popular animosities, those fierce kindlings of passion, those fires of vengeance and of hate, in the outbursts of which the triumph of ancient eloquence was attained; but to appease, to soften, to purify, the soul. Armed against all the passions, without the privilege of availing himself of any, he is obliged, as it were, to create a new passion, if by that name we may profane the profound, the sublime sentiment, which can alone vanquish and replace all others in the heart, — *an intelligent religious enthusiasm;* and it is that, which should impart to his elocution, to his thoughts, to his words, rather the inspiration of a prophet than the art and manner of an orator.

22. AFFECTATION IN THE PULPIT. — *William Cowper. Born*, 1731; *died*, 1800.

In man or woman, — but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, — in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'T is my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! — will a man play tricks, — will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, — in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labor, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coïncident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,

Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships — a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold;
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride; —
From such apostles, O, ye mitred heads,
Preserve the Church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn!

23. UTILITY OF HISTORY. — *Original Translation from De Ségur.* *B.* 1753; *d.* 1830.

WHATEVER your career, a knowledge of history will always be to you a source of profit and delight. Examples strike deeper than precepts. They serve as proofs to convince, and as images to attract. History gives us the experience of the world, and the collective reason of ages. We are organized like men of the remotest times; we have the same virtues and the same vices; and, hurried forward, like them, by our passions, we listen with distrust to those warnings of wisdom which would thwart our inclinations. But History is an impartial instructor, whose reasonings, which are *facts*, we cannot gainsay. It exhibits to us the Past, to prefigure the Future. It is the mirror of truth. Nations and men, the most renowned, are judged in our eyes from a point of time which destroys all illusion, and with a singleness of purpose which no surviving interest can mislead.

Before the tribunal of History, conquerors descend from their triumphal cars; tyrants are no longer formidable by their satellites; princes appear before us unattended by their retinue, and stripped of that false grandeur with which Flattery saw them invested. You detest, without danger, the ferocity of Nero, the cruelties of Sylla, the hypocrisy of Tiberius, the licentiousness of Caligŭla. If you have seen Dionysius terrible at Syracuse, you behold him humbled at Corinth. The plaudits of an inconstant multitude do not delude your judgment in favor of the envious traducers of the good and great; and you follow, with enthusiasm, the virtuous Socrates to his prison, the just Aristides into exile. If you admire the valor of Alexander on the banks of the Granĭcus, on the plains of Arbēla, — you condemn, without fear, that unmeasured ambition which hurried

him to the recesses of India, and that profligacy which, at Babylon, tarnished the close of his career. The love of liberty, cherished by the Greeks, may kindle your soul; but their jealousies, their fickleness, their ingratitude, their sanguinary quarrels, their corruption of manners, at once announce and explain to you their ruin. If Rome, with her colossal power, excite your astonishment, you shall not fail soon to distinguish the virtues which constituted her grandeur, from the vices which precipitated her fall. Everywhere shall you recognize the proof of this antique maxim, that, in the end, only what is honest is useful; that we are truly great only through justice, and entirely happy only through virtue. Time dispenses equitably its recompenses and its chastisements; and we may measure the growth and the decline of a People by the purity or corruption of their morals. Virtue is the enduring cement of the power of Nations; and without that, their ruin is inevitable!

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24. FALSE COLORING LENT TO WAR. — *Thomas Chalmers. Born*, 1780; *died*, 1847.

On every side of me I see causes at work which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, and to remove its shocking barbarities to the back-ground of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter. I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men, as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence.

All, all, goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth to arrest the strong current of the popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the Gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever from its simple but sublime enterprises for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war — cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war — will be stripped of its many and its bewildering fascinations.

25. DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST. — *James Shirley. Born*, 1594; *died*, 1666.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against Fate;
Death lays his icy hand on Kings!
Sceptre, Crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield, —
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their conquering breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to Death.

The garlands wither on your brow! —
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

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26. RELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN. — *Original Adaptation from Lamartine.*

I KNOW — I sigh when I think of it — that hitherto the French People have been the least religious of all the Nations of Europe. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to Heaven. Our great men live and die looking at the spectator; or, at most, at posterity. Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France. Washington and Franklin fought, spoke and suffered, always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died confiding to God the liberty of the People and his own soul. Sidney, the young martyr of a patriotism guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailer, "I rejoice that I die innocent toward the king, but a victim, resigned to the King on High, to whom all life is due." The Republicans of Cromwell sought only the way of God, even in the blood of battles. But look at Mirabeau on the bed of death. "Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music." Not a word was there of God or of his

own soul! Sensual philosopher, supreme sensualism was his last desire in his agony! Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. Not a glance toward Heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting: "O Liberty, what crimes in thy name are committed!" Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet, — their only hymn the Marseillaise! Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold: "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then, to the executioner: "You will show my head to the People; it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity!

Behold the Frenchman of this latter age! What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free People, whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom death itself recalls neither the threatenings nor the promises of God! The Republic of these men without a God was quickly stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism and so much genius, did not find in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a People to defend it, against that Atheism which was called glory. All ended in a soldier, and some apostate republicans travestied into courtiers. An atheistic Republicanism cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it yields. When you would buy it, it becomes venal. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would give it credit for the sacrifice, — the People ungrateful, and God non-existent? So finish atheistic Revolutions!

27. THE SAVIOUR'S REPLY TO THE TEMPTER.—*John Milton. Born*, 1608; *died*, 1674.

Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if, with like aversion, I reject
Riches and realms? Yet not, for that a Crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns, —
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights, —
For herein stands the virtue of a King,
That for the public all this weight he bears: —
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires and fears, is more a King!
This, every wise and virtuous man attains,
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, —
Subject himself to anarchy within!
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,

Is yet more kingly: *this* attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter and enslave,
Peaceable Nations, neighboring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,—
Violent or shameful death their due reward!
But, if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.
Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am!

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28. NOBILITY OF LABOR.—*Rev. Orville Dewey.*

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It *is* broken down; and it *has been* broken down, for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world, — of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is

the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature, — it is impiety to Heaven, — it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat — toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

29. LABOR IS WORSHIP. — *Frances S. Osgood. Born*, 1812; *died*, 1850.

Laborare est orare — To labor is to pray.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
  Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
  Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" — the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" — the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
  Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
  Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'T is the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
  Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
  Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
  Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam, the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth — in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish, are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod!
Work — for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

30. MORAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE FRIENDLY TO FREEDOM. — *Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

No cause is so bound up with religion as the cause of political liberty and the rights of man. Unless I have read history backward, — unless Magna Charta is a mistake, and the Bill of Rights a sham, and the Declaration of Independence a contumacious falsehood, — unless the sages, and heroes, and martyrs, who have fought and bled, were impostors, — unless the sublimest transactions in modern history, on Tower Hill, in the Parliaments of London, on the sea-tossed Mayflower, — unless these are all deceitful, there is no cause so linked with religion as the cause of Democratic liberty.

And, Sir, not only are all the moral principles, which we can summon up, on the side of this great cause, but the physical movements of the age attend it and advance it. Nature is Republican. The discoveries of Science are Republican. Sir, what are these new forces, steam and electricity, but powers that are levelling all factitious distinctions, and forcing the world on to a noble destiny? Have they not already propelled the nineteenth century a thousand years ahead? What are they but the servitors of the People, and not of a class? Does not the poor man of to-day ride in a car dragged by forces such as never waited on Kings, or drove the wheels of triumphal chariots? Does he not yoke the lightning, and touch the magnetic nerves of the world? The steam-engine is a Democrat. It is the popular heart that throbs in its iron pulses. And the electric telegraph writes upon the walls of Despotism, *Mené, mené, tekel upharsin!* There is a process going on in the moral and political world, — like that in the physical world, — crumbling the old Saurian forms of past ages,

and breaking up old landmarks; and this moral process is working under Neapolitan dungeons and Austrian Thrones; and, Sir, it will tumble over your Metternichs and Nicholases, and convert your Josephs into fossils. I repeat it, Sir, not only are all the moral principles of the age, but all the physical principles of nature, as developed by man, at work in behalf of freedom.

"Live and take comfort.
There are powers will work for thee;
Air, earth, and skies: —
There is not a breathing common thing
That will forget thee; —
Goodness and love, and man's unconquerable mind."

31. THE ORDER OF NATURE. — *Alexander Pope. Born*, 1688; *died*, 1744.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection name, —
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit; — in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear, —
Safe in the hand of one Disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever is, is right.

32. FUTURE EMPIRE OF OUR LANGUAGE. — *Rev. George W. Bethune.*

The products of the whole world are, or may soon be, found within our confederate limits. Already there had been a salutary mixture of blood, but not enough to impair the Anglo Saxon ascendency. The

Nation grew morally strong from its original elements. The great work was delayed only by a just preparation. Now, God is bringing hither the most vigorous scions from all the European stocks, to make of them all one new man; — not the Saxon, not the German, not the Gaul, not the Helvetian, but the American. Here they will unite as one brotherhood, will have one law, will share one interest. Spread over the vast region from the frigid to the torrid, from the Eastern to the Western Ocean, every variety of climate giving them choice of pursuit and modification of temperament, the ballot-box fusing together all rivalries, they shall have one national will. What is wanting in one race will be supplied by the characteristic energies of the others; and what is excessive in either, checked by the counter action of the rest. Nay, though for a time the newly-come may retain their foreign vernacular, our tongue, so rich in ennobling literature, will be the tongue of the Nation, the language of its laws, and the accent of its majesty. Eternal God, who seest the end with the beginning, Thou alone canst tell the ultimate grandeur of this People!

Such, Gentlemen, is the sphere, present and future, in which God calls us to work for Him, for our country, and for mankind. The language in which we utter truth will be spoken on this Continent, a century hence, by thirty times more millions than those dwelling on the island of its origin. The openings for trade on the Pacific coast, and the railroad across the Isthmus, will bring the commerce of the world under the control of our race. The empire of our language will follow that of our commerce; the empire of our institutions, that of our language. The man who writes successfully for America will yet speak for all the world.

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33. COMPENSATIONS OF THE IMAGINATION. — *Akenside.*

O BLEST of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honor, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state; —
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his! Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the sculptured gold,

Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys! For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken germ
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing Hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new Beauties meet his lonely walk,
And Loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved: nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious. — Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God Himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions, act upon His plan,
And form to His the relish of their souls.

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34. THE GREAT DISTINCTION OF A NATION. — *W. E. Channing.* *B.* 1780; *d.* 1842.

The great distinction of a Nation — the only one worth possessing, and which brings after it all other blessings — is the prevalence of pure principle among the Citizens. I wish to belong to a State in the character and institutions of which I may find a spring of improvement, which I can speak of with an honest pride; in whose records I may meet great and honored names, and which is fast making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom. O, save me from a country which worships wealth, and cares not for true glory; in which intrigue bears rule; in which patriotism borrows its zeal from the prospect of office; in which hungry sycophants throng with supplication all the departments of State; in which public men bear the brand of private vice, and the seat of Government is a noisome sink of private licentiousness and public corruption.

Tell me not of the honor of belonging to a free country. I ask, does our liberty bear *generous fruits?* Does it exalt us in manly spirit, in public virtue, above countries trodden under foot by Despotism? Tell me not of the extent of our country. I care not how large it is, if it multiply degenerate men. Speak not of our *prosperity.* Better be one of a poor People, plain in manners, reverencing God, and respecting themselves, than belong to a rich country, which knows no higher good than riches. Earnestly do I desire for this country, that, instead of copying Europe with an undiscerning

servility, it may have a character of its own, corresponding to the freedom and equality of our institutions. One Europe is enough. One Paris is enough. How much to be desired is it, that, separated, as we are, from the Eastern continent, by an ocean, we should be still more widely separated by simplicity of manners, by domestic purity, by inward piety, by reverence for human nature, by moral independence, by withstanding the subjection to fashion, and that debilitating sensuality, which characterize the most civilized portions of the Old World! Of this country, I may say, with peculiar emphasis, that its happiness is bound up in its virtue!

35. WHAT MAKES A HERO? — *Henry Taylor.*

WHAT makes a hero? — not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of glutted Avarice, — caps tossed up in air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair;
Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titular name —
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero? — An heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved:
And if there be preëminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 't is to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse — ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the country he had served and loved;
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown;
This is the hero's complement and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still, —
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

36. THE LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES. — *Original Adaptation.*

SOCRATES was the reverse of a sceptic. No man ever looked upon life with a more positive and practical eye. No man ever pursued his mark with a clearer perception of the road which he was travelling. No man ever combined, in like manner, the absorbing enthusiasm of a missionary, with the acuteness, the originality, the inventive resources,

and the generalizing comprehension, of a philosopher. And yet this man was condemned to death, — condemned by a hostile tribunal of more than five hundred citizens of Athens, drawn at hazard from all classes of society. A majority of six turned the scale, in the most momentous trial that, up to that time, the world had witnessed. And the vague charges on which Socrates was condemned were, that he was a vain babbler, a corrupter of youth, and a setter-forth of strange Gods!

It would be tempting to enlarge on the closing scene of his life, — a scene which Plato has invested with such immortal glory; — on the affecting farewell to the Judges; on the long thirty days which passed in prison before the execution of the verdict; on his playful equanimity, amid the uncontrollable emotions of his companions; on the gathering in of that solemn evening, when the fading of the sunset hues on the tops of the Athenian hills was the signal that the last hour was at hand; on the introduction of the fatal hemlock; the immovable countenance of Socrates, the firm hand, and then the burst of frantic lamentation from all his friends, as, with his habitual ease and cheerfulness, he drained the cup to its dregs; then the solemn silence enjoined by himself; the pacing to and fro; the strong religious persuasions attested by his last words; the cold palsy of the poison creeping from the extremities to the heart; the gradual torpor ending in death! But I must forbear.

O for a modern spirit like his! O for one hour of Socrates! O for one hour of that voice whose questioning would make men see what they knew, and what they did not know; what they meant, and what they only *thought* they meant; what they believed in *truth*, and what they only believed in *name;* wherein they *agreed*, and wherein they *differed*. That voice is, indeed, silent; but there is a voice in each man's heart and conscience, which, if we will, Socrates has taught us to use rightly. That voice still enjoins us to give to ourselves a reason for the hope that is in us,— both hearing and asking questions. It tells us, that the fancied repose which self-inquiry disturbs is more than compensated by the real repose which it gives; that a wise questioning is the half of knowledge; and that a life without self-examination is no life at all.

37. TO A CHILD. — *Yankee.*

Things of high import sound I in thine ears,
Dear child, though now thou mayst not feel their power;
But hoard them up, and in thy coming years
Forget them not, and when earth's tempests lower,
A talisman unto thee shall they be,
To give thy weak arm strength — to make thy dim eyes see.

Seek Truth, — that pure celestial Truth, — whose birth
Was in the Heaven of Heavens, clear, sacred, shrined

In Reason's light. — Not oft she visits earth,
But her majestic port, the willing mind,
Through Faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,
Nor faint, though Error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Be free — not chiefly from the iron chain,
But from the one which Passion forges — be
The master of thyself. If lost, regain
The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free.
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek Virtue. Wear her armor to the fight;
Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might
By each contending, turbulent ill of life.
Seek Virtue. — She alone is all divine;
And having found, be strong, in God's own strength and thine.

Truth — Freedom — Virtue — these, dear child, have power,
If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour;
Neglect them — thy celestial gifts are vain —
In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled;
Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

38. AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORLD. — *Gulian C. Verplanck.*

What, it is asked, has this Nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? — Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, — uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, — such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is

sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No, Land of Liberty! — thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What, though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers, — yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple, and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all Nations. Land of Refuge, — Land of Benedictions! — Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining, in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven!"

39. THE TRUE KING. — *Translated from Seneca, by Leigh Hunt.*

'Tis not wealth that makes a King,
Nor the purple coloring;
Nor a brow that 's bound with gold,
Nor gate on mighty hinges rolled.

The King is he, who, void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be swayed by smile or frown;
Nor for all the treasure cares,
That mine conceals, or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosomed in a glassy river.

What shall move his placid might?
Not the headlong thunder-light,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With onward lance, or fiery blade.
Safe, with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down;
He welcomes Fate, when Fate is near,
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

No — to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the King;
And all of us, whoe'er we be
May carve us out that royalty.

40. DEATH IS COMPENSATION. — *Original Trans. from Rousseau. B.* 1712; *d.* 1778.

The more intimately I enter into communion with myself, — the more I consult my own intelligence, — the more legibly do I find writ-

ten in my soul these words: BE JUST, AND THOU SHALT BE HAPPY! But let us not base our expectations upon the present state of things. The wicked prosper, and the just remain oppressed. At this frustration of our hopes, our indignation is kindled. Conscience takes umbrage, and murmurs against its Author; it murmurs, "*Thou hast deceived me!*" — "I have deceived thee, say'st thou? How dost thou know it? Who has proclaimed it to thee? Is thy soul annihilated? Hast thou ceased to exist? O, Brutus! O, my son! Soil not thy noble life by turning thine own hand against it. Leave not thy hope and thy glory with thy mortal body on the field of Philippi. Why dost thou say, *virtue is nothing*, when thou goest to enjoy the price of *thine?* Thou goest to die, thou thinkest; no, thou goest to live, and it is *then* that I shall fulfil all that I have promised thee."

One would say, from the murmurs of impatient mortals, that God owed them recompense before merit, and that He ought to requite their virtue in advance. O! let us first be good, and afterwards we shall be happy. Let us not exact the prize before the victory, nor the wages before the labor. It is not on the course, says Plutarch, that the conquerors in our games are crowned; it is after they have gone over it. If the soul is immaterial, it can survive the body; and, in that survival, Providence is justified. Though I were to have no other proof of the immateriality of the soul than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that spectacle alone would prevent my doubting the reality of the life after death. So shocking a dissonance in this universal harmony would make me seek to explain it. I should say to myself: "All does not finish for me with this mortal life; what succeeds shall make concord of what went before."

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41. FATE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH. — *Samuel Johnson. Born*, 1709; *died*, 1784.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just *his* hopes, let Swedish Charles decide!
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding Kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the Polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And Nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,

And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes — nor want nor cold his course delay; —
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale!

42. OUR DUTIES TO THE REPUBLIC.—*Judge Story. Born*, 1779; *died*, 1845.

The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece,

"The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,"

where Sister Republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the Gods, — where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has ground her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery. The fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own People. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions. Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, — where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate-chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The Legions were bought and sold; but the People offered the tribute money.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the People. We have begun it under circum-

stances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning, — simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government, and to self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The Government is mild. The Press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the People to preserve what they have themselves created? Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North; and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? Can it be that she is to be added to the catalogue of Republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is: THEY WERE, BUT THEY ARE NOT? Forbid it, my countrymen! Forbid it, Heaven!

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43. LOVE OF COUNTRY AND HOME. — *James Montgomery.*

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night; —
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend; —
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth*, be found"?
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around!
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the Pole the eternal billows freeze,

Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
His wastes of snow are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods,
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the Summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonored vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty; —
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest!

44. NATURE A HARD CREDITOR. — *Thomas Carlyle.*

Nature admits no lie. Most men profess to be aware of this, but few in any measure lay it to heart. Except in the departments of mere material manipulation, it seems to be taken practically as if this grand truth were merely a polite flourish of rhetoric. Nature keeps silently a most exact Savings-bank and official register, correct to the most evanescent item, Debtor and Creditor, in respect to one and all of us; silently marks down, Creditor by such and such an unseen act of veracity and heroism; Debtor to such a loud, blustery blunder, twenty-seven million strong or one unit strong, and to all acts and words and thoughts executed in consequence of that, — Debtor, Debtor, Debtor, day after day, rigorously as Fate (for this *is* Fate that is writing); and at the end of the account you will have it all to pay, my friend; — there is the rub! Not the infinitesimallest fraction of a farthing but will be found marked there, for you and against you; and

with the due rate of interest you will have to pay it, neatly, completely, as sure as you are alive. You will have to pay it even in money, if you live: and, poor slave, do you think there is no payment but in money? There is a payment which Nature rigorously exacts of men, and also of Nations, — and this I think when her wrath is sternest, — in the shape of dooming you to possess money: — to possess it; to have your bloated vanities fostered into monstrosity by it; your foul passions blown into explosion by it; your heart, and, perhaps, your very stomach, ruined with intoxication by it; your poor life, and all its manful activities, stunned into frenzy and comatose sleep by it; — in one word, as the old Prophets said, your soul forever lost by it: your soul, so that, through the Eternities, *you* shall have no soul, or manful trace of ever having had a soul; but only, for certain fleeting moments, shall have had a money-bag, and have given soul and heart, and (frightfuller still) stomach itself, in fatal exchange for the same. You wretched mortal, stumbling about in a God's Temple, and thinking it a brutal Cookery-shop! Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, silently saying: "That! Away; thy doom is that!'

45. TIME'S MIDNIGHT VOICE. — *Edward Young. Born*, 1681; *died*, 1765.

CREATION sleeps. 'T is as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood!
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down — on what? a fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! How surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!

Though sullied, and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! — I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own: how Reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! What joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there!
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal!

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46. THE COMMON LOT. — *James Montgomery.*

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man; and Who was He?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.
Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth;
This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear! —
Oblivion hides the rest.
The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered, — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed, — but his delights are fled;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more;
And foes, — his foes are dead.
He loved, — but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O, she was fair! — but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.
The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of *him* afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN!

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47. THE TRUE SOURCE OF REFORM. — *Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

THE great element of Reform is not born of human wisdom; it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in CHRISTIANITY. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this Prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this Prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul living in harmony with the Divine Will, this earth would become like Heaven. It is too late for the Reformers to sneer at Christianity, — it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress, — our confidence in Reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man. That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it, — have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the Just, — who took your conduct from the line of Christian Philosophy, — come from your tombs, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what Philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life; — come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory, — and show us what Christian Zeal and Christian Love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this Faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number, — ye nameless ones, — who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on

earth, and seeking your Reward in the Record on High,— come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage, the Religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of Reform! The Past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes; the Present is hopeful because of thee; the Future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

48. THE BEACON LIGHT. — *Miss Pardoe.*

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas, and still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze, — her masts and cordage gone;
Gloomy and drear her course of fear, — each looked but for a grave, —
When, full in sight, the beacon light came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm about, and through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not, and loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon light came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told, when they were safe on shore;
How hearts had sunk and hopes grown cold amid the billow's roar;
When not a star had shone from far, by its pale beam to save;
Then, full in sight, the beacon light came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of nature's gloom, when sorrow bows the heart, —
When cheering hopes no more illume, and prospects all depart, —
Then, from afar, shines Bethlehem's star, with cheering light to *save;*
And, full in sight, its beacon light comes streaming o'er the grave.

49. "CLEON AND I." — *Charles Mackay.*

Cleon hath a million acres, — ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, — in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, — not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres, — but the landscape, I;
Half the charms to *me* it yieldeth money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness, — freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian, — richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, — free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors, — need of none have I.
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, — he 'll find me ready, — happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature, — in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever, — earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

50. THE PROBLEM FOR THE UNITED STATES. — *Rev. Henry A. Boardman.*

This Union cannot expire as the snow melts from the rock, or a star disappears from the firmament. When it falls, the crash will be heard in all lands. Wherever the winds of Heaven go, that will go, bearing sorrow and dismay to millions of stricken hearts; for the subversion of this Government will render the cause of Constitutional Liberty hopeless throughout the world. What Nation can govern itself, if this Nation cannot? What encouragement will any People have to establish liberal institutions for themselves, if ours fail? Providence has laid upon us the responsibility and the honor of solving that problem in which all coming generations of men have a profound interest, — whether the true ends of Government can be secured by a popular representative system. In the munificence of His goodness, He put us in possession of our heritage, by a series of interpositions scarcely less signal than those which conducted the Hebrews to Canaan; and He has, up to this period, withheld from us no immunities or resources which might facilitate an auspicious result. Never before was a People so advantageously situated for working out this great problem in favor of human liberty; and it is important for us to understand that the world so regards it.

If, in the frenzy of our base sectional jealousies, we dig the grave of the Union, and thus decide this question in the negative, no tongue may attempt to depict the disappointment and despair which will go along with the announcement, as it spreads through distant lands. It will be America, after fifty years' experience, giving in her adhesion to the doctrine that man was not made for self-government. It will be Freedom herself proclaiming that Freedom is a chimera; Liberty ringing her own knell, all over the globe. And, when the citizens or *subjects* of the Governments which are to succeed this Union shall visit Europe, and see, in some land now struggling to cast off its fetters, the lacerated and lifeless form of Liberty laid prostrate under the iron heel of Despotism, let them remember that the blow which destroyed her was inflicted by their own country.

"So the struck Eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

51. THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT. — *Edward Everett.*

We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. At a moment of deep and general agitation in the Old World, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is

going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, — to settle, and that forever, the momentous question, — whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system of Government?

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good, of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood, of old, — who spake and wrote, who labored, fought and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth, — are now hanging, from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate-houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchres of the Nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison-house, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of Nations, — they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

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52. THE SHIP OF STATE. — *Rev. Wm. P. Lunt.*

Break up the Union of these States, because there are acknowledged evils in our system? Is it so easy a matter, then, to make everything in the actual world conform exactly to the ideal pattern we have conceived, in our minds, of absolute right? Suppose the fatal blow were struck, and the bonds which fasten together these States were severed, would the evils and mischiefs that would be experienced by those who are actually members of this vast Republican Community be all that would ensue? Certainly not. We are connected with the several Nations and Races of the world as no other People has ever been connected. We have opened our doors, and invited emigration to our soil from all lands. Our invitation has been accepted. Thousands have come at our bidding. Thousands more are on the way. Other thousands still are standing a-tiptoe on the shores of the Old World, eager to find a passage to the land where bread may be had for labor, and where man is treated as man. In our political family almost all Nations are represented. The several varieties of the race are here subjected to a social fusion, out of which Providence designs to form a "new man."

We are in this way teaching the world a great lesson, — namely,

that men of different languages, habits, manners and creeds, can live together, and vote together, and, if not pray and worship together, yet in near vicinity, and do all in peace, and be, for certain purposes at least, one People. And is not this lesson of some value to the world, especially if we can teach it not by theory merely, but through a successful example? Has not this lesson, thus conveyed, some connection with the world's progress towards that far-off period to which the human mind looks for the fulfilment of its vision of a perfect social state? It may safely be asserted that this Union could not be dissolved without disarranging and convulsing every part of the globe. Not in the indulgence of a vain confidence did our fathers build the Ship of State, and launch it upon the waters. We will exclaim, in the noble words of one of our poets: *

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock, —
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!"

53. ART. — *Charles Sprague.*

When, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in Heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'T was Art! sweet Art! New radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke, —
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smiled,
And Nature gladdened as she gazed.

* H. W. Longfellow.

Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are given;
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to Heaven.

He rends the oak, and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock, — upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste;
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And, proudly scorning Time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the Throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

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54. THE PILOT. — *Thomas Haynes Bayly. Born*, 1797; *died*, 1839.

O, PILOT! 't is a fearful night, — there 's danger on the deep;
I 'll come and pace the deck with thee, — I do not dare to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cried, go down; this is no place for thee:
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met we all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves but to subdue their might.
It is not apathy, he cried, that gives this strength to me:
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be.

On such a night the sea engulfed my father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down in just so wild a storm:
And such, perhaps, may be my fate; but still I say to thee,
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou mayst be.

55. DEATH TYPIFIED BY WINTER. — *James Thomson. Born*, 1700; *died*, 1748

'T is done! — dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life: — pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes, at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! VIRTUE sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'T is come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of Heaven and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
Forever free. The great eternal scheme
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER
And WISDOM oft arraigned: see now the cause,
Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined,
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why Heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge: why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed,
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed Evil, is no more!
The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all!

56. INDUCEMENTS TO EARNESTNESS IN RELIGION. — *John Angell James.*

INDUCEMENTS! Can it be necessary to offer these? What! Is not the bare mention of religion enough to rouse every soul, who understands the meaning of that momentous word, to the greatest intensity of action? Who needs to have spread out before him the demonstrations of logic, or the persuasions of rhetoric, to move him to seek after wealth, rank, or honor? Who, when an opportunity presents itself to obtain such possessions, requires anything more than an appeal to his consciousness of their value to engage him in the pursuit? The very mention of riches suggests at once to man's cupidity a thousand arguments to use the means of obtaining them. What intense longings rise in the heart! What pictures crowd the imagination! What a spell comes over the whole soul! And why is there less, — yea, why is there not intensely more, than all this, at the mention of the word *religion*, — that term which comprehends Heaven and earth, time and eternity, God and man, within its sublime and boundless meaning? If we were as we ought to be, it would be enough only to whisper in the ear that word, of more than magic power, to engage all our faculties, and all their energies, in the most resolute purpose, the most determined pursuit, and the most entire self-devotement. Inducements to earnestness in religion! Alas! how low we have sunk, how far have we been paralyzed, to need to be thus stimulated!

Is religion a contradiction to the usual maxim, that a man's activity in endeavoring to obtain an object is, if he understand it, in exact proportion to the value and importance which he attaches to it? Are Heaven, and salvation, and eternity, the only matters that shall reverse this maxim, and make *lukewarmness* the rule of action? By what thunder shall I break in upon your deep and dangerous sleep? O, revolve often and deeply the infinite realities of religion! Most subjects may be made to appear with greater or less dignity, according to the greater or less degree of importance in which the preacher places them. Pompous expressions, bold figures, lively ornaments of eloquence, may often supply a want of this dignity in the subject discussed. But every attempt to give importance to a motive taken from eternity is more likely to enfeeble the doctrine than to invigorate it. Motives of this kind are self-sufficient. Descriptions the most simple and the most natural are always the most pathetic or the most terrifying; nor can I find an expression more powerful and emphatic than that of Paul, "The things which are not seen are eternal." What more could the tongues of men and the eloquence of angels say? "Eternal things"! Weigh the import of that phrase, "eternal things." The history of Nations, the eras of time, the creation of worlds, all fade into insignificance, — dwindle to a point, attenuate to a shadow, — compared with these "eternal things." Do you believe them? If not, abjure your creed, abandon your belief. Be consistent, and let the stupendous vision which, like Jacob's ladder, rests its foot

on earth and places its top in Heaven, vanish in thin air! But if you *do* believe, say what ought to be the conduct of him who, to his own conviction, stands with hell beneath him, Heaven above him, and eternity before him. By all the worth of the immortal soul, by all the blessings of eternal salvation, by all the glories of the upper world, by all the horrors of the bottomless pit, by all the ages of eternity, and by all the personal interest you have in these infinite realities, I conjure you to be in earnest in personal religion!

57. NEVER DESPAIR. — *Samuel Lover.*

O, NEVER despair! for our hopes, oftentime,
Spring swiftly, as flowers in some tropical clime,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at night
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light!
The mariner marks, when the tempest rings loud,
That the rainbow is brighter, the darker the cloud;
Then, up! up! — never despair!

The leaves which the sibyl presented of old,
Though lessened in number, were not worth less gold;
And though Fate steal our joys, do not think they 're the best, —
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm;
Then, up! up! — never despair!

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the patriarch stood!
Though destruction around him in thunder was hurled,
Undaunted he looked on the wreck of the world!
For, high o'er the ruin, hung Hope's blessed form, —
The rainbow beamed bright through the gloom of the storm;
Then, up! up! — never despair!

58. CHARITY. — *Thomas Noon Talfourd.*

THE blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 't will fall

Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, — that another
Of the great family is near, and feels.

59. THE BATTLE-FIELD. — *William Cullen Bryant.*

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave, —
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry; —
O, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought, — but thou,
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now, —
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot!
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown, — yet faint thou not!

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;

For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou die upon the dust,
When those who helped thee flee in fear,—
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here,—

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave!

60. THE DIZZY ACTIVITIES OF THE TIMES.—*Edward Everett.*

We need the spirit of '75 to guide us safely amid the dizzy activities of the times. While our own numbers are increasing in an unexampled ratio, Europe is pouring in upon us her hundreds of thousands annually, and new regions are added to our domain, which we are obliged to count by degrees of latitude and longitude. In the mean time, the most wonderful discoveries of art, and the most mysterious powers of nature, combine to give an almost fearful increase to the intensity of our existence. Machines of unexampled complication and ingenuity have been applied to the whole range of human industry: we rush across the land and the sea by steam; we correspond by magnetism; we paint by the solar ray; we count the beats of the electric clock at the distance of a thousand miles; we annihilate time and distance; and, amidst all the new agencies of communication and action, the omnipotent Press — the great engine of modern progress, not superseded or impaired, but gathering new power from all the arts — is daily clothing itself with louder thunders. While we contemplate with admiration — almost with awe — the mighty influences which surround us, and which demand our coöperation and our guidance, let our hearts overflow with gratitude to the patriots who have handed down to us this great inheritance. Let us strive to furnish ourselves, from the storehouse of their example, with the principles and virtues which will strengthen us for the performance of an honored part on this illustrious stage. Let pure patriotism add its bond to the bars of iron which are binding the continent together; and, as intelligence shoots with the electric spark from ocean to ocean, let public spirit and love of country catch from heart to heart.

61. THE GOOD GREAT MAN.—*S. T. Coleridge. Born*, 1770; *died*, 1834.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains."
For shame, my friend! — renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, — love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night, —
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

62. TAXES THE PRICE OF GLORY.—*Rev. Sydney Smith. Born*, 1768; *died*, 1845.

JOHN BULL can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of Glory: — TAXES! Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the Judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; — at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; — and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz-bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers, — to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the Government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself

will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description; — while the prodigious patronage which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of Government will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of Republicans, will be unable to resist. Every wise Jonathan should remember this!

63. THE PRESS.—*Adaptation from Ebenezer Elliot. Born*, 1781; *died*, 1849.

God said — "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away:
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried — "'T is day! 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous cloud that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
And, blushing, murmured — "Light!"

Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Poured forth her pensive rays.

Lo, Heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the immortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the *mind* of man!
By the swart artisan!
We will aspire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By all we hope of Heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone

Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour, —
The night of mind, — is gone!

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless.
O, pallid Want! O, Labor stark!
Behold! we bring the second ark!
The Press, the Press, the Press!

64. A DEFENCE OF POETRY. — *Rev. Charles Wolfe. Born*, 1791; *died*, 1823.

BELIEVE not those who tell you that Poetry will seduce the youthful mind from severe occupations. Didactic Poetry not only admits, but requires, the coöperation of Philosophy and Science. And true Poetry must be always reverent. Would not an universal cloud settle upon all the beauties of Creation, if it were supposed that they had not emanated from Almighty energy? In works of art, we are not content with the accuracy of feature, and the glow of coloring, until we have traced them to the mind that guided the chisel, and gave the pencil its delicacies and its animation. Nor can we look with delight on the features of Nature, without hailing the celestial Intelligence that gave them birth. The Deity is too sublime for Poetry to doubt His existence. Creation has too much of the Divinity insinuated into her beauties to allow Poetry to hesitate in her creed. She demands no proof. She waits for no demonstration. She looks, and she believes. She admires, and she adores. Nor is it alone with natural religion that she maintains this intimate connection; for what is the Christian's hope, but Poetry in her purest and most ethereal essence?

From the beginning she was one of the ministering spirits that stand round the Throne of God, to issue forth at His word, and do His errands upon the earth. Sometimes she has been the herald of an offending nation's downfall. Often has she been sent commissioned to offending man, with prophecy and warning upon her lips. At other times she has been intrusted with "glad tidings of great joy." Poetry was the anticipating Apostle, the prophetic Evangelist, whose feet "were beautiful upon the mountains;" who published salvation; who said unto Zion, "Thy God reigneth!"

65. GREAT IDEAS. — *Rev. W. E. Channing.*

WHAT is needed to elevate the soul is, not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature, not that a man should become an Encyclopedia, but that the Great Ideas in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. A man of immense

information may, through the want of large and comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a laborer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths. For example, I do not expect the laborer to study theology in the ancient languages, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history of sects; nor is this needful. All theology, scattered as it is through countless volumes, is summed up in the idea of God; and let this idea shine bright and clear in the laborer's soul, and he has the essence of theological libraries, and a far higher light than has visited thousands of renowned divines. A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details.

I have known very learned men who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. What avails it that a man has studied ever so minutely the histories of Greece and Rome, if the Great Ideas of Freedom, and Beauty, and Valor, and Spiritual Energy, have not been kindled, by those records, into living fires in his soul? The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. The truth is, that the most laborious and successful student is confined in his researches to a very few of God's works; but this limited knowledge of things may still suggest universal laws, broad principles, grand ideas; and these elevate the mind. There are certain thoughts, principles, ideas, which by their nature rule over all knowledge, which are intrinsically glorious, quickening, all-comprehending, eternal!

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66. ENGLAND. — *Ebenezer Elliot.*

Nurse of the Pilgrim Sires, who sought, beyond the Atlantic foam,
For fearless truth and honest thought, a refuge and a home!
Who would not be of them or thee a not unworthy son,
That hears, amid the chained or free, the name of Washington?

Cradle of Shakspeare, Milton, Knox! King-shaming Cromwell's throne!
Home of the Russells, Watts, and Lockes! Earth's greatest are thine own!
And shall thy children forge base chains for men that would be free?
No! by the Eliots, Hampdens, Vanes, Pyms, Sidneys, yet to be!

No! For the blood which kings have gorged hath made their victims wise;
While every lie that Fraud hath forged veils wisdom from his eyes.
But time shall change the despot's mood; and Mind is mightiest then,
When turning evil into good, and monsters into men.

If round the *soul* the chains are bound that hold the world in thrall, —
If tyrants laugh when men are found in brutal fray to fall, —
Lord! let not Britain arm her hands, her sister states to ban;
But bless through her all other lands — Thy family of Man!

For freedom if thy Hampden fought, for peace if Falkland fell, —
For peace and love if Bentham wrote, and Burns sang wildly well, —
Let Knowledge, strongest of the strong, bid hate and discord cease;
Be this the burden of her song, — "Love, Liberty, and Peace!"

Then, Father, will the Nations all, as with the sound of seas,
In universal festival, sing words of joy, like these: —
Let each love all, and all be free, receiving as they give;
Lord! Jesus died for Love and Thee! So let Thy children live!

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67. WHAT 'S HALLOWED GROUND?—*Thomas Campbell. Born*, 1777; *died*, 1844.

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that Heavens far distant weep,
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind, —
And is *he* dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die!

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right? —
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies, in Heaven's sight,
The sword he draws: —
What can alone ennoble fight? —
A noble cause!

Give that; and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's welkin space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear!

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! — But Heaven rebukes my zeal;
The cause of truth and human weal, —
O God above! —

Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love!

Peace, love, — the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine, —
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
When they are not;
The *heart* alone can make divine
Religion's spot!

What 's hallowed ground? 'T is what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

68. NATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.—*Chateaubriand. Born*, 1769; *died*, 1848.

THERE is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless Him; the insect sports in His beam; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the Heavens; the ocean declares His immensity; — man alone has said, there is no God! Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year: a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers; forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn, — then alone you will have a just conception of the universe! While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging into the vault of the West, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the East. By what inconceivable power does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reäppear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every hour of the day, the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noon-day, and setting in the west; or, rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no East or West, no North or South, in the world.

69. WHAT WE OWE TO THE SWORD.—*T. S. Grimké. Born*, 1778; *died*, 1834.

To the question, "what have the People ever gained but by Revolution," I answer, boldly, If by Revolution be understood the law of the Sword, Liberty has lost far more than she has ever gained by it. The Sword was the destroyer of the Lycian Confederacy and the Achæan league. The Sword alternately enslaved and disenthralled Thebes and Athens, Sparta, Syracuse and Corinth. The Sword of Rome conquered every other free State, and finished the murder of

liberty in the ancient world, by destroying herself. What but the Sword, in modern times, annihilated the Republics of Italy, the Hanseatic towns, and the primitive independence of Ireland, Wales and Scotland? What but the Sword partitioned Poland, assassinated the rising liberty of Spain, banished the Huguenots from France, and made Cromwell the master, not the servant, of the People? And what but the Sword of Republican France destroyed the Independence of half of Europe, deluged the continent with tears, devoured its millions upon millions, and closed the long catalogue of guilt, by founding and defending to the last the most powerful, selfish, and insatiable of military despotisms?

The Sword, indeed, delivered Greece from the Persian invaders, expelled the Tarquins from Rome, emancipated Switzerland and Holland, restored the Bruce to his Throne, and brought Charles to the scaffold. And the Sword redeemed the pledge of the Congress of '76, when they plighted to each other "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." And yet, what would the redemption of that pledge have availed towards the establishment of our present Government, if the spirit of American institutions had not been both the birthright and the birth-blessing of the Colonies? The Indians, the French, the Spaniards, and even England herself, warred in vain against a People, born and bred in the household, at the domestic altar, of Liberty herself. They had never been slaves, for they were born free. The Sword was a herald to proclaim their freedom, but it neither created nor preserved it. A century and a half had already beheld them free in infancy, free in youth, free in early manhood. Theirs was already the spirit of American institutions; the spirit of Christian freedom, of a temperate, regulated freedom, of a rational civil obedience. For such a People, the Sword, the law of violence, did and could do nothing, but sever the bonds which bound her colonial wards to their unnatural guardian. They redeemed their pledge, Sword in hand; but the Sword left them as it found them, unchanged in character, — freemen in thought and in deed, instinct with the immortal spirit of American institutions!

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70. ABOU BEN ADHEM. — *Leigh Hunt.*

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And, to the presence in the room, he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"

"And is mine one?" asked Abou. — "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerly still; and said — "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

71. POLONIUS TO LAERTES. — *William Shakspeare. Born*, 1564; *died*, 1616.

My blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charac'ter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

72. WHERE IS HE? — *Henry Neele. Born*, 1798; *died*, 1828.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

"And where is he?" Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend.
That form beloved he marks no more;
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
Those scenes are lovely as before, —
And *she* as fair, — but where is he?

No, no! the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair;
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, Where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall!
But where is now his proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, — all,
Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands,
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong, — and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone;
The fire-side shows a vacant chair;
Here Sadness dwells, and weeps alone;
And Death displays his banner there!
The life has gone; the breath has fled;
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread, —
O! where are they? And where is he?

73. GROWTH OF INTERNATIONAL SYMPATHIES. — *President Wayland.*

In many respects, the Nations of Christendom collectively are becoming somewhat analogous to our own Federal Republic. Antiquated distinctions are breaking away, and local animosities are subsiding. The common people of different countries are knowing each other better, esteeming each other more, and attaching themselves to each other by various manifestations of reciprocal good will. It is true, every nation has still its separate boundaries and its individual interests; but the freedom of commercial intercourse is allowing those interests to adjust themselves to each other, and thus rendering the causes of collision of vastly less frequent occurrence. Local questions are becoming of less, and general questions of greater importance. Thanks be to God, men have at last begun to understand the rights and feel for the wrongs of each other! Mountains interposed do not so much make enemies of nations. Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded, and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice borne on the feeblest breeze tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom. Let the arm of Oppression

be raised to crush the feeblest nation on earth, and there will be heard everywhere, if not the shout of defiance, at least the deep-toned murmur of implacable displeasure. It is the cry of aggrieved, insulted, much-abused man. It is human nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and woe unto the man, woe unto the dynasty, woe unto the party, and woe unto the policy, on whom shall fall the scathe of her blighting indignation!

74. THE WORTH OF FAME. — *Joanna Baillie. Born*, 1765; *died*, 1850.

O! WHO shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part!

O! who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When, but for those, — our mighty dead, —
All ages past, a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed, —
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen, —
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O! who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant, happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think, beneath the mouldering heap,
That noble being shall forever sleep?
No; saith the generous heart, and proudly swells, —
"Though his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

75. THE PURSUIT OF FRIVOLOUS PLEASURES. — *Young.*

O, THE dark days of vanity! while here
How tasteless, and how terrible when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delights us. If time past
And time possest both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
TIME USED! The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.
Ye well arrayed! ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies male! who neither toil nor spin
(As sister lilies might), if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the Sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odors, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, framed in foreign looms,—
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamused a misery
Not made for feeble man; who call aloud
For every bauble drivelled o'er by sense,
For rattles and conceits of every cast;
For change of follies and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day, — say, Sages, say!
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will ye weather AN ETERNAL NIGHT,
Where such expedients fail?

76. FORGIVE. — *Bishop Heber. Born*, 1783; *died*, 1826.

O GOD! my sins are manifold; against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone up to Thy temple fly.
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?
"Forgive!" a blessèd voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven."

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell; they spurn me in their pride;
They render evil for my good; my patience they deride;
Arise! my King! and be the proud in righteous ruin driven! —
"Forgive!" the awful answer came, "as thou wouldst be forgiven!"

Seven times, O Lord, I 've pardoned them ; seven times they 've sinned again ;
They practise still to work me woe, and triumph in my pain ;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment driven !
" Forgive ! " the voice in thunder spake, " or never be forgiven ! "

77. TRUE SCIENCE OUGHT TO BE RELIGIOUS.—*President Hitchcock.*

I AM far from maintaining that science is a sufficient guide in religion. On the other hand, if left to itself, as I fully admit,

"It leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

Nor do I maintain that scientific truth, even when properly appreciated, will compare at all, in its influence upon the human mind, with those peculiar and higher truths disclosed by Revelation. All I contend for is, that scientific truth, illustrating as it does the divine character, plans and government, ought to fan and feed the flame of true piety in the hearts of its cultivators. He, therefore, who knows the most of science, ought most powerfully to feel this religious influence. He is not confined, like the great mass of men, to the outer court of Nature's magnificent temple ; but he is admitted to the interior, and allowed to trace its long halls, aisles and galleries, and gaze upon its lofty domes and arches ; nay, as a priest he enters the *penetralia*, the holy of holies, where sacred fire is always burning upon the altars ; where hovers the glorious Schekinah ; and where, from a full orchestra, the anthem of praise is ever ascending. Petrified, indeed, must be his heart, if it catches none of the inspiration of such a spot. He ought to go forth from it, among his fellow-men, with radiant glory on his face, like Moses from the holy mount. He who sees most of God in His works ought to show the stamp of Divinity upon his character, and lead an eminently holy life.

Yet it is only a few gifted and adventurous minds that are able, from some advanced mountain-top, to catch a glimpse of the entire stream of truth, formed by the harmonious union of all principles, and flowing on majestically into the boundless ocean of all knowledge, the Infinite mind. But when the Christian philosopher shall be permitted to resume the study of science in a future world, with powers of investigation enlarged and clarified, and all obstacles removed, he will be able to trace onward the various ramifications of truth, till they unite into higher and higher principles, and become one in that centre of centres, the Divine Mind. That is the Ocean from which all truth originally sprang, and to which it ultimately returns. To trace out the shores of that shoreless Sea, to measure its measureless extent, and to fathom its unfathomable depths, will be the noble and the joyous work of eternal ages. And yet eternal ages may pass by, and see the work only begun !

78. TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. — *Rev. J. G. Lyons.*

Now gather all our Saxon bards, — let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue!
For stronger far than hosts that march, with battle-flags unfurled,
It goes with FREEDOM, THOUGHT and TRUTH, to rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion hears its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar;
It climbs New England's rocky steeps as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own.

It spreads where Winter piles deep snows on bleak Canadian plains;
And where, on Essequibo's banks, eternal Summer reigns.
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon, through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where California brooks wash down their sands of gold.

It kindles realms so far apart, that while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits, and those with flowers of Spring.
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs orbit fires on high.

It goes with all that Prophets told, and righteous Kings desired;
With all that great Apostles taught, and glorious Greeks admired;
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's lofty mind;
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore, to cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and Error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day!
Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame, — take heed, nor once disgrace,
With recreant pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and race!

Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men prayed for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words: — FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

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79. THE WATER-DRINKER. — *E. Johnson.*

O, WATER for me! bright water for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
Water cooleth the brow, and cooleth the brain,
And maketh the faint one strong again;
It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity;
O, water, bright water, for me, for me!
Give wine, give wine, to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! fill, fill to the brim;
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink nothing but dew.
O, water, bright water 's a mine of wealth,
And the ores which it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim,—again to the brim!
For water strengtheneth life and limb!
To the days of the agéd it addeth length,
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
'T is like quaffing a goblet of morning light!
So, water, I will drink nothing but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy!

When over the hills, like a gladsome bride,
Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
And, leading a band of laughing hours,
Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers,
O! cheerily then my voice is heard
Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
Who flingeth abroad his matin loud,
As he freshens his wing in the cold, gray cloud.

But when evening has quitted her sheltering yew,
Drowsily flying, and weaving anew
Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea,
How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
For I drink water, pure, cold, and bright,
And my dreams are of Heaven the livelong night.
So hurrah for thee, Water! hurrah! hurrah!
Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star!
Hurrah for bright water! hurrah! hurrah!

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80. THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE. — *Charles Mackay.*

Who is it that mourns for the days that are gone,
When a Noble could do as he liked with his own?
When his serfs, with their burdens well filled on their backs,
Never dared to complain of the weight of a tax?
When his word was a statute, his nod was a law,
And for aught but his "order" he cared not a straw?
When each had his dungeon and racks for the poor,
And a gibbet to hang a refractory boor?

They were days when the sword settled questions of right,
And Falsehood was first to monopolize *might;*

When Law never dreamed it was good to relent,
Or thought it less wisdom to kill than prevent;
When Justice herself, taking Law for her guide,
Was never appeased till a victim had died;
And the stealer of sheep and the slayer of men
Were strung up together, again and again.

They were days when the Crowd had no freedom of speech,
And reading and writing were out of its reach;
When Ignorance, stolid and dense, was its doom,
And Bigotry swathed it from cradle to tomb;
When the Few thought the Many mere workers for them,
To use them, and when they had used, to contemn;
And the Many, poor fools! thought the treatment their due,
And crawled in the dust at the feet of the Few!

No! The Present, though clouds o'er her countenance roll,
Has a light in her eyes, and a hope in her soul;
And *we* are too wise like the Bigots to mourn
For the darkness of days that shall never return.
Worn out and extinct, may their history serve
As a beacon to warn us, whenever we swerve,
To shun the Oppression, the Folly and Crime,
That blacken the page of that Record of Time.

Their chivalry lightened the gloom, it is true,
And Honor and Loyalty dwelt with the Few;
But small was the light, and of little avail,
Compared with the blaze of our *Press* and our *Rail;*
Success to that blaze! May it shine over all,
Till Ignorance learn with what grace she may fall,
And fly from the world with the sorrow she wrought,
And leave it to Virtue and Freedom of Thought.

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81. THE WORK-SHOP AND THE CAMP.—*For a Mechanic Celebration.*

The Camp has had its day of song:
The sword, the bayonet, the plume,
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plough, the anvil, and the loom!
O, not upon our tented fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the Work-shop yields
More heroes true than War has known!

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May, with a heart as valiant, smite,
As he who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might!

The skill that conquers space and time,
That graces life, that lightens toil,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let Labor, then, look up and see
His craft no pith of honor lacks;
The soldier's rifle yet shall be
Less honored than the woodman's axe!
Let Art his own appointment prize;
Nor deem that gold or outward height
Can compensate the worth that lies
In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still,
When men this sacred truth shall heed: —
That from the thought and from the will
Must all that raises man proceed!
Though Pride should hold our calling low,
For us shall duty make it good;
And we from truth to truth shall go,
Till life and death are understood.

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82. THE WISE MAN'S PRAYER.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

Inquirer, cease! petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear; — nor deem religion vain!
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice:
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal for retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants who grants the power to gain.
With these, celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

PART SECOND.

MARTIAL AND POPULAR.

1. SCIPIO TO HIS ARMY. — *Abridgment from Livy.*

Before the battle of Ticinus, B. C. 218, in which the Carthaginians, under Hannibal, were victorious. The speech of the latter, on the same occasion, follows.

Not because of their courage, O soldiers, but because an engagement is now inevitable, do the enemy prepare for battle. Two-thirds of their infantry and cavalry have been lost in the passage of the Alps. Those who survive hardly equal in number those who have perished. Should any one say, "Though few, they are stout and irresistible," I reply, — Not so! They are the veriest shadows of men; wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold; bruised and enfeebled among the rocks and crags; their joints frost-bitten, their sinews stiffened with the snow, their armor battered and shivered, their horses lame and powerless. Such is the cavalry, such the infantry, against which you have to contend; — not enemies, but shreds and remnants of enemies! And I fear nothing more, than that when you have fought Hannibal, the Alps may seem to have been beforehand, and to have robbed you of the renown of a victory. But perhaps it was fitting that the Gods themselves, irrespective of human aid, should commence and carry forward a war against a leader and a people who violate the faith of treaties; and that we, who next to the Gods have been most injured, should complete the contest thus commenced, and nearly finished.

I would, therefore, have you fight, O soldiers, not only with that spirit with which you are wont to encounter other enemies, but with a certain indignation and resentment, such as you might experience if you should see your slaves suddenly taking up arms against you. We might have slain these Carthaginians, when they were shut up in Eryx, by hunger, the most dreadful of human tortures. We might have carried over our victorious fleet to Africa, and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage, without opposition. We yielded to their prayers for pardon; we released them from the blockade; we made peace with them when conquered; and we afterwards held them under our protection, when they were borne down by the African war. In return for these benefits, they come, under the leadership of a hot-brained youth, to lay waste our country. Ah! would that the contest on your side were now for glory, and not for safety! It is not

for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but for Italy, that you must fight: nor is there another army behind, which, should we fail to conquer, can resist the enemy: nor are there other Alps, during the passage of which, fresh forces may be procured. Here, soldiers, here we must make our stand. Here we must fight, as if we fought before the walls of Rome! Let every man bear in mind, it is not only his own person, but his wife and children, he must now defend. Nor let the thought of them alone possess his mind. Let him remember that the Roman Senate — the Roman People — are looking, with anxious eyes, to our exertions; and that, as our valor and our strength shall this day be, such will be the fortune of Rome — such the welfare — nay, the very existence, of our country!

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2. HANNIBAL TO HIS ARMY. — *Abridgment from Livy.*

Here, soldiers, you must either conquer or die. On the right and left two seas enclose you; and you have no ship to fly to for escape. The river Po around you, — the Po, larger and more impetuous than the Rhone, — the Alps behind, scarcely passed by you when fresh and vigorous, hem you in. Here Fortune has granted you the termination of your labors; here she will bestow a reward worthy of the service you have undergone. All the spoils that Rome has amassed by so many triumphs will be yours. Think not that, in proportion as this war is great in name, the victory will be difficult. From the Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the remotest limits of the world, over mountains and rivers, you have advanced victorious through the fiercest Nations of Gaul and Spain. And with whom are you now to fight? With a raw army, which this very summer was beaten, conquered, and surrounded; an army unknown to their leader, and he to them! Shall I compare myself, almost born, and certainly bred, in the tent of my father, that illustrious commander, — myself, the conqueror, not only of the Alpine Nations, but of the Alps themselves, — myself, who was the pupil of you all, before I became your commander, — to this six months' general? or shall I compare *his* army with *mine?*

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength: — a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, our allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The valor, the confidence of invaders, are ever greater than those of the defensive party. As the assailants in this war, we pour down, with hostile standards, upon Italy. We bring the war. Suffering, injury and indignity, fire our minds. First they demanded me, your leader, for punishment; and then all of you, who had laid siege to Saguntum. And, had we been given up, they would have visited us with the severest tortures. Cruel and haughty Nation! Everything must be *yours*, and at *your* disposal! You are to prescribe to us with

whom we shall have war, with whom peace! You are to shut us up by the boundaries of mountains and rivers, which we must not pass! But you — *you* are not to observe the limits yourselves have appointed! "Pass not the Ibērus!" — What next? "Saguntum is on the Ibērus. You must not move a step in any direction!" — Is it a small thing that you have deprived us of our most ancient provinces, Sicily and Sardinia? Will you take Spain also? Should we yield Spain, you will cross over into Africa. *Will* cross, did I say? They have sent the two Consuls of this year, one to Africa, the other to Spain!

Soldiers, there is nothing left to us, in any quarter, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Let those be cowards who have something to look back upon; whom, flying through safe and unmolested roads, their own country will receive. There is a necessity for *us* to be brave. There is no alternative but victory or death; and, if it must be *death*, who would not rather encounter it in battle than in flight? The immortal Gods could give no stronger incentive to victory. Let but these truths be fixed in your minds, and once again I proclaim, you are conquerors!

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3. REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE. — *Original.*

Ill does it become *me*, O Senators of Rome! — ill does it become Regŭlus, — after having so often stood in this venerable Assembly, clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive — the captive of Carthage! Though outwardly I am free, — though no fetters encumber the limbs, or gall the flesh, — yet the heaviest of chains, — the pledge of a Roman Consul, — makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them, in the event of the failure of this their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own; — a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms, — of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your General, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping, — I will not speak. For five years, a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years, the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream, — no more! But during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regŭlus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror to the hearts of the Carthaginians; who have now sent me hither, with their Ambassadors, to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former Consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the Ambassa

dors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror — I know not what — impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet, on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber. — Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regŭlus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the Ambassadors brandish before our eyes? — With one voice you answer, No! — Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered — for all that I may have to suffer — I am repaid in the compensation of this moment! Unfortunate, you may hold me; but, O, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful! May the thanks I cannot utter bring down blessings from the Gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage! Reject them wholly and unconditionally! What! Give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame, — this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not — it shall not be! O! were Regŭlus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause, — he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe; — he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now — alas! now 'tis gone, — that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burthen now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But, if he cannot *live*, he can at least *die*, for his country! Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regŭlus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats. They will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily, — every well-fought field, won by *his* blood and *theirs*, — will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regŭlus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family — forgive the thought! To you, and to Rome, I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name, — no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken; though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!

4. LEONIDAS TO HIS THREE HUNDRED. — *Original Translation from Pichat.*

Ye men of Sparta, listen to the hope with which the Gods inspire Leōnīdas! Consider how largely our death may redound to the glory and benefit of our country. Against this barbarian King, who, in his battle array, reckons as many nations as our ranks do soldiers, what could united Greece effect? In this emergency there is need that some unexpected power should interpose itself; — that a valor and devotion, unknown hitherto, even to Sparta, should strike, amaze, confound, this ambitious Despot! From our blood, here freely shed to-day, shall this moral power, this sublime lesson of patriotism, proceed. To Greece it shall teach the secret of her strength; to the Persians, the certainty of their weakness. Before our scarred and bleeding bodies, we shall see the great King grow pale at his own victory, and recoil affrighted. Or, should he succeed in forcing the pass of Thermŏpylæ, he will tremble to learn, that, in marching upon our cities, he will find ten thousand, after us, equally prepared for death. Ten thousand, do I say? O, the swift contagion of a generous enthusiasm! Our example shall make Greece all fertile in heroes. An avenging cry shall follow the cry of her affliction. Country! Independence! From the Messēnian hills to the Hellespont, every heart shall respond; and a hundred thousand heroes, with one sacred accord, shall arm themselves, in emulation of our unanimous death. These rocks shall give back the echo of their oaths. Then shall our little band, — the brave three hundred, — from the world of shades, revisit the scene; behold the haughty Xerxes, a fugitive, re-cross the Hellespont in a frail bark; while Greece, after eclipsing the most glorious of her exploits, shall hallow a new Olympus in the mound that covers our tombs.

Yes, fellow-soldiers, history and posterity shall consecrate our ashes. Wherever courage is honored, through all time, shall Thermŏpylæ and the Spartan three hundred be remembered. Ours shall be an immortality such as no human glory has yet attained. And when ages shall have swept by, and Sparta's last hour shall have come, then, even in her ruins, shall she be eloquent. Tyrants shall turn away from them, appalled; but the heroes of liberty — the poets, the sages, the historians of all time — shall invoke and bless the memory of the gallant three hundred of Leōnĭdas!

5. BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD LUCRETIA. — *Original and Compiled.*

You are amazed, O Romans! even amid the general horror at Lucretia's death, that Brutus, whom you have known hitherto only as the fool, should all at once assume the language and bearing of a man! Did not the Sibyl say, a fool should set Rome free? I am that fool! Brutus bids Rome be free! If he has played the fool, it was to seize the wise man's opportunity. Here he throws off the mask of madness. 'T is Lucius Junius now, your countryman, who calls upon you, by this innocent blood, to swear eternal vengeance against kings!

Look, Romans! turn your eyes on this sad spectacle! — the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus' wife! By her own hand she died! See there a noble lady, whom the ruffian lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence! Hospitably entertained by her as her husband's kinsman, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia, could not survive the outrage. Heroic matron! But once only treated as a slave, life was no longer endurable! And if she, with her soft woman's nature, disdained a life, that depended on a tyrant's will, shall we — shall *men*, with such an example before their eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude — shall we, through a fear of death, delay one moment to assert our freedom? No, Romans! The favorable moment is come. The time is — now! Fear not that the army will take the part of their Generals, rather than of the People. The love of liberty is natural to all; and your fellow-citizens in the Camp feel the weight of oppression as sensibly as you. Doubt not they will as eagerly seize the opportunity of throwing off their yoke.

Courage, Romans! The Gods are for us! those Gods whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned. By the blood of the wronged Lucretia, I swear, — hear me, ye Powers Supreme! — by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany *could* have polluted, — I swear that I will pursue, to the death, these Tarquins, with fire and sword; nor will I ever suffer any one of *that* family, or of *any other family whatsoever*, to be King in Rome! — On to the Forum! Bear the body hence, high in the public view, through all the streets! On, Romans, on! The *fool* shall set you free!

6. REPLY OF ACHILLES TO THE ENVOYS OF AGAMEMNON, SOLICITING A RECONCILIATION. — *Cowper's Homer.*

I MUST with plainness speak my fixed resolve;
For I abhor the man, — not more the gates
Of hell itself! — whose words belie his heart.
So shall not mine! My judgment undisguised
Is this: that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move! For ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert!
The brave and base in equal honor stand, —
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike!
I, after all my labors, who exposed
My life continual in the field, have earned
No very sumptuous prize! As the poor bird
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gained
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day,

In battle for their wives. I have destroyed
Twelve cities with my fleet; and twelve, save one
On foot contending, in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities precious spoil I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and, having all received,
Little distributed, and much retained.
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone,
Of all the Grecian host, hath he despoiled!
My bride, my soul's delight, is in his hands!
Tell him my reply:
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if, armed
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume —
Canine and hard in aspect though he be —
To look me in the face. I will not share
His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
Let it suffice him, that he wronged me once, —
Deceived me once; — henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me! But, let him rot in peace,
Crazed as he is, and, by the stroke of Jove,
Infatuate! I detest his gifts! — and him
So honor as the thing which most I scorn!
And would he give me twenty times the worth
Of this his offer, — all the treasured heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
All that Orchŏmĕnos within her walls,
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes
Receives, — the city with a hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war, —
And would he give me riches as the sands,
And as the dust of earth, — no gifts from *him*
Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
For all the offensive license of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief, —
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
With golden Venus, — had she all the skill
Of blue-eyed Pallas, — even so endowed,
She were no bride for me!
Bear ye mine answer back.

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7 HECTOR'S REBUKE TO POLYDĂMAS. — *Cowper's Homer. Abridged.*

Polydămas to dauntless Hector spake:
Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont

To censure me, although advising well;
Yet hear my best opinion once again:
Proceed we not in our attempt against
The Grecian fleet. The omens we have seen
All urge against it. When the eagle flew,
Clutching the spotted snake, then dropping it
Into the open space between the hosts,
Troy's host was on the left. Was this propitious?
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind,
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
An augur skilled in omens would expound
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.
To whom dark-louring Hector thus replied:
Polydămas! I like not thy advice;
Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgment, then the Gods
Make thy deliberate judgment nothing worth,
Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
Assurance to myself announced, and make
The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
Which I alike despise, speed they their course
With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
Or leftward down into the shades of eve!
Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,
Sovereign of Heaven and Earth. Omens abound;
But the best omen is our country's cause.*
Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
For were we slaughtered, one and all, around
The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,
Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest!

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8. HECTOR'S EXPLOIT AT THE BARRIERS OF THE GRECIAN FLEET.—*Idem.*

So hung the war in balance,—
Till Jove himself, superior fame, at length,
To Priamēian Hector gave, who sprang
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reached
Their utmost ranks, he called on all his host:
Now press them! now, ye Trojans, steed-renowned,
Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart! hurl
At once devouring flames into the fleet!
Such was his exhortation. They, his voice

* The nobleness of this reply may have been paralleled, but not surpassed, by patriots of succeeding times.

All hearing, with close-ordered ranks, direct
Bore on the barrier, and up-swarming showed
On the high battlement their glittering spears.
But Hector seized a stone; of ample base,
But tapering to a point; before the gate
It stood. No two men, mightiest of a land
(Such men as *now* are mighty), could with ease
Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain;
He swung it easily alone, — so light
The son of Saturn made it in his hand.
As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
So Hector, right toward the planks of those
Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within
Their corresponding force combined transverse
To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars.
He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock
Ponderous, and the portals roared; the bars
Endured not, and the planks, riven by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scattered on all sides.
In leaped the godlike Hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms
All-dazzling, and he grasped two quivering spears.
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repressed,
Save of the Gods alone. Fire filled his eyes;
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obeyed;
Part climbed the wall, part poured into the gate;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew,
Scattered; and tumult infinite arose.

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9. HECTOR SLAIN BY ACHILLES. — *Cowper's Homer.*

Bright as among the stars the star of all,
Most radiant Hesperus, at midnight moves,
So in the right hand of Achilles beamed
His brandished spear, while, meditating woe
To Hector, he explored his noble form,
Seeking where he was vulnerable most.
But every part, his dazzling armor, torn
From brave Patrōclus' body, well secured,
Save where the circling key-bone from the neck
Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appeared,

Whence injured life with swiftest flight escapes.
Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,
Impelled it through the yielding flesh beyond.
The ashen beam his power of utterance left
Still unimpaired, but in the dust he fell,
And the exulting conqueror exclaimed:
But Hector! thou had'st once far other hopes,
And, stripping slain Patrōclus, thought'st thee safe,
Nor cared'st for absent me. Fond dream and vain!
I was not distant far. In yonder fleet
He left one able to avenge his death,
And *he* hath slain thee. *Thee* the dogs shall rend
Dishonorably, and the fowls of air, —
But all Achāia's host shall *him* entomb!
To whom the Trojan Chief languid replied:
By thy own life — by theirs who gave thee birth —
And by thy knees — O! let not Grecian dogs
Rend and devour me; but in gold accept
And brass a ransom at my father's hands,
And at my mother's an illustrious price.
Send home my body! — grant me burial rites
Among the daughters and the sons of Troy!
To whom, with aspect stern, Achilles thus:
Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me!
I would my fierceness of revenge were such
That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms
Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure
That none shall save thy carcass from the dogs!
No, trust me, would thy parents bring me, weighed,
Ten — twenty — ransoms, and engage, on oath,
To add still more; — would thy Dardanian Sire,
Priam, redeem thee with thy weight in gold, —
Not even at *that* price would I consent
That she who bare should place thee on thy bier,
With lamentation! Dogs and ravening fowls
Shall rend thy body, while a shred remains!
Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied:
Full well I knew before how suit of mine
Should speed, preferred to *thee*. Thy heart is steel.
But, O! while yet thou liv'st, think, lest the Gods
Requite thee on that day, when, pierced thyself,
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,
Brave as thou art, before the Scæan gate!
He ceased; and death involved him dark around.
His spirit, from his limbs dismissed, the house
Of Adés sought, mourning, in her descent,
Youth's prime and vigor lost, — disastrous doom!

But him, though dead, Achilles thus bespake:
Die thou! *My* death shall find me at what hour
Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above.

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10. TELEMĂCHUS TO THE ALLIED CHIEFS. — *Fenelon. Born*, 1651; *died*, 1715.
Original Abridgment.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS and confederated chiefs! I grant you, if ever man deserved to have the weapon of stratagem and deceit turned against him, it is he who has used it himself so often, — the faithless Adrastus! But shall it be said that we, who have united to punish the perfidy of this man, — that we are ourselves perfidious? Shall fraud be counteracted by fraud? If we can adopt the practices of Adrastus without guilt, Adrastus himself is innocent, and our present attempt to punish him is unwarrantable. You have sworn, by all that is most sacred, to leave Venusium a deposit in the hands of the Lucanians. The Lucanian garrison, you say, is corrupted by Adrastus. I do not doubt it. But this garrison is still Lucanian. It receives the pay of the Lucanians, and has not yet refused to obey them. It has preserved, at least, an appearance of neutrality. Neither Adrastus nor his people have yet entered it. The treaty is still subsisting; and the Gods have not forgotten your oath.

Is a promise never to be kept but when a plausible pretence to break it is wanting? Shall an oath be sacred only when nothing is to be gained by its violation? If you are insensible to the love of virtue, and the fear of the Gods, have you no regard to your interest and reputation? If, to terminate a war, you violate your oath, how many wars will this impious conduct excite? Who will hereafter trust you? What security can you ever give for your good faith? A solemn treaty? — You have trampled one under foot! An oath? — You have committed perjury when perjury was profitable, and have defied the Gods! In peace, you will be regarded as treacherously preparing for war. Every affair, based on a confidence in your probity, will become impracticable. Your promises will not be believed. Nay, the very league which now constitutes your strength will lose its cohesive principle. Your perjury will be the triumph of Adrastus! He will not need to attack you himself. Your own dissensions, your own mistrusts, your own duplicity, will be your ruin.

Ye mighty chiefs, renowned for magnanimity and wisdom, experienced and brave, governing uncounted thousands, — despise not the counsel of a youth! To whatever extremity war may reduce you, let your resources be diligence and virtue. True fortitude can never despair. But, if you once pass the barrier of honor and integrity, the ruin of your cause is irreparable. You can neither reëstablish that confidence without which no affair of importance can succeed, nor can you bring men back to the reverence of that virtue which you have taught them to despise. What have you to fear? Is not your courage equal to victory, without the aid of fraud? Your own power,

joined to that of the many under your command, — is it not sufficient? Let us fight, let us die, if we must, — but let us not conquer unworthily. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our power, provided — provided we disdain to imitate the cowardice and treachery which have sealed his ruin!

11. TITUS QUINTIUS AGAINST QUARRELS BETWEEN THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE. — *Abridgment from Livy.*

Though I am conscious of no fault, O Romans, it is yet with the utmost shame I have come forward to your Assembly. You have seen it — posterity will know it — that, in my fourth consulate, the Æquans and Volscians came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away unchastised! Had I foreseen that such an ignominy had been reserved for my official year, — that Rome might have been taken while I was Consul, — I would have shunned the office, either by exile or by death. Yes; I have had honors enough, — of life more than enough! I should have died in my third consulate. Whom did these most dastardly enemies despise? — us, Consuls, or you, citizens? If we are in fault, depose us, — punish us as we deserve. If you, Romans, are to blame, may neither Gods nor men make you suffer for your offences! — only may you repent. No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not from a belief in their own courage, or in your cowardice. They have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord amongst ourselves, is the ruin of this city. The eternal disputes between the Senate and the People are the sole cause of our misfortunes.

In the name of Heaven, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes of the commons. For the sake of concord, we granted Tribunes. You were eager to have Decemvirs. We suffered them to be created. You grew weary of Decemvirs. We compelled them to abdicate. You insisted on the restoration of the Tribuneship. We yielded. You invaded our rights. We have borne, and still bear. What termination is there to be to these dissensions? When shall we have a united city? When one common country? With the enemy at our gates, — with the Volscian foe scaling your rampart, — there is no one to hinder it. But against *us* you are valiant, — against us you diligently take up arms! Come on, then. Besiege the Senate-house. Make a camp of the Forum. Fill the jails with our chief nobles. Then sally out with the same determined spirit against the enemy. Does your resolution fail? Look, then, to see your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword.

Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions! Break the spell of this enchantment, which renders you powerless and inactive! If you will but summon up the ancient Roman courage, and follow your Consuls to the field, I will submit to any punishment, if I do not rout and put to flight these ravagers of our territories, and transfer to their own cities the terror of war.

12. CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS, ON THE OBJECTIONS TO MAKING HIM GENERAL. — *Original Paraphrase from Sallust.*

You have committed to my conduct, O Romans, the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. "He has no family statues," they exclaim. "He can point to no illustrious line of ancestors!" What then? Will dead ancestors, will motionless statues, help fight your battles? Will it avail your General to appeal to these, in the perilous hour? Rare wisdom would it be, my countrymen, to intrust the command of your army to one whose only qualification for it would be the virtue of his forefathers! to one untried and unexperienced, but of most unexceptionable family! who could not show a solitary scar, but any number of ancestral statues! who knew not the first rudiments of war, but was very perfect in pedigrees! Truly I have known of such holiday heroes, — raised, because of family considerations, to a command for which they were not fitted, — who, when the moment for action arrived, were obliged, in their ignorance and trepidation, to give to some inferior officer — to some despised Plebeian — the ordering of every movement.

I submit it to you, Romans, — is Patrician pride or Plebeian experience the safer reliance? The actions of which my opponents have merely read, I have achieved or shared in. What they have seen written in books, I have seen written on battle-fields with steel and blood. They object to my humble birth. They sneer at my lowly origin. Impotent objection! Ignominious sneer! Where but in the spirit of a man (bear witness, Gods!), — where but in the spirit, can his nobility be lodged? and where his dishonor, but in his own cowardly inaction, or his unworthy deeds? Tell these railers at my obscure extraction, their haughty lineage could not make *them* noble — my humble birth could never make *me* base.

I profess no indifference to noble descent. It is a good thing to number great men among one's ancestry. But when a descendant is dwarfed in the comparison, it should be accounted a shame rather than a boast. These Patricians cannot despise me, if they would, since their titles of nobility date from ancestral services similar to those which I myself have rendered. And what if I can show no family statues? I can show the standards, the armor, and the spoils, which I myself have wrested from the vanquished. I can show the scars of many wounds received in combating the enemies of Rome. These are my statues! These the honors I can boast of! Not an accidental inheritance, like theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor; amid clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action, in which these effeminate Patricians, who would now depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to appear, — no, not even as spectators! Here, Romans, are *my* credentials; here, *my* titles of nobility; here, *my* claims to the generalship of your army! Tell me, are they not as respectable, are they not as valid, are they not as deserving of your confidence and reward, as those which any Patrician of them all can offer?

13. CAIUS GRACCHUS, CITED BEFORE THE CENSORS, APPEALS TO THE PEOPLE. — *Original Adaptation from J. S. Knowles.*

It appears
I am cited here because I have returned
Without my General's leave, and for the crime
Of having raised the tumult at Fregella.
First, with the first. I have remained my time;
Nay, I have over-served it by the laws, —
The laws which Caius Gracchus dares not break.
But, Censors, let that pass. I will propose
A better question for your satisfaction: —
"How have I served my time?" I 'll answer that: —
"How have I served my time? For mine own gain,
Or that of the Republic?" What was my office?
Quæstor. What was its nature? Lucrative, —
So lucrative, that all my predecessors
Who went forth poor returned home very rich.
I went forth poor enough,
But have returned still poorer than I went.
Ye citizens of Rome, behold what favor
Your masters show your brethren! I have borne
My country's arms with honor; over-served
My time; returned in poverty, that might
Have amassed treasures, — and they thus reward me: —
Prefer a charge against me without proof,
Direct or indirect; without a testimony,
Weighty or light; without an argument,
Idle or plausible; without as much
Of feasibility as would suffice
To feed suspicion's phantom! Why is this?
How have I bought this hatred? When my brother,
Tiberius Gracchus, fell beneath their blows,
I called them not assassins! When his friends
Fell sacrifices to their after-vengeance,
I did not style them butchers! — did not name them
The proud, perfidious, insolent Patricians!
Ye men of Rome, there is no favor, now,
For justice! Grudgingly her dues are granted!
Your great men boast no more the love of country.
They count their talents; measure their domains;
Enlarge their palaces; dress forth their banquets;
Awake their lyres and timbrels; and with their floods
Of ripe Falernian drown the little left
Of virtue! — Romans, I would be your Tribune.
Fear not, Censors! I would raise no tumult;
This hand 's the first to arm against the man,
Whoe'er he be, that favors civil discord:

I have no gust for blood, nor for oppression!
I sacrifice to Justice and to Mercy!
The laws! the laws! Of common right the guard, —
The wealth, the happiness, the freedom of
The Nation! Who has hidden them, defaced them,
Sold them, corrupted them from the pure letter?
Why do they guard the rich man's cloak from a rent,
And tear the poor man's garment from his back?
Why are they, in the proud man's grasp, a sword,
And in the hand of the humble man, a reed?
The laws! The laws! I ask you for the laws!
Demand them in my country's sacred name!
Still silent? Reckless still of my appeal?
Romans! I ask the office of your Tribune!

14. GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS. — *Original Abridgment from Tacitus.*

Reflecting on the origin of this war, and on the straits to which we are reduced, I am persuaded, O Caledonians, that to your strong hands and indomitable will is British liberty this day confided. There is no retreat for us, if vanquished. Not even the sea, covered as it is by the Roman fleet, offers a path for escape. And thus war and arms, ever welcomed by the brave, are now the only safety of the cowardly, if any such there be. No refuge is behind us; naught but the rocks, and the waves, and the deadlier Romans: men whose pride you have vainly tried to conciliate by forbearance; whose cruelty you have vainly sought to deprecate by moderation. The robbers of the globe, when the land fails, they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich, — they are avaricious; is he poor, — they are ambitious. The East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, to massacre, to make seizures under false pretences, this they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace!

Do not suppose, however, that the prowess of these Romans is equal to their lust. They have thrived on our divisions. They know how to turn the vices of others to their own profit. Casting off all hope of pardon, let us exhibit the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are equally dear. Nursed in freedom as we have been, unconquered and unconquerable, let us, in the first onset, show these usurpers what manner of men they are that Old Caledonia shelters in her bosom! All the incitements to victory are on our side. Wives, parents, children, — these we have to protect; and these the Romans have not. They have none to cry shame upon their flight; none to shed tears of exultation at their success. Few in numbers, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown forests and untried seas, the Gods have delivered them, hemmed in, bound and helpless, into our hands. Let not their showy aspect, their glitter of silver and gold, dismay you. Such adornments can neither harm nor protect from harm. In

the very line of the enemy we shall find friends. The Britons, the Gauls, the Germans, will recognize their own cause in ours. Here is a leader; here an army! There are tributes, and levies, and badges of servitude, — impositions, which to assume, or to trample under foot forever, lies now in the power of your arms. Forth, then, Caledonians, to the field! Think of your ancestors! Think of your descendants!

15. ICILIUS ON VIRGINIA'S SEIZURE. — *T. B. Macaulay.*

Now, by your children's cradles, — now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirītés, or be forever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævŏla's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile earth-fox awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
O for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
O for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days our fathers stood firmly, side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride;
They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.
But what their care bequeathed us, our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er.
We strove for honors, — 't was in vain: for freedom, — 't is no more.
No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;
No Tribune breathes the word of might, that guards the weak from wrong.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will.
Riches, and lands, and power, and state — ye have them: — keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life —
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife;
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms enfold an unpolluted bride:

Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame,
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn, by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare.

16. THE SPARTANS' MARCH. — *Felicia Hemans. Born*, 1794; *died*, 1835.

The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle, says Thucydides, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders.

'T was morn upon the Grecian hills, where peasants dressed the vines;
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills, Arcadia's rocks and pines.
And brightly, through his reeds and flowers, Eurōtas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers of solemn harmony.
Was it the hunter's choral strain, to the woodland-goddess poured?
Did virgin hands, in Pallas' fane, strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream, spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam to the morn of a fearful day!
And the mountain echoes of the land swelled through the deep-blue sky,
While to soft strains moved forth a band of men that moved to die.
They marched not with the trumpet's blast, nor bade the horn peal out;
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed, rung with no battle shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire their souls with an impulse high;
But the Dorian reed, and the Spartan lyre, for the sons of liberty!
And still sweet flutes, their path around, sent forth Æolian breath:
They needed not a sterner sound to marshal them for death!
So moved they calmly to their field, thence never to return,
Save bringing back the Spartan shield, or on it proudly borne!

17. THE GREEKS' RETURN FROM BATTLE. — *Ibid.*

Io! they come, they come! garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home! bring roses, pour ye wine!
Swell, swell the Dorian flute, through the blue, triumphant sky!
Let the Cittern's tone salute the sons of victory.
With the offering of bright blood, they have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood; — Io! they come, they come!

Sing it where olives wave, and by the glittering sea,
And o'er each hero's grave, — sing, sing, the land is free!
Mark ye the flashing oars, and the spears that light the deep!
How the festal sunshine pours, where the lords of battle sweep!
Each hath brought back his shield; — maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field, — Io! thy son is come!

Who murmured of the dead? Hush, boding voice! We know
That many a shining head lies in its glory low.
Breathe not those names to-day! They shall have their praise ere long,
And a power all hearts to sway, in ever-burning song.

But now shed flowers, pour wine, to hail the conquerors home!
Bring wreaths for every shrine, — Io! they come, they come!

18. ODE. — *William Collins. Born*, 1720; *died*, 1756.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

19. VIRGINIUS, AS TRIBUNE, REFUSES THE APPEAL OF APPIUS CLAUDIUS. — *Original Paraphrase from Livy.*

I AFFIRM, O Romans, that Appius Claudius is the only man not entitled to a participation in the laws, nor to the common privileges of civil or human society. The tribunal over which, as perpetual Decemvir, he presided, was made the fortress of all villanies. A despiser of Gods and men, he vented his fury on the properties and persons of citizens, threatening all with his rods and axes. Executioners, not Lictors, were his attendants. His passions roaming from rapine to murder, from murder to lust, he tore a free-born maiden, as if she were a prisoner of war, from the embraces of me, her father, before the eyes of the Roman People, and gave her to his creature, the purveyor of his secret pleasures! Ye heard, my countrymen, the cruel decree, the infamous decision. Ye beheld the right hand of the father armed against his daughter. Armed *against*, do I say? No, by the Gods! armed in her *behalf*, — since it was to rescue her, by death, from dishonor, that I sheathed in her innocent bosom the knife! Ye heard the tyrant, when the uncle and the betrothed husband of Virginia raised her lifeless body, order them to be taken off to prison. Yes, Romans, even at that tragical moment, the miscreant Claudius was more moved by the disappointment of his gross sensual appetite than by the untimely death of the unoffending victim!

And Appius Claudius now *appeals!* You hear his words: "I appeal!" This man, who, so recently, as Decemvir, would have consigned a free-born maiden to bonds and to dishonor, utters that sacred expression, that safeguard of Roman liberty, — "I appeal!" Well may ye stand awe-struck and silent, O my countrymen! Ye see, at length, that there are Gods who overlook human affairs; that there is such a thing as RETRIBUTION! Ye see that punishment must sooner

or later overtake all tyranny and injustice. The man who abolished the right of appeal now appeals! The man who trampled on the rights of the People now implores the protection of the People! And, finally, the man who used to call the prison the fitting domicile of the Roman commons shall now find that it was built for *him* also. Wherefore, Appius Claudius, though thou shouldst appeal, again and again, to me, the Tribune of the People, I will as often refer thee to a Judge, on the charge of having sentenced a free person to slavery. And since thou wilt not go before a Judge, well knowing that justice will condemn thee to death, I hereby order thee to be taken hence to prison, as one condemned.

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20. CANULEIUS AGAINST PATRICIAN ARROGANCE.

Original Paraphrase from Livy.

This is not the first time, O Romans, that Patrician arrogance has denied to us the rights of a common humanity. What do we now demand? First, the right of intermarriage; and then, that the People may confer honors on whom they please. And why, in the name of Roman manhood, my countrymen, — why should these poor boons be refused? Why, for claiming them, was I near being assaulted, just now, in the senate-house? Will the city no longer stand, — will the empire be dissolved, — because we claim that Plebeians shall no longer be excluded from the Consulship? Truly these Patricians will, by and by, begrudge us a participation in the light of day; they will be indignant that we breathe the same air; that we share with them the faculty of speech; that we wear the forms of human beings! But I cry them mercy. They tell us it is contrary to religion that a Plebeian should be made Consul! The ancient religion of Rome forbids it! Ah! verily? How will they reconcile this pretence to the facts? Though not admitted to the archives, nor to the commentaries of the Pontiffs, there are some notorious facts, which, in common with the rest of the world, we well know. We know that there were Kings before there were Consuls in Rome. We know that Consuls possess no prerogative, no dignity, not formerly inherent in Kings. We know that Numa Pompilĭus was made King at Rome, who was not only not a Patrician, but not even a citizen; that Lucius Tarquinĭus, who was not even of Italian extraction, was made King; that Servĭus Tullĭus, who was the son of a captive woman by an unknown father, was made King. And shall Plebeians, who formerly were not excluded from the Throne, now, on the juggling plea of religious objection, be debarred from the Consulship?

But it is not enough that the offices of the State are withheld from us. To keep pure their dainty blood, these Patricians would prevent, by law, all intermarriage of members of their order with Plebeians. Could there be a more marked indignity, a more humiliating insult, than this? Why not legislate against our living in the same neigh-

borhood, dwelling under the same skies, walking the same earth? Ignominy not to be endured! Was it for this we expelled Kings? Was it for this that we exchanged one master for many? No! Let the rights we claim be admitted, or let the Patricians fight the battles of the State themselves. Let the public offices be open to all; let every invidious law in regard to marriage be abolished; or, by the Gods of our fathers, let there be no levy of troops to achieve victories, in the benefits of which the People shall not most amply and equally partake!

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21. CATILINE TO HIS ARMY, NEAR FÆSŬLÆ.—*Ben Jonson. Born*, 1574; *died*, 1637.

A paraphrase of the celebrated speech which Sallust attributes to Catiline, previous to the engagement which ended in the rout of his army, and his own death.

I NEVER yet knew, Soldiers, that in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men;
Or that a General's oration made
An army fall or stand: but how much prowess,
Habitual or natural, each man's breast
Was owner of, so much in act it showed.
Whom neither glory nor danger can excite,
'T is vain to attempt with speech.
Two armies wait us, Soldiers; one from Rome
The other from the provinces of Gaul.
The sword must now direct and cut our passage.
I only, therefore, wish you, when you strike,
To have your valors and your souls about you;
And think you carry in your laboring hands
The things you seek,— glory and liberty!
For by your swords the Fates must be instructed!
If we can give the blow, all will be safe;
We shall not want provision, nor supplies;
The colonies and free towns will lie open;
Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own fortune
And ill-used arms have left without protection.
You might have lived in servitude or exile,
Or safe at Rome, depending on the great,
But that you thought those things unfit for men;
And, in that thought, my friends, you then were valiant:
For no man ever yet changed peace for war
But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
Meet the opposing army in that spirit.
There 's more necessity you should be such,
In fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He 's base who trusts his feet, whose hands are armed.
Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do, and all the Heaven at leisure

For the great spectacle. Draw, then, your swords;
And, should our destiny begrudge our virtue
The honor of the day, let us take care
To sell ourselves at such a price as may
Undo the world to buy us!

22. SPARTĂCUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPŬA. — *E. Kellogg.*

It had been a day of triumph in Capŭa. Lentŭlus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard, save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled; their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows; when Spartăcus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arēna every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus, — a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marăthon, and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

"To-day I killed a man in the arēna; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; — the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arēna, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, — 'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-*gladiators*, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail, and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe; — to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adōnis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sestérces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'T is three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, — and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*, — follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians! — if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves!* If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors!* If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!"

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23. SPARTĂCUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA. — *Original.*

Envoys of Rome, the poor camp of Spartăcus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask

Cossinĭus; ask Claudĭus; ask Varinĭus; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold — would ye know what we do with *that*, — go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arēna, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day — shall I forget it ever? — *ye* were present; — I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your mūnĕrātor, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the People; "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podĭum, where sat your Senators and men of State, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words — rather a welcome to death than a plea for life — told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arēna vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted, "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill *him?* — They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheatre, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said, — I know not what. I only know that, when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face — and then burst forth the simultaneous cry — "Lead on! lead on, O Spartăcus!" Forth we rushed, — seized what rude weapons Chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartăcus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartăcus the dreaded rebel! A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles, have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome

sends her two Consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannĭbal were on her borders!

Envoys of Rome! To Lentŭlus and Gellĭus bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartăcus comes on! So swells *his* force, — small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now, begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

24. MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE. — *Shakspeare.*

WHEREFORE rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worsé than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The life-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you *now* put on your best attire?
And do you *now* cull out a holiday?
And do you *now* strew flowers in *his* way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude!

25. MARCUS BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR. — *Shakspeare.*

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If

there be any in this assembly, — any dear friend of Cæsar's, — to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. ———

None? — Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

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26. MARK ANTONY TO THE PEOPLE, ON CÆSAR'S DEATH. — *Shakspeare.*

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious: —
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man!
So are they all! all honorable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me, —
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man!
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff! —
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man!
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? —
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me. —
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; — now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men! —
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men! —
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —
I found it in his closet, — 't is his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament, —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent, —
That day he overcame the Nervii! —
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made! —
Through this, — the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed!
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;

Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart!
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue, —
Which all the while ran blood! — great Cæsar fell!
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? — look you here!
Here is himself, — marred, as you see, by traitors! ——
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend, — and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him, —
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, — poor, poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

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27. MOLOCH TO THE FALLEN ANGELS. — *Milton.*

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now,
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place

Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, — let us rather choose,
Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise
Of His almighty engine He shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among His angels; and His Throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sank thus low? The ascent is easy, then: —
The event is feared: — should we again provoke
Our Stronger, some worse way His wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed. — What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned,
In this abhorréd deep, to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of His anger, when the scourge
Inexorable and the torturing hour
Call us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we, then? What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, — happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being; —
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing: and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb His Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, His fatal Throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

28. BELIAL'S ADDRESS, OPPOSING WAR. — *Milton.*

I SHOULD be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success; —
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge! —
First, what revenge? — The towers of Heaven are filled
With armèd watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions: or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. — Or, could we break our way
By force, and, at our heels, all hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would, on His throne,
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The Almighty Victor to spend all His rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure, —
To be no more. — Sad cure! — for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity, —
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? — And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever? How He can,
Is doubtful; that He never will, is sure.
Will He, so wise, let loose at once His ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give His enemies their wish, and end
Them in His anger, whom His anger saves
To punish endless? — "Wherefore cease we, then?"
Say they, who counsel war: "we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe:
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this, then, worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?

What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds! or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into seven-fold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what, if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads? while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? — this would be worse.
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades.

29. THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS. — *Rev. George Croly.*

It was the wild midnight, — a storm was in the sky,
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore,—
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground, three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gathered round the leader of the field.
He spoke no warrior-word, he bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roared, and they rushed upon the foe.

The fiery element, showed, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart and flag and tent, like the spectres of a dream.
All up the mountain side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide, waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas, among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass, like the lightning's living brand;
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased to moan,
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy.
A host glared on the hill; a host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on, beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear:
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name in cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame was sung in strains divine.
They took the rose-wreathed lyres from eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires the sounds that Freedom gave.

But now the morning star crowned Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war from the hill began to blow;
Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
Then, hand in hand, they drank, — "To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell, he saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge;
Down poured the arrowy shower, till sank the Dorian targe.

They marched within the tent, with all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent, then on high their torches flung;
To Heaven the blaze uprolled, like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

Their King sat on his Throne, his Captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on, and their pæan loud replied!
Thus fought the Greek of old! Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men?

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30. CATILINE TO THE GALLIC CONSPIRATORS. — *Original Adaptation from Croly.*

MEN of Gaul!
What would you give for Freedom? —
For Freedom, if it stood before your eyes;
For Freedom, if it rushed to your embrace;
For Freedom, if its sword were ready drawn
To hew your chains off?
Ye would give death or life! Then marvel not
That I am here — that Catiline would join you! —
The great Patrician? — Yes — an hour ago —
But *now* the rebel; Rome's eternal foe,
And *your* sworn friend! My desperate wrong 's my pledge.
There 's not in Rome, — no — not upon the earth,
A man so wronged. The very ground I tread

Is grudged me. — Chieftains! ere the moon be down,
My land will be the Senate's spoil; my life,
The mark of the first villain that will stab
For lucre. — But there 's a time at hand! — Gaze on!
If I had thought you cowards, I might have come
And told you lies. But you have now the thing
I am; — Rome's enemy, — and fixed as fate
To you and yours forever!
The State is weak as dust.
Rome 's broken, helpless, heart-sick. Vengeance sits
Above her, like a vulture o'er a corpse,
Soon to be tasted. Time, and dull decay,
Have let the waters round her pillar's foot;
And it *must* fall. Her boasted strength 's a ghost,
Fearful to dastards; — yet, to trenchant swords,
Thin as the passing air! A single blow,
In this diseased and crumbling state of Rome,
Would break your chains like stubble.
But "ye 've no swords"!
Have you no ploughshares, scythes?
When men are brave, the sickle is a spear!
Must Freedom pine till the slow armorer
Gilds her caparison, and sends her out
To glitter and play antics in the sun?
Let hearts be what they ought, — the naked earth
Will be their magazine; — the rocks — the trees —
Nay, there 's no idle and unnoted thing,
But, in the hand of Valor, will out-thrust
The spear, and make the mail a mockery!

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31. CATILINE'S LAST HARANGUE TO HIS ARMY. — *Id.*

Brave comrades! all is ruined! I disdain
To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown!
And now, let each that wishes for long life
Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
Ye are all free to go. — What! no man stirs!
Not one! — a soldier's spirit in you all?
Give me your hands! (This moisture in *my* eyes
Is womanish — 't will pass.) My noble hearts!
Well have you chosen to die! For, in my mind,
The grave is better than o'erburthened life; —
Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues; —
Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
Than daily struggle against Fortune's *curse*; —
Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge

In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.—
Once more, I say, — are ye resolved?
Then, each man to his tent, and take the arms
That he would love to die in, — for, *this hour*,
We storm the Consul's camp. — A last farewell!
When next we meet, we 'll have no time to look,
How parting clouds a soldier's countenance: —
Few as we are, we 'll rouse them with a peal
That shall shake Rome! —
Now to your cohorts' heads; — the word 's — *Revenge!*

32. THE BARD'S SUMMONS TO WAR. — *Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

Leaning against a broken parapet,
Alone with Thought, mused Caradoc the Bard,
When a voice smote him, and he turned and met
A gaze, prophetic in its sad regard.
Beside him, solemn with his hundred years,
Spoke the arch hierarch of the Cymrian seers: —

"In vain through yon dull stupor of despair
Sound Geraint's trump and Owaine's battle-cry;
In vain where yon rude clamor storms the air,
The Council Chiefs stem maddening mutiny;
From Trystan's mail the lion heart is gone,
And on the breach stands Lancelot alone!

"Drivelling the wise, and impotent the strong!
Fast into night the life of Freedom dies;
Awake, Light-Bringer, wake, bright soul of song!
Kindler, reviver, re-creator, rise!
Crown thy great mission with thy parting breath,
And teach to hosts the Bard's disdain of death!"

"So be it, O voice from Heaven," the Bard replied;
"Some grateful tears may yet embalm my name;
Ever for human love my youth hath sighed,
And human love's divinest form is fame.
Is the dream erring? shall the song remain?
Say, can one Poet ever live in vain?"

Then rose the Bard, and smilingly unstrung
His harp of ivory sheen, from shoulders broad;
Kissing the hand that doomed his life, he sprung
Light from the shattered wall, — and swiftly strode
Where, herdlike huddled in the central space,
Drooped, in dull pause, the cowering populace.

Slow, pitying, soft it glides, — the liquid lay, —
Sad with the burthen of the Singer's soul;

Into the heart it coiled its lulling way;
  Wave upon wave the golden river stole;
Hushed to his feet forgetful Famine crept,
And Woe, reviving, veiled the eyes that wept.

Then stern, and harsh, clashed the ascending strain,
  Telling of ills more dismal yet in store;
Rough with the iron of the grinding chain,
  Dire with the curse of slavery evermore;
Wild shrieks from lips beloved pale warriors hear,
Her child's last death-groan rends the mother's ear!

Then trembling hands instinctive griped the swords;
  And men unquiet sought each other's eyes; —
Loud into pomp sonorous swell the chords!
  Like linkéd legions march the melodies!
Till the full rapture swept the Bard along,
And o'er the listeners rushed the storm of song!

And the Dead spoke! From cairns and kingly graves,
  The Heroes called; — and Saints from earliest shrines.
And the Land spoke! — Mellifluous river-waves;
  Dim forests awful with the roar of pines;
Mysterious caves, from legend-haunted deeps;
And torrents flashing from untrodden steeps; —

The Land of Freedom called upon the Free!
  All Nature spoke; the clarions of the wind;
The organ swell of the majestic sea;
  The choral stars; the Universal Mind
Spoke, like the voice from which the world began,
"No chain for Nature and the Soul of Man!"

As leaps the war-fire on the beacon hills,
  Leapt in each heart the lofty flame divine;
As into sunlight flash the molten rills,
  Flashed the glad claymores, lightening line on line;
From cloud to cloud as thunder speeds along,
From rank to rank rushed forth the choral song.

Woman and child — all caught the fire of men;
  To its own Heaven that Alleluia rang;
Life to the spectres had returned again;
  And from the grave an arméd Nation sprang!

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33. CARADOC, THE BARD, TO THE CYMRIANS. — *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

No Cymrian bard, by the primitive law, could bear weapons.

Hark to the measured march! — The Saxons come!
  The sound earth quails beneath the hollow tread!
Your fathers rushed upon the swords of Rome,
  And climbed her war-ships, when the Cæsar fled!

The Saxons come! why wait within the wall?
They scale the mountain: — let its torrents fall!

Mark, ye have swords, and shields, and armor, YE!
No mail defends the Cymrian Child of Song;
But where the warrior, there the Bard shall be!
All fields of glory to the bard belong!
His realm extends wherever godlike strife
Spurns the base death, and wins immortal life.

Unarmed he goes — his guard the shield of all,
Where he bounds foremost on the Saxon spear!
Unarmed he goes, that, falling, even his fall
Shall bring no shame, and shall bequeath no fear!
Does the song cease? — avenge it by the deed,
And make the sepulchre — a Nation freed!

34. ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS MEN. — *Original Adaptation from Knowles.*

My friends, our country must be free! The land
Is never lost that has a son to right her, —
And here are troops of sons, and loyal ones!
Strong in her children should a mother be:
Shall ours be helpless, that has sons like us?
God save our native land, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now, what wait we? —
For Alfred's word to move upon the foe?
Upon him, then! Now think ye on the things
You most do love! Husbands and fathers, on
Their wives and children; lovers, on their beloved;
And *all*, upon their COUNTRY! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes,
To whet them, could have lent you tears for water!
O, now be men, or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Drove forth your agéd sires — your wives and babes!
The couches, your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs, that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest,
That mocks their masters, — clear them for the sake
Of the manhood to which all that 's precious clings,
Else perishes. The land that bore you — O!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding! Rescue her! Revenge her, — or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends!
And, where you take your stand upon the field,
However you advance, resolve on this, —

That you will ne'er recede, while from the tongues
Of age, and womanhood, and infancy,
The helplessness, whose safety in you lies,
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I 'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike while a dying blow
Is in an arm! Strike till you 're free, or fall!

35. RIENZI TO THE ROMANS. — *Mary Russell Mitford.*

FRIENDS!
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave: not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame, —
But base, ignoble slaves! — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell — a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands, —
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye, —
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks — a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? — Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? — Look

To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet, this is Rome,
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a King! And once again —
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! — once again I swear
The Eternal City shall be free!

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36. THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD. — *James Montgomery.*

The noble voluntary death of the Switzer, Winkelried, is accurately described in the following verses. In the battle of Shempach, in the fourteenth century, this martyr-patriot, perceiving that there was no other means of breaking the heavy-armed lines of the Austrians than by gathering as many of their spears as he could grasp together, opened, by this means, a passage for his fellow-combatants, who, with hammers and hatchets, hewed down the mailed men-at-arms, and won the victory.

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried, —
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their father-land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly; she cannot yield;

She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone;
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung Victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done, —
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amongst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly, —
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus Death made way for liberty!

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37. RICHARD TO THE PRINCES OF THE CRUSADE.—*Sir Walter Scott. B.* 1771; *d.* 1832.

And is it even so? And are our brethren at such pains to note the infirmities of our natural temper, and the rough precipitance of our zeal, which may have sometimes urged us to issue commands when there was little time to hold council? I could not have thought that offences,

casual and unpremeditated, like mine, could find such deep root in the hearts of my allies in this most holy cause, that, for my sake, they should withdraw their hand from the plough when the furrow was near the end; for my sake, turn aside from the direct path to Jerusalem, which their swords have opened. I vainly thought that my small services might have outweighed my rash errors; that, if it were remembered that I pressed to the van in an assault, it would not be forgotten that I was ever the last in the retreat; that, if I elevated my banner upon conquered fields of battle, it was all the advantage I sought, while others were dividing the spoil. I may have called the conquered city by my name, but it was to others that I yielded the dominion. If I have been headstrong in urging bold counsels, I have not, methinks, spared my own blood, or my people's, in carrying them into as bold execution; or, if I have, in the hurry of march or battle, assumed a command over the soldiers of others, such have ever been treated as my own, when my wealth purchased the provisions and medicines which their own sovereigns could not procure.

But it shames me to remind you of what all but myself seem to have forgotten. Let us rather look forward to our future measures; and, believe me, brethren, you shall not find the pride, or the wrath, or the ambition of Richard, a stumbling-block of offence in the path to which religion and glory summon you, as with the trumpet of an archangel! O, no, no! never would I survive the thought that my frailties and infirmities had been the means to sever this goodly fellowship of assembled princes. I would cut off my left hand with my right, could my doing so attest my sincerity. I will yield up, voluntarily, all right to command in the host even mine own liege subjects. They shall be led by such sovereigns as you may nominate; and their King, ever but too apt to exchange the leader's baton for the adventurer's lance, will serve under the banner of Beauseant among the Templars, — ay, or under that of Austria, if Austria will name a brave man to lead his forces. Or, if ye are yourselves a-weary of this war, and feel your armor chafe your tender bodies, leave but with Richard some ten or fifteen thousand of your soldiers to work out the accomplishment of your vow; and, when Zion is won, — when Zion is won, — we will write upon her gates, *not* the name of Richard Plantagenet, but of those generous Princes who intrusted him with the means of conquest!

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38. THE EARL OF RICHMOND TO HIS ARMY. — *Shakspeare.*

More than I *have* said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on. Yet remember this: —
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wrongéd souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces.

Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help him;
A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, guard you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But, if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully:
God, and St. George! Richmond and victory!

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39. HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.—*Shakspeare.*

What 's he that wishes for more men from England? —
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
I pray thee do not wish for one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear; —
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my Lord, wish not a man from England:
I would not lose, methinks, so great an honor,
As only one man more would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:

Rather, proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say — to-morrow is Saint Crispian!
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names, —
Familiar in his mouth as household words, —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

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40. THE BATTLE OF IVRY. — *T. B. Macaulay.*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest:
He looked upon his People, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, — as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter — the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail:
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, then, — "No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go."
O! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never shall return!
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

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41. PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE TO THE MEN OF GHENT.—*Henry Taylor.*

Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.
They died like heroes; for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed,
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves," — had they thought this,
O, then, with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for Heaven!
What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write, that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty Lord that he would scourge her lightly!
It shall not be — no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
Mine eye can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.
But, lo! the Earl is "mercifully minded"!
And, surely, if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we 've sinned,
Then will my Lord the Earl have mercy on us,
And pardon us our strike for liberty!

O, Sirs! look round you, lest ye be deceived;
Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There 's that betwixt you been which men remember
Till they forget themselves, till all 's forgot, —
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief rouses them.
There 's that betwixt you been which you yourselves,
Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
If, in the coldness of a craven heart,
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes!

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42. WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING. — *Robert Southey.* *B.* 1774; *d.* 1843

King of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak, —
The sovereign People ought to *demand* justice.
I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
Because his Ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a King they hate;
Tearing our young men from their peaceful homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest peasant,
Distressing *us* to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your Court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the Crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats us?
You sit at ease in your gay palaces:
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night wind,
Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of age!
The Parliament forever asks more money;

We toil and sweat for money for your taxes;
Where is the benefit, — what good reap *we*
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that *we* should quarrel with the French?
What boots to *us* your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight, — *you* profit at your ease!
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of Heaven, your own? — prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers? King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble, — mark me, King of England!

43. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM. — *Thomas Campbell.*

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'T was autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.
"Stay, stay with us, — rest, thou art weary and worn"!
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay, —
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

44. TO THE ARMY BEFORE QUEBEC, 1759. — *Gen. Wolfe. Born*, 1726; *died*, 1759.

I congratulate you, my brave countrymen and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable Heights of Abraham are now

surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand the British soldiers, are their General's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and, as soon as their irregular ardor is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forests have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with a tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and, believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your General, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

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45. THE AMERICAN FLAG.—*J. R. Drake. Born*, 1795; *died*, 1820.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dies
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,

And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven, —
Child of the Sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high.
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on, —
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet, —
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee;
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to Valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

46. TO THE AMERICAN TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.—*General George Washington. Born*, 1732; *died*, 1799.

The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life and honor, are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

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47. TO THE ARMY OF ITALY, MAY 15, 1796.—*Napoleon Bonaparte. B.* 1769; *d.* 1821.

Original Translation.

Soldiers! You have precipitated yourselves like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed or swept before you all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian oppression, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship towards France. Milan is yours; and over all Lombardy floats the flag of the Republic. To your generosity only, do the Dukes of Parma and of Modĕna now owe their political existence. The army which proudly threatened you finds no remaining barrier of defence against your courage. The Po, the Tessĭno, the Adda, could not stop you a single

day. Those vaunted ramparts of Italy proved insufficient; you traversed them as rapidly as you did the Apennines. Successes so numerous and brilliant have carried joy to the heart of your country. Your representatives have decreed a festival, to be celebrated in all the communes of the Republic, in honor of your victories. There, will your fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, all who hold you dear, rejoice over your triumphs, and boast that you belong to them.

Yes, Soldiers, you have done much; but much still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us that we knew how to conquer, but not to profit by victory? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capŭa in Lombardy? Nay, fellow-soldiers! I see you already eager to cry "to arms!" Inaction fatigues you; and days lost to glory are to you days lost to happiness. Let us, then, begone! We have yet many forced marches to make; enemies to vanquish; laurels to gather; and injuries to avenge! Let those who have sharpened the poniards of civil war in France, who have pusillanimously assassinated our Ministers, who have burned our vessels at Toulon, — let them now tremble! The hour of vengeance has knolled!

But let not the People be disquieted. We are the friends of every People: and more especially of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and other great men to whom we look as bright exemplars. To reëstablish the Capitol; to place there with honor the statues of the heroes who made it memorable; to rouse the Roman People, unnerved by many centuries of oppression, — such will be some of the fruits of our victories. They will constitute an epoch for posterity. To you, Soldiers, will belong the immortal honor of redeeming the fairest portion of Europe. The French People, free and respected by the whole world, shall give to Europe a glorious peace, which shall indemnify it for all the sacrifices which it has borne, the last six years. Then, by your own firesides you shall repose; and your fellow-citizens, when they point out any one of you, shall say: "*He* belonged to the army of Italy!"

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48. LORD BYRON TO THE GREEKS. — *Alphonse De Lamartine.*

Original Translation.

A STRANGER to your clime, O men of Greece! — born under a sun less pure, of an ancestry less renowned, than yours, — I feel how unworthy is the offering of the life I bring you — you, who number kings, heroes and demi-gods, among your progenitors. But, throughout the world, wherever the lustre of your history has shed its rays, — wherever the heart of man has thrilled at the thought of glory, or softened at the mention of misfortune, — Greece may count a friend, and her children an avenger. I come not here in the vain hope to stimulate the courage of men already roused and resolved. One sole cry remained for you, and you have uttered it. Your language has now one only word — Liberty! Ah! what other invocation need

the men of Sparta — of Athens — to bid them rise? These blue Heavens, these mountains, these waters, — here are your orators — here is your present Demosthenes! Wherever the eye can range, wherever the feet can tread, your consecrated soil recounts a triumph or a glorious death. From Leuctra to Marăthon, every inch of ground responds to you — cries to you — for vengeance! liberty! glory! virtue! country! These voices, which tyrants cannot stifle, demand, — not words, but steel. 'T is here! Receive it! Arm! Let the thirsting earth at length be refreshed with the blood of her oppressors! What sound more awakening to the brave than the clank of his country's fetters? Should the sword ever tremble in your grasp, remember yesterday! think of to-morrow!

For myself, in return for the alliance which I bring you, I ask but the recompense of an honorable grave. I ask but the privilege of shedding my blood with you, in your sacred cause. I ask but to know, in dying, that I too belong to Greece — to liberty! Yes, might the Pilgrim hope that, on the pillars of a new Parthĕnon, his name might, one day, be inscribed,— or, that in the nobler mausolēum of your hearts his memory might be cherished, — he were well content. The tomb where Freedom weeps can never have been prematurely reached by its inmate. Such martyrdom is blessed, indeed. What higher fortune can ambition covet?

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49. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, 1809. — *Rev. Charles Wolfe.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory!
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him — alone with his glory!

50. THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN, 1800. — *Thomas Campbell.*

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow;
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

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51. SONG OF THE GREEKS, 1822.—*Thomas Campbell.*

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree,—
It has been, and shall *yet* be, the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
And we 'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we 've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they 've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we *will* be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we 've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
But they *shall* not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:—
But we 've smote them already with fire on the *waves*,
And new triumphs on *land* are before us;—
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story?
Or brighten your lives with its glory?—
Our women—O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we 've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the god-like of earth.

Strike home! — and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion!
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms, —
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens!

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52. FALL OF WARSAW, 1794. — *Thomas Campbell.*

O! SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn:
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland — and to man!
Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid —
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live! — with her to die!
He said; and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly, —
"Revenge, or death!" — the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!
In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew; —
O! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,

Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career.
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!
O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Sion and of God?
Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
O! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell,— the Bruce of Bannockburn!
Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul, — and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

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53. MARCO BOZZARIS. — *Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: — "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring, —
Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on, — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke, to hear his sentries shriek, —
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek"
He woke, to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band: —
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires!
Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered; but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blesséd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine, —
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's, —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

54. THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE. — *G. W. Patten.*

Blaze, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I 've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow.
I 've scared you in the city; I 've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "blood" my battle-cry!

Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all; —
I battle for the joy I have to see the white man fall.
I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
Ye 've trailed me through the forest; ye 've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the everglade your bristling bayonets gleam.
But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you, — "Come not here!"

Think ye to find my homestead? — I gave it to the fire.
My tawny household do ye seek? — I am a childless sire.
But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and good;
I live on hate, — 't is all my bread; yet light is not my food.
I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
And I 'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I die!
I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
But I 'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the wave!

55. BATTLE HYMN. — *Theodore Korner. Born*, 1791; *fell in battle*, 1813.

Father of earth and Heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father! sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round the struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 't was that no cloud might lower
On my young fame! — O hear! God of eternal power!

Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
Forward, — through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
On them, hussars! Now give them rein and heel;
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:
Earth cries for blood! In thunder on them wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

PART THIRD.

SENATORIAL.

1. AGAINST PHILIP. — *Demosthenes. Original Translation.*

Demosthenes, whose claim to the title of the greatest of orators has not yet been superseded, was born at Athens, about 380 B. C. At the age of seventeen he determined to study eloquence, though his lungs were weak, his articulation imperfect, and his gestures awkward. These impediments he overcame by perseverance. When the encroachments of Philip, King of Macedon, alarmed the Grecian states, Demosthenes roused his countrymen to resistance by a series of harangues, so celebrated, that similar orations are, to this day, often styled Philippics. The influence which he acquired he employed for the good of his country. The charges that have come down of his cowardice and venality are believed to be calumnious. It is related of Demosthenes, that, while studying Oratory, he spoke with pebbles in his mouth, to cure himself of stammering; that he repeated verses of the poets as he ran up hill, to strengthen his voice; and that he declaimed on the sea-shore, to accustom himself to the tumult of a popular assembly. He died 322 B. C. The speeches of Demosthenes were delivered before *select*, not *accidental*, assemblages of the people; and they have here been placed under the Senatorial head, as partaking mostly of that style of Oratory. The first four extracts, from the first, third, eighth and ninth Philippics, which follow, together with the extract from Æschines on the Crown, are chiefly translated from Stiévenart's excellent and very spirited version.

Begin, O men of Athens, by not despairing of your situation, however deplorable it may seem; for the very cause of your former reverses offers the best encouragement for the future. And how? Your utter supineness, O Athenians, has brought about your disasters. If these had come upon you in spite of your most strenuous exertions, then only might all hopes of an amelioration in your affairs be abandoned. When, then, O my countrymen! when will you do your duty? What wait you? Truly, an event! or else, by Jupiter, necessity! But how can we construe otherwise what has already occurred? For myself, I can conceive of no necessity more urgent to free souls than the pressure of dishonor. Tell me, is it your wish to go about the public places, here and there, continually, asking, "What is there new?" Ah! what should there be new, if not that a Macedonian could conquer Athens, and lord it over Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No, by Jupiter! he is sick." Dead or sick, what matters it to you? If he were to die, and your vigilance were to continue slack as now, you would cause a new Philip to rise up at once, — since this one owes his aggrandizement less to his own power than to your inertness!

It is a matter of astonishment to me, O Athenians, that none of you are aroused either to reflection or to anger, in beholding a war, begun for the chastisement of Philip, degenerate at last into a war of defence against him. And it is evident that he will not stop even yet, unless we bar his progress. But where, it is asked, shall we make a descent?

Let us but attack, O, Athenians, and the war itself will disclose the enemy's weak point. But, if we tarry at home, lazily listening to speech-makers, in their emulous abuse of one another, never, — no, never, shall we accomplish a single necessary step!

Some among you, retailing the news, affirm that Philip is plotting with Lacedæmon the ruin of Thebes and the dismemberment of our democracies; others make him send ambassadors to the Great King; others tell us he is fortifying places in Illyria. All have their different stories. For myself, Athenians, I do, by the Gods, believe that this man is intoxicated by his magnificent exploits; I believe that a thousand dazzling projects lure his imagination; and that, seeing no barrier opposed to his career, he is inflated by success. But, trust me, he does not so combine his plans that all our fools of low degree may penetrate them; which fools — who are they but the gossips? If, leaving them to their reveries, we would consider that this man is our enemy, — our despoiler, — that we have long endured his insolence; that all the succors, on which we counted, have been turned against us; that henceforth our only resource is in ourselves; that, to refuse now to carry the war into *his* dominions, would surely be to impose upon us the fatal necessity of sustaining it at the gates of Athens; — if we would comprehend all this, we should then know what it imports us to know, and discard all idiot conjectures. For it is not your duty to dive into the future; but it *does* behoove you to look in the face the calamities which that future *must* bring, unless you shake off your present heedless inactivity.

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2. DEGENERACY OF ATHENS. — *Demosthenes. Original Translation.*

Contrast, O men of Athens, your conduct with that of your ancestors. Loyal towards the People of Greece, religious towards the Gods, faithful to the rule of civic equality, they mounted, by a sure path, to the summit of prosperity. What is your condition, under your present complaisant rulers? Is it still the same? Has it in any respect changed? In how many! I confine myself to this simple fact: Sparta prostrate, Thebes occupied elsewhere, — with no power capable of disputing our sovereignty, — able, in fact, in the peaceable possession of our own domains, to be the umpire of other Nations, — what have we done? We have lost our own provinces; and dissipated, with no good result, more than fifteen hundred talents; the allies which we had gained by war your counsellors have deprived us of by peace; and we have trained up to power our formidable foe. Whosoever denies this, let him stand forth, and tell me where, then, has this Philip drawn his strength, if not from the very bosom of Athens?

Ah! but surely, if abroad we have been weakened, our interior administration is more flourishing. And what are the evidences of this? A few whitewashed ramparts, repaired roads, fountains, baga-

telles! Turn — turn your eyes on the functionaries, to whom we owe these vanities. This one has passed from misery to opulence; that one, from obscurity to splendor. Another has built for himself sumptuous palaces, which look down upon the edifices of the State. Indeed, the more the public fortunes have declined, the more have theirs ascended. Tell us the meaning of these contrasts! Why is it, that formerly all prospered, while now all is in jeopardy? It is because formerly the People, itself, daring to wage war, was the master of its functionaries, the sovereign dispenser of all favors. It is because individual citizens were then glad to receive from the People honors, magistracies, benefits. How are the times changed! All favors are in the gift of our functionaries; everything is under their control; while you — you, the People! — enervated in your habits, mutilated in your means, and weakened in your allies, stand like so many supernumeraries and lackeys, too happy if your worthy chiefs distribute to you the fund for the theatre — if they throw to you a meagre pittance! And — last degree of baseness! — you kiss the hand which thus makes largess to you of your own! Do they not imprison you within your own walls, beguile you to your ruin, tame you and fashion you to their yoke? Never, O! never can a manly pride and a noble courage impel men, subjected to vile and unworthy actions! The life is necessarily the image of the heart. And your degeneracy — by Heaven, I should not be surprised if I, in charging it home upon you, exposed *myself*, rather than those who have brought you to it, to your resentment! To be candid, frankness of speech does not every day gain the entrance of your ears; and that you suffer it now, may well be matter of astonishment!

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3. A DEMOCRACY HATEFUL TO PHILIP. — *Id. Original Translation.*

THERE are persons among you, O Athenians, who think to confound a speaker by asking, "What, then, is to be done?" To which I might answer: "Nothing that you are doing — everything that you leave undone!" And it would be a just and a true reply. But I will be more explicit; and may these men, so ready to question, be equally ready to act! In the first place, Athenians, admit the incontestable fact, that Philip has broken your treaties, — that he has declared war against you. Let us have no more crimination and recrimination on this point! And then, recognize the fact, that he is the mortal enemy of Athens, — of its very soil, — of all within its walls, — ay, of those even who most flatter themselves that they are high in his good graces. For, what Philip most dreads and abhors is our liberty — our Democratic system. For the destruction of that, all his snares are laid, all his projects are shaped! And in this is he not consistent? He is well aware that, though he should subjugate all the rest of Greece, his conquest would be insecure, while your Democracy stands. He knows that, should he experience one

of those reverses to which the lot of humanity is so liable, it would be into your arms that all those Nations, now forcibly held under his yoke, would rush. Is there a Tyrant to be driven back? — Athens is in the field! Is there a People to be enfranchised? — Lo, Athens, prompt to aid! What wonder, then, that Philip should be impatient while Athenian liberty is a spy upon his evil days? Be sure, O my countrymen, that he is your irreconcilable foe; that it is against Athens that he musters and disposes all his armaments; against Athens that all his schemes are laid.

What, then, ought you, as wise men, convinced of these truths, to do? You ought to shake off your fatal lethargy, contribute according to your means, summon your allies to contribute, and take measures to retain the troops already under arms; so that, if Philip has an army prepared to attack and subjugate all the Greeks, you may also have one ready to succor and to save them. Tell me not of the trouble and expense which this will involve. I grant it all. But consider the dangers that menace you, and how much you will be the gainers by engaging heartily, at once, in the general cause. Indeed, should some God assure you that, however inactive and unconcerned you might remain, yet, in the end, you should not be molested by Philip, still it would be ignominious, — be witness, Heaven! — it would be beneath you — beneath the dignity of your State — beneath the glory of your ancestors — to sacrifice, to your own selfish repose, the interests of all the rest of Greece. Rather would I perish than recommend such a course! Let some other man urge it upon you, if he will; and listen to him, if you can. But, if my sentiments are yours, — if you foresee, as I do, that the more we leave Philip to extend his conquests, the more we are fortifying an enemy, whom, sooner or later, we must cope with, — why do you hesitate? What wait you? When will you put forth your strength? Wait you the constraint of necessity? What necessity do you wait? Can there be a greater for freemen than the prospect of dishonor? Do you wait for that? It is here already; it presses — it weighs on us now. Now, did I say? Long since — long since, was it before us, face to face. True, there is still another necessity in reserve — the necessity of slaves — blows and stripes! Wait you for *them?* The Gods forbid! The very words, in this place, are an indignity!

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4. VENALITY THE RUIN OF GREECE. — *Id. Original Translation.*

If ever, O men of Athens, the People of Greece felt the rigor of your rule, or of that of Sparta, their masters were at least their countrymen. But where is our just indignation against Philip and his usurpations? — Philip, who is no Greek, and no way allied to Greece, — Philip, who is not even a Barbarian of illustrious origin, but a miserable Macedonian, born in a country where not even a decent slave could be procured! And yet, has he not exhausted his

resources of outrage against us? Without mentioning the Grecian cities which he has sacked, does he not take it upon himself to preside at the Pythian games, a celebration exclusively national? And, if absent himself, does he not delegate his slaves to award the crowns? Master of Thermopylæ, and of all the passes of Greece, does he not hold these posts by his garrisons and foreign troops? Does he not place governors over Thessaly, at his pleasure? Has he not wrested Echīnus from the Thebans? Is he not, at this moment, on his march against Byzantium — Byzantium, the ally of Athens! And if such is his audacity towards collective Greece, what will it be when he has mastered us all in detail?

And now, why is all this? For, not without a cause could Greece, once so jealous of freedom, now be resigned to servitude. The cause is here. Once, O Athenians, in the hearts of all our People, a sentiment presided, which is paramount no more; a sentiment which triumphed over Persian gold, and maintained Greece free, and invincible by land and sea; but the loss of that sentiment has brought down ruin, and left the country in the dust. What was it — this sentiment, so powerful? Was it the result of any subtle policy of State? No: it was a universal hatred for the bribed traitors, in the pay of those Powers, seeking to subdue or dishonor Greece! Venality was a capital offence, and punished with the extremest rigor. Pardon, palliation, were not thought of. And so, orators and generals could not with impunity barter those favorable conjunctures which Fortune oftentimes presents to negligence and inactivity, against vigilance and vigor. The public concord, the general hatred and distrust of Tyrants and Barbarians, all the guarantees of liberty, were inaccessible to the power of gold. But now all these are offered for sale in the open market! And, in exchange, we have an importation of morals which are desolating and destroying Greece. What do they exhibit? Envy, for the recipient of base bribes; derision, should he confess his crime; pardon, should he be convicted; and resentment towards his accuser! — in a word, all the laxities which engender corruption.

In vessels, in troops, in revenues, in the various resources of war, in all that constitutes the strength of a State, we are richer than ever before; but all these advantages are paralyzed, crushed, by an infamous traffic. And all this you behold with your own eyes, and my testimony in regard to it is quite superfluous!

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5. DEMOSTHENES DENOUNCED. — *Æschĭnes on the Crown. Original Translation.*

When Demosthenes boasts to you, O Athenians, of his Democratic zeal, examine, not his harangues, but his life; not what he professes to be, but what he really is; — redoubtable in words, impotent in deeds; plausible in speech, perfidious in action. As to his courage — has he not himself, before the assembled People, confessed his poltroonery? By the laws of Athens, the man who refuses to bear arms, the coward,

the deserter of his post in battle, is excluded from all share in the public deliberations — denied admission to our religious rites, and rendered incapable of receiving the honor of a crown. Yet now it is proposed to crown a man whom your laws expressly disqualify!

Which, think you, was the more worthy citizen, — Themistŏcles, who commanded your fleet when you vanquished the Persian at Salămis, or Demosthenes the deserter? — Miltĭades, who conquered the Barbarians at Marăthon, or this hireling traitor? — Aristĭdés, surnamed the Just, or Demosthenes, who merits a far different surname? By all the Gods of Olympus, it is a profanation to mention in the same breath this monster and those great men! Let him cite, if he can, one among them all to whom a crown was decreed. And was Athens ungrateful? No! She was magnanimous; and those uncrowned citizens were worthy of Athens. They placed their glory, not in the letter of a decree, but in the remembrance of a country, of which they had merited well, — in the living, imperishable remembrance!

And now a popular orator — the mainspring of our calamities — a deserter from the field of battle, a deserter from the city — claims of us a crown, exacts the honor of a proclamation! Crown *him?* Proclaim *his* worth? My countrymen, this would not be to exalt Demosthenes, but to degrade yourselves, — to dishonor those brave men who perished for you in battle. Crown *him!* Shall *his* recreancy win what was denied to *their* devotion? This would indeed be to insult the memory of the dead, and to paralyze the emulation of the living!

When Demosthenes tells you that, as ambassador, he wrested Byzantium from Philip, — that, as orator, he roused the Acarnanians, and subdued the Thebans, — let not the braggart impose on you. He flatters himself that the Athenians are simpletons enough to believe him, — as if in him they cherished the very genius of persuasion, instead of a vile calumniator. But, when, at the close of his defence, he shall summon to his aid his accomplices in corruption, imagine then, O Athenians, that you behold, at the foot of this tribune, from which I now address you, the great benefactors of the Republic arrayed against them. Solon, who environed our liberty with the noblest institutions, — Solon, the philosopher, the mighty legislator, — with that benignity so characteristic, implores you not to pay more regard to the honeyed phrases of Demosthenes than to your own oaths, your own laws. Aristides, who fixed for Greece the apportionment of her contributions, and whose orphan daughters were dowered by the People, is moved to indignation at this prostitution of justice, and exclaims: "Think on your fathers! Arthmĭus of Zelia brought gold from Mēdĭa into Greece, and, for the act, barely escaped death in banishment; and now Demosthenes, who has not merely *brought* gold, but who *received* it as the price of treachery, and still retains it, — Demosthenes it is unblushingly proposed to invest with a golden crown!" From those who fell at Marathon and at Platæa — from Themistocles — from the very sepulchres of your ancestors — issues the protesting groan of condemnation and rebuke!

6. EXORDIUM. — *Demosthenes on the Crown. Lord Brougham's Translation.*

Some authorities state that Æschĭnes was born 397 years B. C.; and others, that he was born 389 B. C., and was only four years the senior of Demosthenes. During the war with Philip, Æschĭnes became a strenuous advocate of compromise and peace — Demosthenes being as resolutely in favor of active resistance. After the battle of Cheronæa, Demosthenes was intrusted with the repairing of the fortifications of the city. The cost of the work was thirteen talents, of which he paid three from his own purse. Ctesĭphon proposed that a golden crown should be voted him. Æschĭnes maintained that, under the circumstances, the proposal was illegal, and brought a suit nominally against Ctesĭphon, but really to crush Demosthenes. From various causes, the trial was delayed eight years. At last it came on. The accuser's speech was a great effort. But Demosthenes was irresistible. "The greatest oration of the greatest of orators," is the phrase which Lord Brougham applies to the Oration on the Crown. Ctesĭphon was acquitted by a considerable majority. Æschĭnes went into banishment at Rhodes, where he set up a school of rhetoric. He once read the oration of Demosthenes to his pupils. Upon their expressing their admiration of it, he said, "What would you have thought, had you heard the lion himself?"

Let me begin, Men of Athens, by imploring, of all the Heavenly Powers, that the same kindly sentiments which I have, throughout my public life, cherished towards this country and each one of you, may now by you be shown towards me in the present contest! In two respects my adversary plainly has the advantage of me. First, we have not the same interests at stake: it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for Æschĭnes, an unprovoked volunteer, to fail in his impeachment. My other disadvantage is, the natural proneness of men to lend a pleased attention to invective and accusation, but to give little heed to him whose theme is his own vindication. To my adversary, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to me there is only left that which, I may almost say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if I do not speak of myself and my own conduct, I shall appear defenceless against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned. This, therefore, I must do; but it shall be with moderation. And bear in mind that the blame of my dwelling on personal topics must justly rest upon him who has instituted this personal Impeachment.

At least, my Judges, you will admit that this question concerns me as much as Ctesĭphon, and justifies on my part an equal anxiety. To be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous to bear; but to be robbed of your confidence and esteem, — of all possessions the most precious, — is indeed intolerable. Such, then, being my stake in this cause, I conjure you all to give ear to my defence against these charges, with that impartiality which the laws enjoin, — those laws first given by Solon, and which he fixed, not only by engraving them on brazen tables, but by the sanction of the oaths you take when sitting in judgment; because he perceived that, the accuser being armed with the advantage of speaking first, the accused can have no chance of resisting his charges, unless you, his Judges, keeping the oath sworn before Heaven, shall receive with favor the defence which comes last, and, lending an equal ear to both parties, shall thus make up your minds upon the whole of the case.

But, on this day, when I am about to render up an account, as it should seem, of my whole life, both public and private, I would again, as in the outset, implore the Gods, and in your presence pour out to

them my supplications,— first, to grant me at your hands the same kindness, in this conflict, which I have ever borne towards our country and all of you; and next, that they may incline you all to pronounce upon this Impeachment the decision which shall best consult the glory of the State, and the religious obligations of each individual Judge!

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7. PUBLIC SPIRIT OF ATHENIANS.—*Demosthenes on the Crown.*

The Athenians never were known to live contented in a slavish though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No. Our whole history is a series of gallant contests for preëminence: the whole period of our national existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And with reason: for, who can reflect, without astonishment, on the magnanimity of those men who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, rather than live at the bidding of a stranger? The Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of easy slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breast, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country. And mark the distinction. He who regards himself as born only to his parents waits in passive submission for the hour of his natural dissolution. He who considers that he is the child of his country, also, volunteers to meet death rather than behold that country reduced to vassalage; and thinks those insults and disgraces which he must endure, in a state enslaved, much more terrible than death.

Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration,— he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers,— while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For, if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune. — But it cannot be! No, my countrymen, it cannot be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and safety of all Greece. No! I swear it by the spirits of our sires, who rushed upon destruction at Marathon! — by those who stood arrayed at Platæa! — by

those who fought the sea-fight at Salămis! — by the men of Artemisium! — by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in our public sepulchres! — all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, Æschĭnes; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious. — And with reason. What was the part of gallant men, they all performed. Their success was such as the supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each.

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8. DEMOSTHENES NOT VANQUISHED BY PHILIP. — *Demosthenes on the Crown. Lord Brougham's Translation.*

A WICKED thing, Athenians, a wicked thing is a calumniator, ever; — querulous and industrious in seeking pretences of complaint. But this creature is despicable by nature, and incapable of any trace of generous and noble deeds; ape of a tragedian, third-rate actor, spurious orator! For what, Æschines, does your eloquence profit the country? You now descant upon what is past and gone; as if a physician, when called to patients in a sinking state, should give no advice, nor prescribe any course by which the disease might be cured; but, after one of them had died, and the last offices were performing to his remains, should follow him to the grave, and expound how the poor man never would have died had such and such things only been done. Moonstricken! is it now that at length you too speak out?

As to the defeat, that incident in which you so exult (wretch! who should rather mourn for it), — look through my whole conduct, and you shall find nothing there that brought down this calamity on my country. Consider only, Athenians: Never, from any embassy upon which you sent me, did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors; not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantians, nor from any other quarter whatever, — nor finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither Philip marched, and carried the day by his arms. Do you, then, exact this of me; and are you not ashamed, at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone? For what other weapons had I? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortune of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But, whatever a minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description? To descry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach. All this I have done. Then, to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays, and backwardness, and ignorance, and contentiousness, — faults which are inherent and unavoidable in all States; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty: — and all these things I likewise did, nor can any

man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs. Well, then, I neither had armies, nor did I command them; and therefore the argument respecting military operations cannot touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to bribes, there I conquered Philip! For, as he who purchases any one overcomes him who has received the price and sold himself, so he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered.

2. CATALINE DENOUNCED. — *Cicero.*

Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators, was born at Arpīnum, 106 B. C., two hundred and sixteen years after the death of Demosthenes. Having taken part against Antony, after the assassination of Cæsar, Cicero was proscribed. He was murdered by a party of soldiers, headed by Popilius Lænas, whose life he had formerly saved by his eloquence; and his head and hands were publicly exhibited on the rostrum at Rome. He perished in his sixty-fourth year, 43 B. C. His writings are voluminous. As an orator, Cicero ranks next to Demosthenes; and his orations against Catiline and Verres are masterpieces of denunciatory eloquence.

How far, O Catĭline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch, posted to secure the Palātĭum? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed? — that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge, here in the Senate? — that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; — the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas, the times! Alas, the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The Consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council,— takes part in our deliberations, — and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the State, if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the Consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others! There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree, — though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard, — a decree, by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late, than any man

too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found, so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized, by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the Republic, without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason — the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noon-day, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire, as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the State, than thou in plotting its destruction!

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10. CATILINE EXPELLED. — *Cicero.*

At length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason! Would that his attendants had not been so few! Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures; be speedy, and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your society. Haste to join the congenial crew that compose his army; *his* army, I say, — for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder and conflagration!

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies; and first to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your Consuls and Generals; next, against that miserable, outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy! On the one side chastity contends; on the other, wantonness: here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were even human aid to fail, would not the immortal Gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

11. VERRES DENOUNCED. — *Cicero.*

An opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the State, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or of a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? The public treasure squandered, a Consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a People trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosānus? And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips, — words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection, — you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, — now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman People, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country,

restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin, on the Commonwealth!

12. AGAINST THE NOBILITY AND CLERGY OF PROVENCE, Feb. 3, 1789. — *Original Translation from Mirabeau.*

Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon, in France, on the 9th of March, 1749. The early part of his life was one of disorder and misery. The French Revolution offered a field for his energies. Being rejected, at the time of the elections, by the nobility of Provence, he hired a warehouse, put up this inscription, — "Mirabeau, woollen-draper,"— and was elected deputy from the third estate of Aix. His contemporaries speak of the effect of his eloquence as surprising and irresistible. "He trod the tribune with the supreme authority of a master, and the imperial air of a king." Personally, he was quite ugly. He himself has said, in a letter to a lady who had not seen him: — "Imagine a tiger scarred with the small-pox, and you may form some notion of my features." "He was a man," says one of his critics, "who, by his qualities no less than by the singularity of his fortune, is destined to take his place in history by the side of the Demosthenes, the Gracchi, and the other kindred spirits of an antiquity whose gigantic characteristics he so frequently reproduced." He died 1791.

In the French National Assembly, every speaker who addresses that body formally, instead of speaking from his seat, as in the legislative halls of England and the United States, ascends an elevated platform, or pulpit, called a *tribune*, from which he makes his harangue.

In all countries, in all ages, have aristocrats implacably pursued the friends of the People; and when, by I know not what combination of fortune, such a friend has uprisen from the very bosom of the aristocracy, it has been at him preëminently that they have struck, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. So perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the Patricians. But, mortally smitten, he flung dust towards Heaven, calling the avenging Gods to witness: and, from that dust, sprang Marĭus; — Marĭus, less illustrious for having exterminated the Cimbri than for having beaten down the despotism of the nobility in Rome.

But you, Commons, listen to one, who, unseduced by your applauses, yet cherishes them in his heart. Man is strong only by union; happy only by peace. Be firm, not obstinate; courageous, not turbulent; free, not undisciplined; prompt, not precipitate. Stop not except at difficulties of moment; and be then wholly inflexible. But disdain the contentions of self-love, and never thrust into the balance the individual against the country. Above all, hasten, as much as in you lies, the epoch of those States-General, from which you are charged with flinching, — the more acrimoniously charged, the more your accusers dread the results; of those States-General, through which so many pretensions will be scattered, so many rights reëstablished, so many evils reformed; of those States-General, in short, through which the monarch himself desires that France should regenerate herself.

For myself, who, in my public career, have had no other fear but that of wrong-doing, — who, girt with my conscience, and armed with my principles, would brave the universe, — whether it shall be my fortune to serve you with my voice and my exertions in the National Assembly, or whether I shall be enabled to aid you there with my

prayers only, be sure that the vain clamors, the wrathful menaces, the injurious protestations, — all the convulsions, in a word, of expiring prejudices, — shall not on *me* impose! What! shall *he* now pause in his civic course, who, first among all the men of France, emphatically proclaimed his opinions on national affairs, at a time when circumstances were much less urgent than now, and the task one of much greater peril? Never! No measure of outrages shall bear down my patience. I *have* been, I *am*, I *shall* be, even to the tomb, the man of the Public Liberty, the man of the Constitution. If to be such be to become the man of the People rather than of the Nobles, then woe to the privileged orders! For privileges shall have an end, but the People is eternal!

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13. NECKER'S FINANCIAL PLAN, SEPT. 26, 1789. — *Mirabeau. Orig. Translation.*

Necker, the minister of finance, having proposed an income tax of twenty-five per cent., with other measures, in view of the desperate state of the financial affairs of France, the proposition was advocated by Mirabeau, who did not, however, profess to comprehend or endorse all its details. Although a known enemy to the minister, he magnanimously made two speeches in behalf of his measure; without, however, inducing the Assembly to pass it, until, on the eve of its being rejected, Mirabeau rushed to the Tribune, and poured forth a last appeal, an abridgment of which is here given. This speech proved effectual. The Assembly received it with shouts of enthusiasm; and Necker's plan was adopted. Madame de Stael (Necker's daughter), who was near Mirabeau at the time of the delivery of this speech, says that "its effect was prodigious."

THE minister of finance has presented a most alarming picture of the state of our affairs. He has assured us that delay must aggravate the peril; and that a day, an hour, an instant, may render it fatal. We have no plan that can be substituted for that which he proposes. On this plan, therefore, we must fall back. But, have we time, Gentlemen ask, to examine it, to probe it thoroughly, and verify its calculations? No, no! a thousand times no! Hap-hazard conjectures, insignificant inquiries, gropings that can but mislead, — these are all that we can give to it now. Shall we therefore miss the decisive moment? Do Gentlemen hope to escape sacrifices and taxation by a plunge into national bankruptcy? What, then, is bankruptcy, but the most cruel, the most iniquitous, most unequal and disastrous of imposts? Listen to me for one moment!

Two centuries of plunder and abuse have dug the abyss which threatens to engulf the Nation. It must be filled up — this terrible chasm. But how? Here is a list of proprietors. Choose from the wealthiest, in order that the smallest number of citizens may be sacrificed. But choose! Shall not a few perish, that the mass of the People may be saved? Come, then! Here are two thousand Notables, whose property will supply the deficit. Restore order to your finances, peace and prosperity to the Kingdom! Strike! Immolate, without mercy, these unfortunate victims! Hurl them into the abyss! — It closes!

You recoil with dismay from the contemplation. Inconsistent and pusillanimous! What! Do you not perceive that, in decreeing a public bankruptcy, or, what is worse, in rendering it inevitable with-

out decreeing it, you disgrace yourselves by an act a thousand times more criminal, and — folly inconceivable! — gratuitously criminal? For, in the shocking alternative I have supposed, at least the deficit would be wiped off. But do you imagine that, in refusing to pay, you shall cease to owe? Think you that the thousands, the millions of men, who will lose in an instant, by the terrible explosion of a bankruptcy, or its revulsion, all that formed the consolation of their lives, and perhaps their sole means of subsistence, — think you that they will leave you to the peaceable fruition of your crime? Stoical spectators of the incalculable evils which this catastrophe would disgorge upon France; impenetrable egotists, who fancy that these convulsions of despair and of misery will pass, as other calamities have passed, — and all the more rapidly because of their intense violence, — are you, indeed, certain that so many men without bread will leave you tranquilly to the enjoyment of those savory viands, the number and delicacy of which you are so loth to diminish? No! you will perish; and, in the universal conflagration, which you do not shrink from kindling, you will not, in losing your honor, save a single one of your detestable indulgences. This is the way we are going. And I say to you, that the men who, above all others, are interested in the enforcement of these sacrifices which the Government demands, are you yourselves! Vote, then, this subsidy extraordinary; and may it prove sufficient! Vote it, inasmuch as whatever doubts you may entertain as to the means, — doubts vague and unenlightened, — you can have none as to the necessity, or as to our inability to provide — immediately, at least — a substitute. Vote it, because the circumstances of the country admit of no evasion, and we shall be responsible for all delays. Beware of demanding more time! Misfortune accords it never. Why, Gentlemen, it was but the other day, that, in reference to a ridiculous commotion at the Palais-Royal,* — a Quixotic insurrection, which never had any importance save in the feeble imaginations or perverse designs of certain faithless men, — you heard these wild words: "*Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet you deliberate!*" And verily there was neither a Catiline nor a Rome; neither perils nor factions around you. But, to-day, bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is there before you, and threatens to consume you, yourselves, your property, your honor, — and yet you deliberate!

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14. ON THE REFUSAL OF THE CHAMBER OF VACATIONS OF RENNES TO OBEY THE DECREES OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, JAN. 9, 1790. — *Original Translation from Mirabeau.*

WHEN, during our session yesterday, those words which you have taught Frenchmen to unlearn — *orders, privileges* — fell on my ears; when a private corporation of one of the Provinces of this Empire

* The *s* in *Palais* is mute, and the diphthong *ai* has the sound of *ai* in *air*, before the *r* is reached. The French pronunciation of *Royal* may be expressed in English thus: *Roh-ah-ee-ahl;* but the syllables must be fused rapidly in the utterance.

spoke to you of the impossibility of consenting to the execution of your decrees, sanctioned by the King; when certain magistrates declared to you, that *their conscience and their honor* forbade their obedience to your laws, — I said to myself, Are these, then, dethroned sovereigns, who, in a transport of imprudent but generous pride, are addressing successful usurpers? No; these are men, whose arrogant pretensions have too long been an insult to all ideas of social order; champions, even more interested than audacious, of a system which has cost France centuries of oppression, public and private, political and fiscal, feudal and judicial, — and whose hope is to make us regret and revive that system. The people of Brittăny have sent among you sixty-six representatives, who assure you that the new Constitution crowns all their wishes; — and here come eleven Judges of the Province, who cannot consent that you should be the benefactors of their country. They have disobeyed your laws; and they pride themselves on their disobedience, and believe it will make their names honored by posterity. No, Gentlemen, the remembrance of their folly will not pass to posterity. What avail their pigmy efforts to brace themselves against the progress of a Revolution the grandest and most glorious in the world's history, and one that must infallibly change the face of the globe and the lot of humanity? Strange presumption, that would arrest liberty in its course, and roll back the destinies of a great Nation!

It is not to antiquated transactions, — it is not to musty treaties, wherein fraud combined with force to chain men to the car of certain haughty masters, — that the National Assembly have resorted, in their investigations into popular rights. The titles we offer are more imposing by far; ancient as time, sacred and imprescriptible as Nature! What! Must the terms of the marriage contract of one Anne of Brittăny make the People of that Province slaves to the Nobles till the consummation of the ages? These refractory magistrates speak of the statutes which "*immutably* fix our powers of legislation." *Immutably* fix! O, how that word tears the veil from their innermost thoughts! How would they like to have abuses *immutable* upon the earth, and evil eternal! Indeed, what is lacking to their felicity but the *perpetuity* of that feudal scourge, which unhappily has lasted *only six centuries?* But it is in vain that they rage. All now is changed or changing. There is nothing immutable save reason — save the sovereignty of the People — save the inviolability of its decrees!

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15. IN REPLY TO THOSE WHO DENIED THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY THE LEGITIMATE POWERS OF A NATIONAL CONVENTION, April 19, 1790. — *Mirabeau. Original Translation.*

It is with difficulty, Gentlemen, that I can repress an emotion of indignation, when I hear hostile rhetoricians continually oppose the Nation to the National Assembly, and endeavor to excite a sort of rivalry between them. As if it were not through the National

Assembly that the Nation had recognized, recovered, reconquered its rights! As if it were not through the National Assembly that the French had, in truth, become a Nation! As if, surrounded by the monuments of our labors, our dangers, our services, we could become suspected by the People — formidable to the liberties of the People! As if the regards of two worlds upon you fixed, as if the spectacle of your glory, as if the gratitude of so many millions, as if the very pride of a generous conscience, which would have to blush too deeply to belie itself, — were not a sufficient guarantee of your fidelity, of your patriotism, of your virtue!

Commissioned to form a Constitution for France, I will not ask whether, with that authority, we did not receive also the power to do all that was necessary to complete, establish, and confirm that Constitution. I will not ask, ought we to have lost in pusillanimous consultations the time of action, while nascent Liberty would have received her death-blow? But if Gentlemen insist on demanding when and how, from simple deputies of bailiwicks, we became all at once transformed into a National Convention, I reply, It was on that day, when, finding the hall where we were to assemble closed, and bristling and polluted with bayonets, we resorted to the first place where we could reünite, to swear to perish rather than submit to such an order of things! That day, if we were not a National Convention, we became one; became one for the destruction of arbitrary power, and for the defence of the rights of the Nation from all violence. The strivings of Despotism which we have quelled, the perils which we have averted, the violence which we have repressed, — these are our titles! Our successes have consecrated them; the adhesion, so often renewed, of all parts of the Empire, has legitimized and sanctified them. Summoned to its task by the irresistible tocsin of necessity, our National Convention is above all imitation, as it is above all authority. It is accountable only to itself, and can be judged only by posterity.

Gentlemen, you all remember the instance of that Roman, who, to save his country from a dangerous conspiracy, had been constrained to overstep the powers conferred on him by the laws. A captious Tribune exacted of him the oath that he had respected those laws; hoping, by this insidious demand, to drive the Consul to the alternative of perjury or of an embarrassing avowal. "Swear," said the Tribune, "that you have observed the laws." "I swear," replied the great man, — "I swear that I have saved the Republic." Gentlemen, I swear that you have saved France!

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16. ON BEING SUSPECTED OF RECEIVING OVERTURES FROM THE COURT, May 22, 1790. — *Mirabeau. Original Translation.*

It would be an important step towards the reconciliation of political opponents, if they would clearly signify on what points they agree, and on what they differ. To this end, friendly discussions avail more, far more, than calumnious insinuations, furious invectives, the acerbities of

partisan rivalry, the machinations of intrigue and malevolence. For eight days, now, it has been given out that those members of the National Assembly in favor of the provision requiring the concurrence of the royal will for the exercise of the right of peace and war are parricides of the public liberty. Rumors of perfidy, of corruption, have been bruited. Popular vengeance has been invoked to enforce the tyranny of opinion; and denunciations have been uttered, as if, on a subject involving one of the most delicate and difficult questions affecting the organization of society, persons could not dissent without a crime. What strange madness, what deplorable infatuation, is this, which thus incites against one another men whom — let debate run never so high — one common object, one indestructible sentiment of patriotism, ought always to bring together, always to reünite; but who thus substitute, alas! the irascibility of self-love for devotion to the public good, and give one another over, without compunction, to the hatred and distrust of the People!

And *me*, too — *me*, but the other day, they would have borne in triumph; — and *now* they cry in the streets, THE GREAT TREASON OF THE COUNT OF MIRABEAU! I needed not this lesson to teach me, *how short the distance from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock!* But the man who battles for reason, for country, does not so easily admit that he is vanquished. He who has the consciousness that he deserves well of that country, and, above all, that he is still able to serve her; who disdains a vain celebrity, and prizes veritable glory above the successes of the day; who would speak the truth, and labor for the public weal, independently of the fluctuations of popular opinion, — such a man carries in his own breast the recompense of his services, the solace of his pains, the reward of his dangers. The harvest *he* looks for — the destiny, the only destiny, to which *he* aspires — is that of his good name; and for that he is content to trust to time, — to time, that incorruptible judge, who dispenses justice to all!

Let those who, for these eight days past, have been ignorantly predicting my opinion, — who, at this moment, calumniate my discourse without comprehending it, — let them charge me, if they will, with beginning to offer incense to the impotent idols I have overturned — with being the vile stipendiary of men whom I have never ceased to combat; let them denounce as an enemy of the Revolution *him*, who at least has contributed so much to its cause, that his safety, if not his glory, lies in its support; — let them deliver over to the rage of a deceived People *him*, who, for twenty years, has warred against oppression in all its forms; — who spoke to Frenchmen of Liberty, of a Constitution, of Resistance, at a time when his vile calumniators were sucking the milk of Courts, — living on those dominant abuses which he denounced: — what matters it? These underhand attacks shall not stop me in my career. I will say to my traducers, Answer if you can, and then calumniate to your heart's content! And now I reënter the lists, armed only with my principles, and a steadfast conscience.

17. EULOGIUM ON FRANKLIN, JUNE 11, 1790. — *Mirabeau. Original Translation.*

FRANKLIN is dead! Restored to the bosom of the Divinity is that genius which gave freedom to America, and rayed forth torrents of light upon Europe. The sage whom two worlds claim — the man whom the History of Empires and the History of Science alike contend for — occupied, it cannot be denied, a lofty rank among his species. Long enough have political Cabinets signalized the death of those who were great in their funeral eulogies only. Long enough has the etiquette of Courts prescribed hypocritical mournings. For their benefactors only, should Nations assume the emblems of grief; and the Representatives of Nations should commend only the heroes of humanity to public veneration.

In the fourteen States of the Confederacy, Congress has ordained a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin; and America is at this moment acquitting herself of this tribute of honor to one of the Fathers of her Constitution. Would it not become us, Gentlemen, to unite in this religious act; to participate in this homage, publicly rendered, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who has contributed most largely to their vindication throughout the world? Antiquity would have erected altars to this great and powerful genius, who, to promote the welfare of mankind, comprehending both the Heavens and the Earth in the range of his thought, could at once snatch the bolt from the cloud and the sceptre from tyrants. France, enlightened and free, owes at least the acknowledgment of her remembrance and regret to one of the greatest intellects that ever served the united cause of philosophy and liberty. I propose that it be now decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning, during three days, for Benjamin Franklin.

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18. THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE. — *Original Translation from Mirabeau.*

WE are reproached with having refused to decree that the Catholic religion, Apostolic and Roman, is the national religion. To declare the Christian religion *national*, would be to dishonor it in its most intimate and essential characteristic. In general terms, it may be said, that religion is not, and cannot be, a relation between the individual man and society. It is a relation between him and the Infinite Being. Would you understand what was meant by a national conscience? Religion is no more *national* than conscience! A man is not veritably religious in so far as he is attached to the religion of a Nation. If there were but one religion in the world, and all men were agreed in professing it, it would be none the less true that each would have the sincere sentiment of religion so far only as he should be himself religious with a religion of his own; that is to say, so far only as he would be wedded to that universal religion, even though the whole human race were to abjure it. And so, from whatever point we consider religion, to term it *national* is to give it a designation insignificant or absurd.

Would it be as the arbiter of its truth, or as the judge of its aptitude to form good citizens, that the Legislature would make a religion constitutional? But, in the first place, are there *national* truths? In the second place, can it be ever useful to the public happiness to fetter the conscience of men by a law of the State? The law unites us only in those points where adhesion is essential to social organization. Those points belong only to the superficies of our being. In thought and conscience men remain isolated; and their association leaves to them, in these respects, the absolute freedom of the state of nature.

What a spectacle would it be for those early Christians, who, to escape the sword of Persecution, were obliged to consecrate their altars in caves or amid ruins, — what a spectacle would it be for them, could they this day come among us, and witness the glory with which their despised religion now sees itself environed; the temples, the lofty steeples bearing aloft the glittering emblem of their faith; the evangelic cross, which crowns the summit of all the departments of this great Empire! What a transporting sight for those who, in descending to the tomb, had seen that religion, during their lives, honored only in the lurking-places of the forest and the desert! Methinks I hear them exclaim, even as that stranger of the old time exclaimed, on beholding the encampment of the People of God, — "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" Calm, then, ah! calm your apprehensions, ye ministers of the God of peace and truth! Blush rather at your incendiary exaggerations, and no longer look at the action of this Assembly through the medium of your passions. We do not ask it of you to take an oath contrary to the law of your heart; but we do ask it of you, in the name of that God who will judge us all, not to confound human opinions and scholastic traditions with the sacred and inviolable rules of the Gospel. If it be contrary to morality to act against one's conscience, it is none the less so to form one's conscience after false and arbitrary principles. The obligation to *form* and *enlighten* one's conscience is anterior to the obligation to *follow* one's conscience. The greatest public calamities have been caused by men who believed they were obeying God, and saving their own souls.

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19. TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE, 1792. — *Original Translation from Vergniaud.*

Vergniaud, the most eloquent orator of the celebrated party known as the Girondists, during the French Revolution, was born at Limoges, in 1759. He was executed in 1793. As an orator, his renown is second only to that of Mirabeau, in France. His speeches were always carefully prepared beforehand.

Preparations for war are manifest on our frontiers; and we hear of renewed plots against liberty. Our armies reassemble; mighty movements agitate the Empire. Martial law having become necessary, it has seemed to us just. But we have succeeded only in brandishing for a moment the thunderbolt in the eyes of rebellion. The sanction of the King has been refused to our decrees. The princes

of Germany make their territory a retreat for the conspirators against you. They favor the plots of the emigrants. They furnish them an asylum — they furnish them gold, arms, horses, and munitions. Is not the patience suicidal which tolerates all this? Doubtless you have renounced all projects of conquest; but you have not promised to endure such insolent provocations. You have shaken off the yoke of your tyrants; but it was not to bend the knee to foreign despots.

But, beware! You are environed by snares. They seek to drive you, by disgust or lassitude, to a state of languor fatal to your courage, — or fatal to its right direction. They seek to separate you from us; they pursue a system of calumny against the National Assembly; they incriminate your Revolution in your eyes. O! beware of these attempts at panic! Repel, indignantly, these impostors, who, while they affect a hypocritical zeal for the Constitution, cease not to urge upon you the monarchy! The *monarchy!* With them it is the counter-revolution! The monarchy? It is the *nobility!* The counter-revolution — what is it but taxation, feudality, the Bastille, chains and executioners, to punish the sublime aspirations of liberty? What is it but foreign satellites in the midst of the State? What, but bankruptcy, engulfing, with your assignats, your private fortunes and the national wealth; what, but the furies of fanaticism and of vengeance, — assassinations, pillage, and incendiarism, — in short, despotism and death, disputing, over rivers of blood and heaps of carcasses, the dominion of your wretched country? The *nobility!* That is to say, two classes of men; the one for grandeur, the other for debasement! — the one for tyranny, the other for servitude! The nobility! Ah! *the very word is an insult to the human race!*

And yet, it is in order to secure the success of these conspiracies that Europe is now put in motion against you! Be it so! By a solemn declaration must these guilty hopes be crushed. Yes, the free representatives of France, unshaken in their attachment to the Constitution, will be buried beneath its ruins, before they consent to a capitulation at once unworthy of them and of you. Rally! Be reassured! They would raise the Nations against you: — they will raise only princes. The heart of every People is with you. It is *their* cause which you embrace, in defending *your own*. Ever abhorred be war! It is the greatest of the crimes of men; — it is the most terrible scourge of humanity! But, since you are irresistibly forced to it, yield to the course of your destinies. Who can foresee where will end the punishment of the tyrants who will have driven you to take up arms?

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20. AGAINST THE TERRORISM OF THE JACOBINS, 1792. — *Id. Orig. Trans.*

THE blinded Parisians presume to call themselves free. Alas! it is true they are no longer the slaves of crowned tyrants; but they are the slaves of men the most vile, and of wretches the most detestable;

men who continue to imagine that the Revolution has been made for themselves alone, and who have sent Louis XVI. to the Temple, in order that *they* may be enthroned at the Tuileries! * It is time to break these disgraceful chains — to crush this new despotism. It is time that those who have made honest men tremble should be made to tremble in their turn. I am not ignorant that they have poniards at their service. On the night of the second of September — that night of proscription! — did they not seek to turn them against several deputies, and myself among the number? Were we not denounced to the People as traitors? Fortunately, it was the People into whose hands we fell. The assassins were elsewhere occupied. The voice of calumny failed of its effect. If *my* voice may yet make itself heard from this place, I call you all to witness, it shall not cease to thunder, with all its energy, against tyrants, whether of high or low degree. What to me their ruffians and their poniards? What his own life to the representative of the People, while the safety of the country is at stake?

When William Tell adjusted the arrow which was to pierce the fatal apple that a tyrant had placed on his son's head, he exclaimed, "Perish my name, and perish my memory, provided Switzerland may be free!" And we, also, — *we* will say, "Perish the National Assembly and its memory, provided France may be free!" † Ay, perish the National Assembly and its memory, so by its death it may save the Nation from a course of crime that would affix an eternal stigma to the French name; so, by its action, it may show the Nations of Europe that, despite the calumnies by which it is sought to dishonor France, there is still in the very bosom of that momentary anarchy where the brigands have plunged us — there is still in our country some public virtue, some respect for humanity left! Perish the National Assembly and its memory, if upon our ashes our more fortunate successors may establish the edifice of a Constitution, which shall assure the happiness of France, and consolidate the reign of liberty and equality!

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21. AGAINST WAR, JAN. 13, 1792. — *Robespierre. Original Translation.*

SHALL we await the orders of the War Office to overturn Thrones? Shall we await the signal of the Court? In this war against aristocrats and Kings, shall we look to be commanded by these same Patricians, these eternal favorites of Despotism? No! Alone let us

* Pronounced *Tweelree.*

† The deputies here rose, as by an unanimous impulse, and repeated, with enthusiasm, the oath of Vergniaud. The audience, who occupied the galleries, also mingled their voices with those of the deputies. To appreciate fully the intrepid eloquence of this speech, it should be remembered that France was, at that moment, virtually under the sanguinary dictatorship of the Jacobin Club; and that their proscriptions and massacres threatened to involve all who did not acquiesce in their measures. Vergniaud soon afterward paid the penalty of his courage; and justified his bold words by a bold death on the scaffold.

march! Our own leaders let us be! If it is the war of the Court, that we must accept, — the war of the Ministers, of Patricians shamming patriotism, — then, alas! far from anticipating the enfranchisement of the world, I shall not even believe that your own liberty is secure. Our wisest course now is to defend it against the perfidy of those internal enemies who would beguile you with these heroic illusions. I have proved that liberty has no more mortal enemy than war. I have proved that war, recommended by men of doubtful stamp, will be, in the Executive hands, but a means of annihilating the Constitution — but the issue of a plot against the Revolution. To favor these projects of war, under whatever pretext, is, then, to join a conspiracy against the Revolution. To recommend confidence in the Executive, — to invoke public favor in behalf of the Generals, — is, then, to deprive the Revolution of its last security, the vigilance and energy of the Nation.

If, then, the moment of emancipation for the Nations be not yet arrived, we should have the patience to await it. If this generation be destined only to struggle on in the slough of those vices, where Despotism has plunged it, — if the theatre of our Revolution be doomed to present to the world no other spectacle than the miserable contests of perfidy and imbecility, egotism and ambition, — then to the rising generation will be bequeathed the task of purifying the polluted earth. That generation shall bring — not the peace of Despotism, not the sterile agitations of intrigue, but the torch and the sword, to consume Thrones, and exterminate oppressors! Thou art not alien to us, O more fortunate posterity! For thee we brave these storms, for thee defy the plots of tyranny. Disheartened ofttimes by the obstacles that surround us, towards thee we yearn! For by thee shall our work be finished! O! cherish in thy memory the names of the martyrs of liberty!

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22. MORALITY THE BASIS OF CIVILIZED SOCIETY — BELIEF IN GOD THE BASIS OF MORALITY. — *Robespierre. Original Translation.*

The name of Maximilien Robespierre is associated with all that is sanguinary and atrocious in the history of the French Revolution. Whatever his own practice may have been, he had the sagacity to see that there is no security in a Republic which is not based on principle, — and no security in principle which is not based on belief in God and the immortality of the soul. The extract we here give is from his Report, read to the French National Convention, the 7th of May, 1794.

The idea of a Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul is a continual call to justice. It is therefore a social and republican principle. Who has authorized you to declare that a Deity does not exist? O, you who support so arid a doctrine, what advantage do you expect to derive from the principle that a blind fatality regulates the affairs of men, and that the soul is nothing but a breath of air impelled towards the tomb? Will the idea of nonentity inspire man with more elevated sentiments than that of immortality? Will it awaken more respect for others or himself, more devotion to country, more courage to resist tyranny, greater contempt for pleasure or

death? You, who regret a virtuous friend, can you endure the thought that his noblest part has not escaped dissolution? You, who weep over the remains of a child or a wife, are you consoled by the thought that a handful of dust is all that is left of the beloved object? You, the unfortunate, who expire under the stroke of the assassin, is not your last sigh an appeal to the justice of the Most High? Innocence on the scaffold makes the tyrant turn pale on his triumphal car. Would such an ascendency be felt, if the tomb levelled alike the oppressor and the oppressed? The more a man is gifted with sensibility and genius, the more does he attach himself to those ideas which aggrandize his being and exalt his aspirations; and the doctrine of men of this stamp becomes the doctrine of all mankind. A great man, a veritable hero, knows his own worth too well to experience complacency in the thought of his nonentity. A wretch, despicable in his own eyes, repulsive in those of others, feels that nature but gives him his deserts in annihilation.

Confusion to those who seek, by their desolating doctrines, to extinguish this sublime enthusiasm, and to stifle this moral instinct of the People, which is the principle of all great actions! To you, Representatives of the People, it belongs to hasten the triumph of the truths we have developed. If we lack the courage to proclaim them, then deep, indeed, must be the depravity, with which we are environed! Defy the insensate clamors of presumptuous ignorance and of stubborn hypocrisy! Will posterity credit it, that the vanquished factions have carried their audacity so far as to charge us with lukewarmness and aristocracy for having restored to the Nation's heart the idea of the Divinity, the fundamental principle of all morality? Will it be believed that they have dared, even in this place, to assert that we have thereby thrown back human reason centuries in its progress? O, be not surprised that the wretches, leagued against us, are so eager to put the hemlock to our lips! But, before we quaff it, we will save the country!

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23. ROBESPIERRE'S LAST SPEECH. — *Original Translation.*

The day after this speech, — delivered July 28th, 1794, and addressed to an assembly bent on his destruction, — Robespierre was executed, at the early age of thirty-five, under circumstances of accumulated horror. His fate is a warning to rulers who would cement even the best of Governments with blood. Robespierre's character is still an enigma; some regarding him as an honest fanatic, and others as a crafty demagogue. Perhaps the traits of either predominated at times. "Destitute," says Lamartine, "of exterior graces, and of that gift of extemporaneous speaking which pours forth the unpremeditated inspirations of natural eloquence, Robespierre had taken so much pains with himself, — he had meditated so much, written and erased so much, — he had so often braved the inattention and the sarcasms of his audiences, — that, in the end, he succeeded in giving warmth and suppleness to his style, and in transforming his whole person, despite his stiff and meagre figure, his shrill voice and abrupt gesticulation, into an engine of eloquence, of conviction and of passion."

The enemies of the Republic call me tyrant! Were I such, they would grovel at my feet. I should gorge them with gold, — I should grant them impunity for their crimes, — and they would be grateful! Were I such, the Kings we have vanquished, far from denouncing Robespierre, would lend me their guilty support. There would be a

covenant between them and me. Tyranny must have tools. But the enemies of tyranny, — whither does *their* path tend? To the tomb, and to immortality! What tyrant is my protector? To what faction do I belong? Yourselves! What faction, since the beginning of the Revolution, has crushed and annihilated so many detected traitors? You, — the People, — our principles, — are that faction! A faction to which I am devoted, and against which all the scoundrelism of the day is banded!

The confirmation of the Republic has been my object; and I know that the Republic can be established only on the eternal basis of morality. Against me, and against those who hold kindred principles, the league is formed. My life? O! my life, I abandon without a regret! I have seen the Past; AND I FORESEE THE FUTURE. What friend of his country would wish to survive the moment when he could no longer serve it, — when he could no longer defend innocence against oppression? Wherefore should I continue in an order of things, where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth; where justice is mocked; where passions the most abject, or fears the most absurd, override the sacred interests of humanity? In witnessing the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution has rolled in turbid communion with its civic virtues, I confess that I have sometimes feared that I should be sullied, in the eyes of posterity, by the impure neighborhood of unprincipled men, who had thrust themselves into association with the sincere friends of humanity; and I rejoice that these conspirators against my country have now, by their reckless rage, traced deep the line of demarcation between themselves and all true men.

Question history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O, Frenchmen! O, my countrymen! Let not your enemies, with their desolating doctrines, degrade your souls, and enervate your virtues! No, Chaumette,* no! Death is *not* "an eternal sleep"! Citizens! efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funereal crape, takes from oppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe rather thereon these words: "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the People a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended; it is the awful truth, — "Thou shalt die!"

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24. ADDRESS TO THE CHAMBER OF PEERS, 1835. — *Trélat.*

I HAVE long felt that it was necessary — that it was inevitable — we should meet face to face: we do so now. Gentlemen Peers,

* Chaumette was a member of the Convention, who was opposed to the public recognition of a God and a future state.

our mutual enmity is not the birth of yesterday. In 1814, in common with many, many others, I cursed the power which called you or your predecessors to help it in chaining down liberty. In 1815 I took up arms to oppose the return of your gracious master of that day. In 1830 I did my duty in promoting the successful issue of the event which then occurred; and eight days after the Revolution, I again took up my musket, though but little in the habit of handling warlike instruments, and went to the post which General Lafayette had assigned us for the purpose of marching against you personally, Gentlemen Peers! It was in the presence of my friends and myself that one of your number was received; and it is not impossible that we had some influence in occasioning the very limited success of his embassy. It was then *he* who appeared before *us*, imploring, beseeching, with tears in his eyes; it is now *our* turn to appear before *you*, — but we do so without imploring, or beseeching, or weeping, or bending the knee. We had utterly vanquished your Kings; and, they being gone, you had nothing left. As for *you*, you have not vanquished the People; and, whether you hold us as hostages for it or not, our personal position troubles us very, very little; — rely upon that.

Your prisons open to receive within their dungeons all who retain a free heart in their bosoms. He who first placed the tri-colored flag on the palace of your old Kings — they who drove Charles the Tenth from France — are handed over to you as victims, on account of your new King. Your sergeant has touched with his black wand the courageous deputy who first, among you all, opened his door to the Revolution. The whole thing is summed up in these facts: It is the Revolution struggling with the counter-revolution; the Past with the Present, with the Future; selfishness with fraternity; tyranny with liberty. Tyranny has on her side bayonets, prisons, and your embroidered collars, Gentlemen Peers. Liberty has God on her side, — the Power which enlightens the reason of man, and impels him forward in the great work of human advancement. It will be seen with whom victory will abide. This will be seen, — not to-morrow, not the day after to-morrow, nor the day after that, — it may not be seen by us at all; — what matters that? It is the human race which engages our thoughts, and not ourselves. Everything manifests that the hour of deliverance is not far distant. It will then be seen whether God will permit the lie to be given Him with impunity.

Gentlemen Peers, I did not stand up with the purpose of defending myself. You are my political enemies, not my judges. In a fair trial, it is necessary that the judge and the accused should understand, — should, to a certain extent, sympathize with each other. In the present case, this is quite out of the question. We do not feel alike; we do not speak the same language. The land we inhabit, humanity itself, its laws, its requirements, duty, religion, the sciences, the arts, industry, all that constitutes society, — Heaven, earth, — nothing appears to us in the same light that it does to you. There is a world between us. You may condemn me; but I accept you not as judges, for you are unable to comprehend me.

25. THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REPUBLIC, 1848. — *Lamartine.*

We establish the Republic. The Republic! It is the Government that most needs the continued inspiration and benediction of God; for, of the reason of the People should be obscured or misled, there is no longer a sovereign. There is an interregnum, anarchy, death. In order that a Government may be durable, and worthy of the sanction of religion, it must contain a principle that is true, that is divine, that is best adapted to the welfare of the many. Without this, the Constitution is a dead letter; it is nothing more than a collection of laws; it is without soul; it no longer lives; it no longer produces fruit. The new principle of the Republic is political equality among all classes of citizens. This principle has for its exponent universal suffrage; for its result, the sovereignty of all; for its moral consequence, fraternity among all. We reign according to the full measure of our reason, of our intelligence, of our virtue. We are all sovereigns over ourselves, and of the Republic. But, to draught a Constitution, and to swear to it, is not all. A People is needed to execute it.

Citizens! all progress requires effort. Every effort is painful, and attended with painful embarrassments. Political transformations are laborious. The People are the artificers of their own future. Let them reflect upon that. The future observes and awaits them! Shame upon the cowards who would draw back! Prudence to the inconsiderate, who would precipitate society into the unknown! Glory to the good, to the wise, to the persevering! — may God be with them!

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26. DEMOCRACY ADVERSE TO SOCIALISM. — *Alexis De Tocqueville. Orig. Trans.*

Democracy! — Socialism! Why profess to associate what, in the nature of things, can never be united? Can it be, Gentlemen, that this whole grand movement of the French Revolution is destined to terminate in that form of society which the Socialists have, with so much fervor, depicted? A society, marked out with compass and rule; in which the State is to charge itself with everything, and the individual is to be nothing; in which society is to absorb all force, all life; and in which the only end assigned to man is his personal comfort! What! was it for such a society of beavers and of bees, a society rather of skilful animals than of men free and civilized, — was it for such, that the French Revolution was accomplished? Not so! It was for a greater, a more sacred end; one more worthy of humanity.

But Socialism professes to be the legitimate development of Democracy. I shall not search, as many have done, into the true etymology of this word Democracy. I shall not, as gentlemen did yesterday, traverse the garden of Greek roots, to find the derivation of this word. I shall point you to Democracy, where I have seen it, living, active, triumphant; in the only country in the world where it truly exists; where it has been able to establish and maintain, even to the present time, something grand and durable to claim our admiration, — in the

New World, — in America,—There shall you see a People, among whom all conditions of men are more on an equality even than among us; where the social state, the manners, the laws, — everything is democratic; where all emanates from the People, and returns to the People; and where, at the same time, every individual enjoys a greater amount of liberty, a more entire independence, than in any other part of the world, at any period of time; — a country, I repeat it, essentially Democratic; the only Democracy in the wide world at this day; and the only Republic, *truly* Democratic, which we know of in history. And in this Republic you will look in vain for Socialism. Not only have the theories of the Socialists gained no possession there of the public mind, but they have played so trifling a part in the discussions and affairs of that great Nation, that they have not even reached the dignity of being feared.

America is at this day that country, of the whole world, where the sovereignty of Democracy is most practical and complete; and it is at the same time that where the doctrines of the Socialists, which you pretend to find so much in accordance with Democracy, are the least in vogue; the country, of the whole universe, where the men sustaining those doctrines would have the least chance of making an impression. For myself personally, I do not see, I confess, any great objection to the emigration of these proselyting gentlemen to America; but I warn them that they will not find there any field for their labors.

No, Gentlemen, Democracy and Socialism are the antipŏdés of each other. While Democracy extends the sphere of individual independence, Socialism contracts it. Democracy develops a man's whole manhood, Socialism makes him an agent, an instrument, a cipher. Democracy and Socialism assimilate on one point only, — the equality which they introduce; but mark the difference: Democracy seeks equality in liberty, while Socialism seeks it in servitude and constraint.

27. PRACTICAL RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—*Original Translation from Victor Hugo.*

The question is, shall we confide the public education of youth to a clerical party, independent of the State, — or to the State, independent of a clerical party. Free instruction — but free instruction under the superintendence of the State, and not of a sect — is what I would see. It is not to the clerical party that I would intrust it. To that party I now address myself, and I say: In the proposition before the National Assembly, we see your hand; and, to be candid, we distrust you. The proposed law is a law with a mask. Under the disguise of liberty, it aims at subjection. But think not that I confound your doctrines, your ambitions, your intrigues, — think not that I confound *you*, the clerical party, — with the Church, any more than I confound the mistletoe with the oak. You are the parasites of the Church, — the disease of the Church. Call her not your mother, when you would make her your slave. Leave her, this venerable Church, this venera-

ble mother, to her solitude, her abnegation, her humility. All these compose her grandeur. Her solitude will attract the crowd; her abnegation is her power; her humility is her majesty.

You speak of religious instruction. Know you what it is, — that veritable religious instruction, which must ever command our homage without awakening our distrust? It is the Sister of Charity at the pillow of the dying. It is the Brother of Mercy ransoming the slave. It is Vincent de Paul rescuing the foundling. It is the Bishop of Marseilles ministering to the plague-stricken. It is the Archbishop of Paris entering with a smile that formidable Faubourg of St. Antoine,* elevating his crucifix above the smoke of civil war, and counting it little loss to encounter death, so that he might bring peace! This is the true, the real religious instruction, — profound, efficacious, popular; and which, happily for religion and for humanity, makes even more Christians than you unmake!

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28. NECESSITY OF RELIGION. — *Original Translation from Victor Hugo.*

GENTLEMEN, it is not because I would prevent religious instruction, but because I would prevent the union of Church and State, that I oppose this Bill. So far from wishing to proscribe religious instruction, I maintain that it is more essential at this day than ever. The more a man grows, the more he ought to believe. As he draws nearer to God, the better ought he to recognize His existence. It is the wretched tendency of our times to base all calculations, all efforts, on this life only, — to crowd everything into this narrow span. In limiting man's end and aim to this terrestrial and material existence, we aggravate all his miseries by the terrible negation at its close. We add to the burthens of the unfortunate the insupportable weight of a hopeless hereafter. God's law of suffering we convert, by our unbelief, into hell's law of despair. Hence these deplorable social convulsions.

That I am one of those who desire — I will not say with sincerity merely, but, with inexpressible ardor, and by all possible means — to ameliorate the material condition of the suffering classes in this life, no one in this Assembly will doubt. But the first and greatest of ameliorations is to impart hope. How do our finite miseries dwindle, in the presence of an infinite hope! Our first duty, then, whether we be clergymen or laymen, bishops or legislators, priests or writers, is not merely to direct all our social energies to the abatement of physical misery, but, at the same time, to lift every drooping head towards Heaven, — to fix the attention and the faith of every human soul on that ulterior life, where justice shall preside, where justice shall be awarded! Let us proclaim it aloud to all, No one shall unjustly or needlessly suffer! Death is restitution. The law of the material world is gravitation; of the moral world, equity. At the end of all, reäppears God. Let us not forget — let us everywhere teach it — There

* Pronounced *Foboorg* of *San-tann-twauhnn*.

would be no dignity in life, it would not be worth the holding, if in death we wholly perish. All that lightens labor, and sanctifies toil, — all that renders man brave, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, humble, and, at the same time, great, worthy of intelligence, worthy of liberty, — is to have perpetually before him the vision of a better world darting its rays of celestial splendor through the dark shadows of this present life.

For myself, since Chance will have it that words of such gravity should at this time fall from lips of such little authority, let me be permitted here to say, and to proclaim from the elevation of this Tribune, that I believe, that I most profoundly and reverently believe, in that better world. It is to me more real, more substantial, more positive in its effects, than this evanescence which we cling to and call life. It is unceasingly before my eyes. I believe in it with all the strength of my convictions; and, after many struggles, and much study and experience, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul!

I desire, therefore, most sincerely, strenuously and fervently, that there should be religious instruction; but let it be the instruction of the Gospel, and not of a party. Let it be sincere, not hypocritical Let it have Heaven, not earth, for its end!

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29. UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, MAY 20, 1850. — *Victor Hugo. Original Translation.*

UNIVERSAL suffrage! — what is it but the overthrow of violence and brute force — the end of the material and the beginning of the moral fact? What was the Revolution of February intended to establish in France, if not this? And now it is proposed to abolish this sacred right! And what is its abolition, but the reintroduction of the right of insurrection? Ye Ministers and men of State, who govern, wherefore do you venture on this mad attempt? I will tell you. It is because the People have deemed worthy of their votes men whom you judge worthy of your insults! It is because the People have presumed to compare your promises with your acts; because they do not find your Administration altogether sublime; because they have dared peaceably to instruct you through the ballot-box! Therefore it is, that your anger is roused, and that, under the pretence that Society is in peril, you seek to chastise the People, — to take them in hand! And so, like that maniac of whom History tells, you beat the ocean with rods! And so you launch at us your poor little laws, furious but feeble! And so you defy the spirit of the age, defy the good sense of the public, defy the Democracy, and tear your unfortunate fingernails against the granite of universal suffrage!

Go on, Gentlemen! Proceed! Disfranchise, if you will, three millions of voters, four millions, nay, eight millions out of nine! Get rid of all these! It will not matter. What you cannot get rid of is your own fatal incapacity and ignorance; your own antipathy for the

People, and theirs for you! What you cannot get rid of is the time that marches, and the hour that strikes; is the earth that revolves, the onward movement of ideas, the crippled pace of prejudices; the widening gulf between you and the age, between you and the coming generation, between you and the spirit of liberty, between you and the spirit of philosophy! What you cannot get rid of is the great fact that you and the Nation pass on opposite sides; that what is to you the East is to her the West; and that, while you turn your back on the Future, this great People of France, their foreheads all bathed in light from the day-spring of a new humanity, turn their back on the Past!

Ah! Whether you will it or no, the Past is passed. Your law is null, void and dead, even before its birth: because it is not just; because it is not true; because, while it goes furtively to plunder the poor man and the weak of his right of suffrage, it encounters the withering glance of a Nation's probity and sense of right, before which your work of darkness shall vanish; because, in the depths of the conscience of every citizen, — of the humblest as well as the highest, — there is a sentiment sublime, sacred, indestructible, incorruptible, eternal, — the Right! This sentiment, which is the very element of reason in man, the granite of the human conscience, — this Right, is the rock upon which shall split and go to pieces the iniquities, the hypocrisies, the bad laws and bad governments, of the world. There is the obstacle, concealed, invisible, — lost to view in the soul's profoundest deep, but eternally present and abiding, — against which you shall always strike, and which you shall never wear away, do what you will! I repeat it, your efforts are in vain. You cannot deracinate, you cannot shake it. You might sooner tear up the eternal Rock from the bottom of the sea, than the Right from the heart of the People!

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30. LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, 1850. — *Original Translation from Victor Hugo.*

Having restricted universal suffrage and the right of public meetings, you now wage war against the liberty of the Press. In the crisis through which we are passing, it is asked, "Who is making all this trouble? Who is the culprit? Whom must we punish?" The alarm party in Europe say, "It is France!" In France they say, "It is Paris!" In Paris they say, "It is the Press!" The man of observation and reflection says, "The culprit is not the Press; it is not Paris; it is not France; — it is the human mind!" Yes, it is the human mind, which has made the Nations what they are; which, from the beginning, has scrutinized, examined, discussed, debated, doubted, contradicted, probed, affirmed, and pursued without ceasing, the solution of the problem, eternally placed before the creature by the Creator. It is the human mind which, continually persecuted, opposed, driven back, headed off, has disappeared only to appear again; and, passing from one labor to another, has taken successively, from age to age, the figure of all the great agitators. It is the human

mind, which was named John Huss, and which did not die on the funeral-pile of Constance; which was named Luther, and shook orthodoxy to its centre; which was named Voltaire, and shook faith; which was named Mirabeau, and shook royalty. It is the human mind, which, since history began, has transformed societies and governments according to a law progressively acceptable to the reason, — which has been theocracy, aristocracy, monarchy, and which is to-day democracy. It is the human mind, which has been Babylon, Tyre, Jerusalem, Athens, and which to-day is Paris; which has been, turn by turn, and sometimes all at once, error, illusion, schism, protestation, truth; it is the human mind, which is the great pastor of the generations, and which, in short, has always marched towards the Just, the Beautiful and the True, enlightening multitudes, elevating life, raising more and more the head of the People towards the Right, and the head of the individual towards God!

And now I address myself to the alarm party, — not in this Chamber, but wherever they may be, throughout Europe, — and I say to them: Consider well what you would do; reflect on the task that you have undertaken; and measure it well before you commence. Suppose you should succeed: when you have destroyed the Press, there will remain something more to destroy, — Paris! When you have destroyed Paris, there will remain France. When you have destroyed France, there will remain the human mind. I repeat it, let this great European alarm party measure the immensity of the task which, in their heroism, they would attempt. Though they annihilate the Press to the last journal, Paris to the last pavement, France to the last hamlet, they will have done nothing. There will remain yet for them to destroy something always paramount, above the generations, and, as it were, between man and his Maker; — something that has written all the books, invented all the arts, discovered all the worlds, founded all the civilizations; — something which will always grasp, under the form of Revolutions, what is not yielded under the form of progress; — something which is itself unseizable as the light, and unapproachable as the sun, — and which calls itself the human mind!

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31. A REPUBLIC OR A MONARCHY? — *Original Translation from Victor Hugo.*

On the question of revising the French Constitution, 1851.

GENTLEMEN, let us come at the pith of this debate. It is not our side of the House, but you, the Monarchists, who have provoked it. The question, a Republic or a Monarchy, is before us. No one has any longer the power or the right to elude it. For more than two years, this question, secretly and audaciously agitated, has harassed the country. It weighs upon the Present. It clouds the Future. The moment has come for our deliverance from it. Yes, the moment has come for us to regard it face to face — to see what it is made of. Now, then, let us show our cards! No more concealment! I affirm, then, in the name of the eternal laws of human morality, that Mon-

archy is an historical fact, and nothing more. Now, when the fact is extinct, nothing survives, and all is told. It is otherwise with *right*. Right, even when it no longer has *fact* to sustain it, — even when it no longer exerts a material authority, — preserves still its moral authority, and is always *right*. Hence is it that, in an overthrown Republic, there remains a right, while in a fallen Monarchy there remains only a ruin. Cease then, ye Legitimists, to appeal to us from the position of right! Before the right of the People, which is sovereignty, there is no other right but the right of the individual, which is liberty. Beyond that, all is a chimera. To talk of the kingly right in this great age of ours, and at this great Tribune, is to pronounce a word void of meaning.

But, if you cannot speak in the name of right, will you speak in the name of fact? Will you say that political stability is the offspring of hereditary royalty, — and that Royalty is better than Democracy for a State? What! You would have those scenes renewed, those experiences recommenced, which overwhelmed kings and princes: the feeble, like Louis the Sixteenth; the able and strong, like Louis Philippe; whole families of royal lineage, — high-born women, saintly widows, innocent children! And of those lamentable experiences you have not had enough? You would have yet more? But you are without pity, Royalists, — or without memory! We ask your mercy on these unfortunate royal families. Good Heavens! This Place, which you traverse daily, on your way to this House, — does it, then, teach you nothing? — when, if you but stamped on the pavement, two paces from those deadly Tuileries, which you covet still, — but stamped on that fatal pavement, — you could conjure up, at will, the SCAFFOLD from which the old Monarchy was plunged into the tomb, or the CAB in which the new royalty escaped into exile!

Ah, men of ancient parties! you will learn, ere long, that at this present time, — in this nineteenth century, — after the scaffold of Louis the Sixteenth, after the downfall of Napoleon, after the exile of Charles the Tenth, after the flight of Louis Philippe, after the French Revolution, in a word, — that is to say, after this renewal, complete, absolute, prodigious, of principles, convictions, opinions, situations, influences, and facts, — it is the Republic which is solid ground, and the Monarchy which is the perilous venture!

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32. THE TWO NAPOLEONS. — *Original Translation from Victor Hugo.*

THE monarchy of glory! There are a class of monarchists in France who now speak to us of a monarchy of glory. Legitimacy is impossible. Monarchy by right divine, the monarchy of principle, is dead; but there is another monarchy, the monarchy of glory, — the Empire, we are told, which is not only possible, but necessary. This glory, where is it? What are its elements? Of what is it composed? I am curious to witness the glory which this present Government can show. What do we see? All our liberties, one after another, entrapped and bound; universal suffrage mutilated and betrayed;

socialist manifestoes terminating in a jesuitical policy; and, for a Government, one immense intrigue, — history, perchance, will call it a conspiracy, — by which the Republic is to be made the basis of the Empire through the Bonapartist free-masonry of five hundred thousand office-holders; every reform postponed or smothered; burdensome taxes maintained or reëstablished; the Press shackled; juries packed; too little justice and too much police; misery at the foot, anarchy at the head, of the social state. Abroad, the wreck of the Roman Republic; Austria — that is to say, the gallows — with her foot upon Hungary, upon Lombardy, upon Milan, upon Venice; a latent coalition of Kings, waiting for an opportunity; our diplomacy dumb, I will not say an accomplice! This is our situation. France bows her head; Napoleon quivers with shame in his tomb; and five or six thousand hirelings shout, "*Vive l'empereur!*"*

But nobody dreams of the Empire, you tell us. What mean, then, those cries of *Vive l'empereur?* and who pays for them? What means this mendicant petition for a prolongation of the President's powers? What *is* a prolongation? The Consulate for life! And where leads the Consulate for life? To the Empire! Gentlemen, here is an intrigue. We will let in day-light upon it, if you please. France must not wake up, one of these fine mornings, and find herself emperor-ridden, without knowing why. An emperor! Let us consider the subject a little. Because there was once a man who gained the battle of Marengo, and who reigned, must the man who gained only the battle of Satŏry reign also? Because, ten centuries ago, Charlemagne, after forty years of glory, let fall on the face of the globe a sceptre and a sword of such proportions that no one dared to touch them; and because, a thousand years later, — for it requires a gestation of a thousand years to produce such men, — another genius appeared, who took up that sword and sceptre, and stood up erect under the weight; a man who chained Revolution in France, and unchained it in the rest of Europe; who added to his name the brilliant synŏnyms of Rivoli, Jéna,† Essling, Friedland, Montmirail; ‡ because this man, after ten years of a glory almost fabulous in its grandeur, let fall, in his turn, that sceptre and sword which had accomplished such colossal exploits, — *you* would come, — you, *you* would presume, after him, to catch them up as *he* did, — he, Napoleon, after Charlemagne, — and grasp in your feeble hands this sceptre of the giants, this sword of the Titans! What to do?

What! after Augustus must we have Augustŭlus? Because we have had a Napoleon the Great, must we now have Napoleon the Little?

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33. THE END OF GOVERNMENT, 1641.—*John Pym. Born*, 1583; *died*, 1643.

My Lords, many days have been spent in maintenance of the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford by the House of Commons, whereby he stands charged with high treason; and your Lordships have heard his defence with patience, and with as much favor as jus-

* Pronounced *Veev L'aunpphrehr.* † *Yaynah.* ‡ *Monghmeerah-eel.*

tice will allow. We have passed through our evidence; and the result is, that it remains clearly proved that the Earl of Strafford hath endeavored by his words, actions and counsels, to subvert the fundamental laws of England and Ireland, and to introduce an arbitrary and tyrannical government. This will best appear if the quality of the offence be examined by that law to which he himself appealed, that universal, that supreme law, — *Salus Pŏpŭli*, — the welfare of the People! This is the element of all laws, out of which they are derived; the end of all laws, to which they are designed, and in which they are perfected. The offence comprehends all other offences. Here you shall find several treasons, murders, rapines, oppressions, perjuries. The earth hath a seminary virtue, whereby it doth produce all herbs and plants, and other vegetables; there is in this crime a seminary of all evils hurtful to a State; and, if you consider the reason of it, it must needs be so.

The law is that which puts a difference betwixt good and evil, — betwixt just and unjust. If you take away the law, all things will fall into a confusion. Every man will become a law to himself, which, in the depraved condition of human nature, must needs produce many great enormities. Lust will become a law, and envy will become a law; covetousness and ambition will become laws; and what dictates, what decisions, such laws will produce, may easily be discerned in the late government of Ireland! The law is the safeguard, the custody of all private interests. Your honors, your lives, your liberties and estates, are all in the keeping of the law. Without this, every man hath a like right to everything; and such is the condition into which the Irish were brought by the Earl of Strafford!

This arbitrary and tyrannical power, which the Earl of Strafford did exercise with his own person, and to which he did advise his Majesty, is inconsistent with the peace, the wealth, the prosperity, of a Nation; it is destructive to justice, the mother of peace; to industry, the spring of wealth; to valor, which is the active virtue whereby only the prosperity of a Nation can be produced, confirmed, and enlarged. It is the end of government, that virtue should be cherished, vice suppressed; but, where this arbitrary and unlimited power is set up, a way is open, not only for the security, but for the advancement and encouragement, of evil. It is the end of Government, that all accidents and events, all counsels and designs, should be improved to the public good; but this arbitrary power would dispose all to the maintenance of itself.

34. THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S DEFENCE.

The following manly and pathetic speech is extracted from the two closing addresses of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, on his impeachment before the House of Lords, in Westminster Hall, 1641. He was tried for high treason, in endeavoring "to subvert the ancient and fundamental laws of the realm, and to introduce arbitrary and tyrannical government." He was found guilty, and was executed the 12th of May, 1641, in his 47th year.

My Lords, it is hard to be questioned upon a law which cannot be shown. Where hath this fire lain hid so many hundred years, with-

out smoke to discover it, till it thus bursts forth to consume me and my children? It will be wisdom for yourselves, for your posterity, and for the whole Kingdom, to cast into the fire these bloody and mysterious volumes of constructive and arbitrary treason, as the primitive Christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the law and statute, that telleth us what is and what is not treason, without being ambitious to be more learned in the art of killing than our forefathers. It is now two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alleged crime, to this height, before myself. Let us not awaken these sleeping lions to our destruction, by taking up a few musty records that have lain by the wall so many ages, forgotten or neglected. May your Lordships please not to add this to my other misfortunes; let not a precedent be derived from me, so disadvantageous as this will be, in its consequences to the whole kingdom.

My Lords, the words for which I am here arraigned were not wantonly or unnecessarily spoken, but they were spoken in full Council, where, by the duty of my oath, I was obliged to speak according to my heart and conscience, in all things concerning the King's service. If I had forborne to speak what I conceived to be for the benefit of the King and People, I had been perjured towards Almighty God. And, for delivering my mind openly and freely, shall I be in danger of my life as a traitor? If that necessity be put upon me, I thank God, by His blessing, I have learned not to stand in fear of him who can only kill the body. If the question be, whether I must be traitor to man or perjured to God, I will be faithful to my Creator; and, whatsoever shall befall me from popular rage, or from my own weakness, I must leave it to that Almighty Being, and to the justice and honor of my judges.

My Lords, you are born to great thoughts; you are nursed up for the great and weighty employments of the Kingdom. But, if it be once admitted that a councillor, delivering his opinions with others at the council-table, under an oath of secrecy and faithfulness, shall be brought into question upon some misapprehension or ignorance of law, — if every word that he speaks from a sincere and noble intention shall be drawn against him for the attainting of him, his children and posterity, — I know not any wise or noble person of fortune who will, upon such perilous and unsafe terms, adventure to be councillor to the King! Opinions may make a heretic, but that they make a traitor I have never heard till now.

My Lords, what I forfeit myself is nothing; but that my indiscretion should extend to my posterity, woundeth me to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity; something I should have added, but am not able; therefore let it pass. Now, my Lords, for myself, I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my Lords, even

so, with all tranquillity of mind, I freely submit myself to your judgment; and, whether that judgment be of life or death, *Te Deum laudāmus!*

35. ON REDUCING THE ARMY, 1732. — *Wm. Pulteney. Born*, 1682; *died*, 1764.

Sir, we have heard a great deal about Parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I always *have* been, Sir, and always *shall* be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing. Whether under that of a Parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by. They are a body of men distinct from the body of the People. They are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. It is indeed impossible that the liberties of the People can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. By the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander. If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this House, he must do it. Immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the Court of Request, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this House; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this House, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by Generals appointed by them. Therefore, do not let us vainly imagine that an army, raised and maintained by authority of Parliament, will always be submissive to them. If any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the Parliament, they will be submissive as long as the Parliament does nothing to disoblige their favorite General; but, when that case happens, I am afraid that, in place of the Parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. We are come to the Rubicon. Our army is now to be reduced, or it never will be; and this Nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army, and remain forever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future King or Ministry who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

36. AGAINST THE SUCCESSION OF RICHARD CROMWELL TO THE PROTECTORATE, 1659. — *Sir Henry Vane.*

The following remarkable speech, which is given unabridged, as it appears in the Biographia Brittanica, did not fail in its effect. Richard Cromwell never appeared in public again, after it was delivered. "This impetuous torrent," says one of Vane's biographers, "swept everything before it. Oratory, genius, and the spirit of liberty, never achieved a more complete triumph. It was signal and decisive, instantaneous and irresistible. It broke, and forever, the power of Richard and his party." Sir Henry Vane was born in Kent, England, in 1612; was the fourth Governor of the colony of Massachusetts, in 1636; and was executed for high treason on Tower Hill, in 1662.

Mr. Speaker, — Among all the people of the universe, I know none who have shown so much zeal for the liberty of their country as the English at this time have done; — they have, by the help of divine Providence, overcome all obstacles, and have made themselves free. We have driven away the hereditary tyranny of the house of Stuart, at the expense of much blood and treasure, in hopes of enjoying hereditary liberty, after having shaken off the yoke of kingship; and there is not a man among us who could have imagined that any person would be so bold as to dare to attempt the ravishing from us that freedom which cost us so much blood, and so much labor. But so it happens, I know not by what misfortune, we are fallen into the error of those who poisoned the Emperor Titus to make room for Domitian; who made away Augustus that they might have Tibĕrius; and changed Claudius for Nero. I am sensible these examples are foreign from my subject, since the Romans in those days were buried in lewdness and luxury, whereas the people of England are now renowned all over the world for their great virtue and discipline; and yet, — suffer an idiot, without courage, without sense, — nay, without ambition, — to have dominion in a country of liberty! One could bear a little with Oliver Cromwell, though, contrary to his oath of fidelity to the Parliament, contrary to his duty to the public, contrary to the respect he owed that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he usurped the Government. His merit was so extraordinary, that our judgments, our passions, might be blinded by it. He made his way to empire by the most illustrious actions; he had under his command an army that had made him a conqueror, and a People that had made him their General. But, as for Richard Cromwell, his son, who is he? what are his titles? We have seen that he had a sword by his side; but did he ever draw it? And, what is of more importance in this case, is *he* fit to get obedience from a mighty Nation, who could never make a footman obey him? Yet, we must recognize this man as our King, under the style of Protector! — a man without birth, without courage, without conduct! For my part, I declare, Sir, it shall never be said that I made such a man my master!

37. HOW PATRIOTS MAY BE MADE. — *On a motion for dismissing him from his Majesty's Council*, 1740. *Sir Robert Walpole. Born*, 1676; *died*, 1745.

It has been observed, Mr. Speaker, by several gentlemen, in vindication of this motion, that, if it should be carried, neither my life,

liberty nor estate, will be affected. But do the honorable gentlemen consider my character and reputation as of no moment? Is it no inputation to be arraigned before this House, in which I have sat forty years, and to have my name transmitted to posterity with disgrace and infamy? I will not conceal my sentiments, that to be named in Parliament as a subject of inquiry, is to me a matter of great concern; but I have the satisfaction, at the same time, to reflect that the impression to be made depends upon the consistency of the charge, and the motives of the prosecutors. Had the charge been reduced to specific allegations, I should have felt myself called upon for a specific defence. Had I served a weak or wicked master, and implicitly obeyed his dictates, obedience to his commands must have been my only justification. But, as it has been my good fortune to serve a master who wants no bad Ministers, and would have hearkened to none, my defence must rest on my own conduct. The consciousness of innocence is sufficient support against my present prosecutors.

Survey and examine the individuals who usually support the measures of Government, and those who are in opposition. Let us see to whose side the balance preponderates. Look round both Houses, and see to which side the balance of virtue and talents preponderates. Are all these on one side, and not on the other? Or are all these to be counterbalanced by an affected claim to the exclusive title of patriotism? Gentlemen have talked a great deal about patriotism. A venerable word, when duly practised! But I am sorry to say that of late it has been so much hackneyed about, that it is in danger of falling into disgrace. The very idea of true patriotism is lost; and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot, Sir! — Why, patriots spring up like mushrooms! I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and despise all their efforts. This pretended virtue proceeds from personal malice, and from disappointed ambition. There is not a man amongst them whose particular aim I am not able to ascertain, and from what motive he has entered into the lists of opposition!

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38. AGAINST MR. PITT, 1741. — *Id.*

Sir, — I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on, with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture, — who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection

of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly, and their ignorance. Nor, Sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamors of rage, and the petulancy of invectives, contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together; — how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the Nation established, by pompous diction, and theatrical emotions. Formidable sounds and furious declamations, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, Sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets, and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but which leave no lasting impression on the mind. He will learn, Sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy, and flights of oratory, are, indeed, pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this Bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

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39. REPLY TO SIR R. WALPOLE, 1741. — *William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.*

William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, — one of the greatest orators of modern times, and especially endeared to Americans for his eloquent appeals in their behalf against the aggressions of the Mother Country, — was born on the 15th of November, 1708, in the parish of St. James, in the city of Westminster, England, and died on the 11th of May, 1778. His second son was the celebrated William Pitt, whose fame equals, though it does not eclipse, that of his father. "Viewing the forms of the two Pitts, father and son," says a biographer of the latter, "as they stand in History, what different emotions their images call forth! The impassioned and romantic father seems like a hero of chivalry; the stately and classical son, as a Roman dictator, compelled into the dimensions of an English minister!" "The principle," says Hazlitt, "by which the Earl of Chatham exerted his influence over others, was *sympathy*. He himself evidently had a strong possession of his subject, a thorough conviction, an intense interest; and this communicated itself from his *manner*, from the tones of his voice, from his commanding attitudes, and eager gestures, instinctively and unavoidably, to his hearers." The first sound is said to have terrified Sir Robert Walpole, who immediately exclaimed, "We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse." Sir Robert offered to promote Mr. Pitt in the army, provided he gave up his seat in Parliament. Probably Mr. Pitt was unwarrantably severe in the following reply to the foregoing remarks of Sir Robert. The reply appeared originally in Dr. Johnson's Register of Debates, and probably received many touches from his pen.

Sir, — The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; — but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their

youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; — but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is *he* to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; — who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; — nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, — nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment; — age, which always brings *one* privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, — whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

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40. IN REPLY TO MR. GRENVILLE, 1766. — *Earl of Chatham.*

Sir, a charge is brought against Gentlemen sitting in this House of giving birth to sedition in America. Several have spoken their sentiments with freedom against this unhappy act, — and that freedom has become their crime. Sorry I am to hear the liberty of speech in

this House imputed as a crime. But the imputation shall not discourage me. The Gentleman tells us, America is obstinate; America is almost in open rebellion. I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. I come not here armed at all points with law cases and acts of Parliament, with the statute-book doubled down in dogs' ears, to defend the cause of liberty. I would not debate a particular point of law with the Gentleman. I know his abilities. But, for the defence of liberty, upon a general principle, upon a Constitutional principle, it is a ground on which I stand firm, — on which I dare meet any man.

The Gentleman boasts of his bounties to America. Are not those bounties intended finally for the benefit of this Kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. He asks, When were the Colonies emancipated? I desire to know when they were made slaves! But I dwell not upon words. I will be bold to affirm that the profits of Great Britain from the trade of the Colonies, through all its branches, are two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war. This is the price America pays for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come, with a boast that he can fetch a pepper-corn into the Exchequer, by the loss of millions to the Nation? *

A great deal has been said, without doors, of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. But on this ground, — on the Stamp Act, when so many here will think it a crying injustice, — I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves, now the whole House of Bourbon is united against you? While France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave-trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty? while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain? The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side! I will undertake for America that she will follow the example.

> "Be to her faults a little blind;
> Be to her virtues very kind."

Let the Stamp Act be repealed; and let the reason for the repeal —

* Mr. Nugent had said that a peppercorn in acknowledgment of the right to tax America was of more value than millions without it.

because the Act was founded on an erroneous principle — be assigned. Let it be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately!

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41. THE FIRST STEP TO RECONCILIATION WITH AMERICA. — *Earl of Chatham. Jan.* 20, 1775, *on his motion to withdraw the British troops from Boston.*

In regard to this speech, we find in the diary of Josiah Quincy, jr., the following memorandum: "Attended the debates in the House of Lords. Good fortune gave me one of the best places for hearing, and taking a few minutes. Lord Chatham rose like Marcellus. His language, voice and gesture, were more pathetic than I ever saw or heard before, at the Bar or Senate. He seemed like an old Roman Senator, rising with the dignity of age, yet speaking with the fire of youth." Dr. Franklin, who was also present at the debate, said of this speech, that "he had seen, in the course of his life, sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in the present instance, he saw both united, and both, as he thought, in the highest degree possible."

America, my Lords, cannot be reconciled to this country — she ought not to be reconciled — till the troops of Britain are withdrawn. How can America trust you, with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I therefore move that an address be presented to his Majesty, advising that immediate orders be despatched to General Gage, for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston. The way must be immediately opened for reconciliation. It will soon be too late. An hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will pursue it to the end. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded Ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger.

I contend not for indulgence, but for justice, to America. What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive acts against a loyal, respectable people? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together; they are inseparable. I therefore urge and conjure your Lordships immediately to adopt this conciliating measure. If illegal violences have been, as it is said, committed in America, prepare the way — open the door of possibility — for acknowledgment and satisfaction; but proceed not to such coercion — such proscription: cease your indiscriminate inflictions; amerce not thirty thousand; oppress not three millions; irritate them not to unappeasable rancor, for the fault of forty or fifty. Such severity of injustice must forever render incurable the wounds you have inflicted. What though you march from town to town, from province to province? What though you enforce a temporary and local submission; — how shall you secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you in your progress? — How grasp the dominion of eighteen hundred miles of continent, populous in numbers, strong in valor, liberty, and the means of resistance?

The spirit which now resists your taxation, in America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences and ship-money, in England; — the same spirit which called all England on its legs, and, by

the Bill of Rights, vindicated the English Constitution; — the same spirit which established the great fundamental essential maxim of your liberties, *that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent.* This glorious Whig spirit animates three millions in America, who prefer poverty, with liberty, to gilded chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defence of their rights as men, as freemen. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every Whig in England? "'T is liberty to liberty engaged," that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immovably allied: it is the alliance of God and nature, — immutable, eternal, — fixed as the firmament of Heaven.

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42. REPEAL CLAIMED BY AMERICANS AS A RIGHT. — *From the same.*

It is not repealing this or that act of Parliament, — it is not repealing a piece of parchment, — that can restore America to our bosom. You must repeal her fears and her resentments; and you may then hope for her love and gratitude. But, now, insulted with an armed force posted at Boston, irritated with a hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure, — the dictates of fear, and the extortions of force! But it is more than evident that you *cannot* force them, principled and united as they are, to your unworthy terms of submission. Repeal, therefore, my Lords, I say! But bare repeal will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited People. You must go through the work. You must declare you have no right to tax. Then they may trust you. There is no time to be lost. Every moment is big with dangers. While I am speaking, the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequence. The very first drop of blood shed in civil and unnatural war will make a wound which years, perhaps ages, may not heal. It will be *immĕdĭcābĭlĕ vulnus.*

When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, — when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, — you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. I must declare and avow, that, in the master States of the world, I know not the People nor the Senate, who, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America assembled in General Congress at Philadelphia. For genuine sagacity, for singular moderation, for solid wisdom, manly spirit, sublime sentiments, and simplicity of language, — for everything respectable and honorable, — they stand unrivalled. I trust it is obvious to your Lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty Continental Nation, must be vain, must be fatal. This wise People speak out. They do not hold the language of slaves. They tell you what they mean. They do not ask you to repeal your laws as a favor. They claim it as a right — they demand it. They tell you they will not submit to them. And

I tell you, the acts must be repealed. We shall be forced ultimately to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They *must* be repealed. You *will* repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.* Avoid, then, this humiliating, this disgraceful necessity. Every motive of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your acts of Parliament. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures: — foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread, — France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting the maturity of your errors!

To conclude, my Lords: if the Ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from the Crown, but I will affirm that they will make his Crown not worth his wearing; I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the Kingdom is undone!

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43. LORD NORTH'S MINISTRY DENOUNCED, 1775. — *Id.*

In reply to the Duke of Grafton.

The noble Duke is extremely angry with me, that I did not consult him before bringing in the present Bill. I would ask the noble Duke, Does he consult *me*, or do I desire to be previously told of any motions or measures *he* thinks fit to propose to this House? This Bill, he says, has been hurried. Has he considered how the case really stands? Here we are told that America is in a state of actual rebellion; and I am charged with hurrying matters! The opponents of this Bill may flatter themselves that it will sink into silence, and be forgotten. They will find their mistake. This Bill, though rejected here, will make its way to the public, to the Nation, to the remotest wilds of America! It will, I trust, remain a monument of my poor endeavors to serve my country; and, however faulty or defective it may be, it will, at least, manifest how zealous I have been to avert the storms which seem ready to burst on that country, and to overwhelm it forever in ruin.

Yet, when I consider the whole case as it lies before me, I am not much astonished. I am not surprised that men who hate liberty should detest those who prize it; or that men who want virtue themselves should endeavor to depreciate those who possess it. Were I disposed to pursue this theme to the extent that truth would warrant, I could demonstrate that the whole of your political conduct has been one continued series of weakness, temerity, and despotism; of blun-

* The prediction of the Earl of Chatham was verified. After three years' fruitless war, the repeal of the offensive acts was sent out as a peace-offering to the Colonists; but it was too late.

dering ignorance, and wanton negligence; and of the most notorious servility, incapacity, and corruption. On reconsideration, I must allow you *one* merit, — a strict attention to your own interests. In that view, you appear sound statesmen and able politicians. You well know, if the present measure should prevail, that you must instantly relinquish your places. I doubt much whether you will be able to keep them on any terms. But sure I am, such are your well-known characters and abilities, that any plan of reconciliation, however moderate, wise and feasible, must fail in your hands. Such, then, being your precarious situations, who can wonder that you should put a negative on any measure which must annihilate your power, deprive you of your emoluments, and at once reduce you to that state of insignificance for which you were by God and Nature designed?

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44. AGAINST EMPLOYING INDIANS IN WAR. — *Earl of Chatham.*

In the course of the debate, November 18, 1777, during which the Earl of Chatham made the eloquent speech from which the two following extracts are taken, the Earl of Suffolk, Secretary of State for the Northern department, advocated the employment of Indians in the war, contending that, besides its policy and necessity, the measure was also allowable on principle; for that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that *God and Nature had put into our hands.*" The following is a resumption of the Earl of Chatham's speech of the same day.

Who is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights; and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment; but, atrocious as they are, they have found a defender in this House. "It is perfectly justifiable," says a noble Lord, "to use all the means that God and Nature put into our hands." I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed, — to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country; — principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation — I feel myself impelled by every duty to proclaim it. As members of this House, as men, as Christians, we are called upon to protest against the barbarous proposition. "That God and Nature put into our hands!" What ideas that noble Lord may entertain of God and Nature, I know not; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and to humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, revealed or natural; every sentiment of honor, every generous feeling of humanity!

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation! I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors

of our Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God! I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learnéd Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country! I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution! I call upon the honor of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own! I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character! I invoke the genius of the Constitution! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor * of the noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country! In vain did he lead your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain, — in vain did he defend and establish the honor, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant Religion* of his country, — if these more than Popish cruelties and Inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us! Turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman and child? Send forth the infidel savage? Against whom? Against your Protestant brethren! To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty; — we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, — endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity!

My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our Constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the State, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away those iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and this country from this sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

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45. RUINOUS CONSEQUENCES OF THE AMERICAN WAR. — *Earl of Chatham.*

You cannot *conciliate* America by your present measures; you cannot *subdue* her by your present, or by any measures. What, then,

* Lord Howard of Effingham, who commanded the English fleet opposed to the Spanish Armada, and from whom the Earl of Suffolk was descended. The tapestry in the House of Lords represented the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish Armada, in 1588. In October, 1834, this tapestry was burned in the fire which destroyed the two Houses of Parliament.

can you do? You cannot conquer, you cannot gain, but you can *address*. In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back in its behalf. But, in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling.

My Lords, I have submitted to you with the freedom and truth which I think my duty, my sentiments on your present awful situation. I have laid before you the ruin of your power, the disgrace of your reputation, the pollution of your discipline, the contamination of your morals, the complication of calamities, foreign and domestic, that overwhelm your sinking country. Your dearest interests, your own liberties, the Constitution itself, totter to the foundation. All this disgraceful danger, this multitude of misery, is the monstrous offspring of this unnatural war. We have been deceived and deluded too long. Let us now stop short. This is the crisis, — it may be the only crisis, — of time and situation, to give us a possibility of escape from the fatal effects of our delusions. But if, in an obstinate and infatuated perseverance in folly, we meanly echo back the peremptory words this day presented to us, — words expressing an unalterable determination to persist in the measures against America, — nothing can save this devoted country from complete and final ruin. We madly rush into multiplied miseries, and plunge into "confusion worse confounded."

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46. AMERICA UNCONQUERABLE. — *Earl of Chatham, November* 18, 1777, *on the Address of Thanks to the King.*

This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us, in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne, in the language of Truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can Ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one, and the violation of the other; — as to give an unlimited support to measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us; measures which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt? *But yesterday, and* England *might have stood against the world: now, none so poor to do* her *reverence!* France, my Lords, has insulted you. She has encouraged and sustained America; and, whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. Can even *our* Ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? The People, whom they affected to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has

at last obtained the name of enemies, — the People with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility, — this People, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their Ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy! — and our Ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect!

My Lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. You cannot, I venture to say it, you CANNOT conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, still more extravagantly; accumulate every assistance you can beg or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German Prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country: your efforts are forever vain and impotent, — doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms! — never! never! never!

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47. ON FREQUENT EXECUTIONS, 1777.—*Sir W. Meredith.*

WHETHER hanging ever did, or can, answer any good purpose, I doubt: but the cruel exhibition of every execution-day is a proof that hanging carries no terror with it. The multiplicity of our hanging laws has produced these two things: frequency of condemnation, and frequent pardons. If we look to the executions themselves, what examples do they give? The thief dies either hardened or penitent. All that admiration and contempt of death with which heroes and martyrs inspire good men in a good cause, the abandoned villain feels, in seeing a desperado like himself meet death with intrepidity. The penitent thief, on the other hand, often makes the sober villain think, that by robbery, forgery or murder, he can relieve all his wants; and, if he be brought to justice, the punishment will be short and trifling, and the reward eternal.

When a member of Parliament brings in a new hanging law, he begins with mentioning some injury that may be done to private property, for which a man is not yet liable to be hanged; and then proposes the gallows as the specific and infallible means of cure and prevention. One Mary Jones was executed, whose case I shall just

mention. She was very young, and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak; the shopman saw her, and she laid it down: for this she was hanged. Her defence was (I have the trial in my pocket), "that she had lived in credit and wanted for nothing, till a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but, since then, she had no bed to lie on; nothing to give her children to eat; and they were almost naked: and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did." The parish officers testified the truth of this story: but it seems there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate; an example was thought necessary; and this woman was hanged for the comfort and satisfaction of some shopkeepers in Ludgate-street!

And for what cause was God's creation robbed of this its noblest work? It was for no injury; but for a mere attempt to clothe two naked children by unlawful means! Compare this with what the State did, and with what the law did! The State bereaved the woman of her husband, and the children of a father, who was all their support; the law deprived the woman of her life, and the children of their remaining parent, exposing them to every danger, insult, and merciless treatment, that destitute and helpless orphans can suffer. Take all the circumstances together, I do not believe that a fouler murder was ever committed *against* the law than the murder of this woman *by* the law! Some who hear me are perhaps blaming the judges, the jury, and the hangman; but neither judge, jury nor hangman, are to blame; — they are but ministerial agents: the true hangman is the member of Parliament. Here, here are the guilty; he who frames the bloody law is answerable for the bloody deed, — for all the injustice, all the wretchedness, all the sin, that proceed from it!

48. ON PARLIAMENTARY INNOVATIONS. — *Mr. Beaufoy.*

To calumniate innovation, and to decry it, is preposterous. Have there never been any innovations on the Constitution? Can it be forgotten, for one moment, that all the advantages, civil and political, which we enjoy at this hour, are in reality the immediate and fortunate effects of innovation? It is by innovations that the English Constitution has grown and flourished. It is by innovations that the House of Commons has risen to importance. It was at different eras that the counties and towns were empowered to elect representatives. Even the office of Speaker was an innovation; for it was not heard of till the time of Richard the Second. What was more, the freedom of speech, now so highly valued, was an innovation; for there were times when no member dared to avow his sentiments, and when his head must have answered for the boldness of his tongue. To argue against innovations, is to argue against improvements of every kind. When the followers of Wickliffe maintained the cause of humanity and reason

against absurdity and superstition, "No innovation," was the cry; and the fires of persecution blazed over the Kingdom. "Let there be no innovation," is ever the maxim of the ignorant, the interested, and the worthless. It is the favorite tenet of the servile advocate of tyranny. It is the motto which Bigotry has inscribed on her banners. It is the barrier that opposes every improvement, political, civil, and religious. To reprobate all innovations on the Constitution, is to suppose that it is perfect. But perfection was not its attribute either in the Saxon or Norman times. It is not its attribute at the present moment. Alterations are perpetually necessary in every Constitution; for the Government should be accommodated to the times, to the circumstances, to the wants of a People, which are ever changing.

49. THE FOLLY OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION. — *Compilation.*

Mr. Speaker, it behoves the piety as well as the wisdom of Parliament to disappoint these endeavors to make religion itself an engine of sedition. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian is himself not a Christian. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. I repeat it; persecution is as impious as it is cruel and unwise. It not only opposes every precept of the New Testament, but it invades the prerogative of God Himself. It is a usurpation of the attributes which belong exclusively to the Most High. It is a vain endeavor to ascend into His Throne, to wield His sceptre, and to hurl His thunderbolts.

And then its own history proves how *useless* it is. Truth is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it; all the violence of men, stirred up by the power and subtlety of hell, cannot put it to death. In the person of its martyrs it bids defiance to the will of the tyrant who persecutes it, and with the martyr's last breath predicts its own full and final triumphs. The Pagan persecuted the Christian, but yet Christianity lives. The Roman Catholic persecuted the Protestant, but yet Protestantism lives. The Protestant persecuted the Roman Catholic, but yet Catholicism lives. The Church of England persecuted the Nonconformists, and yet Nonconformity lives. Nonconformists persecuted Episcopalians, yet Episcopacy lives. When persecution is carried to its extreme length of extirpating heretics, Truth may be extinguished in one place, but it will break out in another. If opinions cannot be put down by argument, they cannot by power. Truth gains

the victory in the end, not only by its own evidences, but by the sufferings of its confessors. Therefore, Sir, if we have a mind to establish peace among the People, we must allow men to judge freely in matters of religion, and to embrace that opinion they think right, without any hope of temporal reward, without any fear of temporal punishment.

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50. AMERICA'S OBLIGATIONS TO ENGLAND, 1765. — *Col. Barré, in reply to Charles Townshend, a member of the Ministry.*

The honorable member has asked: — "And now will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished up by our indulgence, and protected by our arms, — will they grudge to contribute their mite?" *They planted by your care!* — No, your oppressions planted them in America! They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say the most formidable, of any People upon the face of God's earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, our American brethren met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those that should have been their friends.

They nourished up by your indulgence! — They grew by your neglect of them! As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them; men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

They protected by your arms! — They have nobly taken up arms in your defence! — have exerted a valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And, believe me, — remember I this day told you so, — that same spirit of freedom which actuated that People at first will accompany them still; but prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat. What I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen and been conversant in that country. The People, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the King has; but they are a People jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them to the last drop of their blood, if they should ever be violated.

51. REPLY TO LORD NORTH, 1774. — *Col. Barré. Born*, 1727; *died*, 1802.

When intelligence of the destruction of the tea at Boston, Dec. 18, 1773, reached England, it was made the subject of a message from the Throne to both Houses of Parliament. The bill shutting up the port of Boston followed. Then succeeded two more measures, by one of which the charter of Massachusetts Bay was entirely subverted, and the nomination of councillors, magistrates, and all civil officers, vested in the Crown; and by the other it was provided, that if any person were indicted in the Province of Massachusetts Bay for murder, or any other capital offence, and it should appear to the Governor, by information on oath, that the act was committed in the exercise or aid of the magistracy in suppressing tumults and riots, and that a fair trial could not be had in the province, he should send the person so indicted to any other colony, or to Great Britain, for trial. While the two measures last named were pending, the following remarks were made in Parliament by Col. Barré.

Sir, this proposition is so glaring; so unprecedented in any former proceedings of Parliament; so unwarranted by any delay, denial or provocation of justice, in America; so big with misery and oppression to that country, and with danger to this, — that the first blush of it is sufficient to alarm and rouse me to opposition. It is proposed to stigmatize a whole People as persecutors of innocence, and men incapable of doing justice; yet you have not a single fact on which to ground that imputation! I expected the noble Lord would have supported this motion by producing instances in which officers of Government in America had been prosecuted with unremitting vengeance, and brought to cruel and dishonorable deaths, by the violence and injustice of American juries. But he has not produced one such instance; and I will tell you more, Sir,—he cannot produce one! The instances which have happened are directly in the teeth of his proposition. Col. Preston and the soldiers who shed the blood of the People were fairly tried, and fully acquitted. It was an American jury, a New England jury, a Boston jury, which tried and acquitted them. Col. Preston has, under his hand, publicly declared that the inhabitants of the very town in which their fellow-citizens had been sacrificed were his advocates and defenders. Is this the return you make them? Is this the encouragement you give them to persevere in so laudable a spirit of justice and moderation? But the noble Lord says, "We must now show the Americans that we will no longer sit quiet under their insults." Sir, I am sorry to say that this is declamation, unbecoming the character and place of him who utters it. In what moment have you been quiet? Has not your Government, for many years past, been a series of irritating and offensive measures, without policy, principle or moderation? Have not your troops and your ships made a vain and insulting parade in their streets and in their harbors? Have you not stimulated discontent into disaffection, and are you not now goading disaffection into rebellion? Can you expect to be well informed when you listen only to partisans? Can you expect to do justice when you will not hear the accused?

Let the banners be once spread in America, and you are an undone People. You are urging this desperate, this destructive issue. In assenting to your late Bill,* I resisted the violence of America at the hazard of my popularity there. I now resist your frenzy at the same risk

* The Boston Port Bill; for his vote in favor of which the portrait of Barré was removed from Faneuil Hall.

here. I know the vast superiority of your disciplined troops over the Provincials; but beware how you supply the want of discipline by desperation! What madness is it that prompts you to attempt obtaining that by force which you may more certainly procure by requisition? The Americans may be flattered into anything; but they are too much like yourselves to be driven. Have some indulgence for your own likeness; respect their sturdy English virtue; retract your odious exertions of authority, and remember that the first step towards making them contribute to your wants is to reconcile them to your Government.

52. BOLD PREDICTIONS, 1775.—*John Wilkes. Born*, 1717; *died*, 1797.

Mr. Speaker: The Address to the King, upon the disturbances in North America, now reported from the Committee of the whole House, appears to be unfounded, rash, and sanguinary. It draws the sword unjustly against America. It mentions, Sir, the particular Province of Massachusetts Bay as in a state of actual rebellion. The other Provinces are held out to our indignation as aiding and abetting. Arguments have been employed to involve them in all the consequences of an open, declared rebellion, and to obtain the fullest orders for our officers and troops to act against them as rebels. Whether their present state is that of rebellion, or of a fit and just resistance to unlawful acts of power, — resistance to our attempts to rob them of their property and liberties, as they imagine, — I shall not declare. This I know: a *successful* resistance is a revolution, not a rebellion! Rebellion indeed appears on the back of a *flying* enemy; but *Revolution flames on the breast-plate of the victorious warrior.* Who can tell, Sir, whether, in consequence of this day's violent and mad Address to his Majesty, the scabbard may not be thrown away by them as well as by us; and, should success attend them, whether, in a few years, the independent Americans may not celebrate the glorious era of the Revolution of 1775, as we do that of 1688?

The policy, Sir, of this measure, I can no more comprehend, than I can acknowledge the justice of it. Is your force adequate to the attempt? I am satisfied it is not. Boston, indeed, you may lay in ashes, or it may be made a strong garrison; but the Province will be lost to you. Boston will be like Gibraltar. You will hold, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, as you do in Spain, a single town, while the whole country remains in the power and possession of the enemy. Where your fleets and armies are stationed, the possession will be secured, while they continue; but all the rest will be lost. In the great scale of empire, you will decline, I fear, from the decision of this day; and the Americans will rise to independence, to power, to all the greatness of the most renowned States! For they build on the solid basis of general public liberty.

I tremble, Sir, at the almost certain consequences of such an Address, founded in cruelty and injustice, equally contrary to the

sound maxims of true policy, and the unerring rule of natural right. The Americans will certainly defend their property and their liberties with the spirit which our ancestors exerted, and which, I hope, we should exert, on a like occasion. They will sooner declare themselves independent, and risk every consequence of such a contest, than submit to the galling yoke which Administration is preparing for them. An Address of this sanguinary nature cannot fail of driving them to despair. They will see that you are preparing, not only to draw the sword, but to burn the scabbard. In the most harsh manner you are declaring them REBELS! Every idea of a reconciliation will now vanish. They will pursue the most vigorous course in their own defence. The whole continent of North America will be dismembered from Great Britain, and the wide arch of the raised Empire will fall. But may the just vengeance of the People overtake the authors of these pernicious Counsels! May the loss of the first Province of the Empire be speedily followed by the loss of the heads of those Ministers who have persisted in these wicked, these fatal, these most disastrous measures!

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53. CONQUEST OF THE AMERICANS IMPRACTICABLE, 1775. — *John Wilkes.*

SIR, it ill becomes the duty and dignity of Parliament to lose itself in such a fulsome adulatory Address to the Throne as that now proposed. We ought rather, Sir, to approach it with sound and wholesome advice, and even with remonstrances, against the Ministers who have precipitated the Nation into an unjust, ruinous, murderous and felonious war. I call the war with our brethren in America an unjust and felonious war, because the primary cause and confessed origin of it is to attempt to take their money from them without their consent, contrary to the common rights of all mankind, and those great fundamental principles of the English Constitution for which Hampden bled. I assert, Sir, that it is a murderous war, because it is an effort to deprive men of their lives for standing up in the defence of their property and their clear rights. Such a war, I fear, Sir, will draw down the vengeance of Heaven on this devoted Kingdom. Sir, is any Minister weak enough to flatter himself with the conquest of the Americans? You cannot, with all your allies, — with all the mercenary ruffians of the North, — you cannot effect so wicked a purpose. The Americans will dispute every inch of territory with you, every narrow pass, every strong defile, every Thermopylæ, every Bunker's Hill! More than half the Empire is already lost, and almost all the rest is in confusion and anarchy. We have appealed to the sword; and what have we gained? Bunker's Hill only, — and that with the loss of twelve hundred men! Are we to pay as dear for the rest of America? The idea of the conquest of that immense country is as romantic as unjust.

The honorable Gentleman who moved this Address says, "The Americans have been treated with lenity." Will facts justify the

assertion? Was your Boston Port Bill a measure of lenity? Was your Fishery Bill a measure of lenity? Was your Bill for taking away the charter of Massachusetts Bay a measure of lenity, or even of justice? I omit your many other gross provocations and insults, by which the brave Americans have been driven to their present state. Sir, I disapprove, not only the evil spirit of this whole Address, but likewise the wretched adulation of alm st every part of it. My wish and hope, therefore, is, that it will be rejected by this House; and that another, dutiful yet decent, manly Address, will be presented to his Majesty, praying that he would sheathe the sword, prevent the further effusion of the blood of our fellow-subjects, and adopt some mode of negotiation with the general Congress, in compliance with their repeated petition, thereby restoring peace and harmony to this distracted Empire.

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54. REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON. — *Lord Thurlow.*

Edward Thurlow, who rose to be Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, was born in 1732, and died in 1806. Butler, in his "Reminiscences," says: "It was my good fortune to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, who reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience; and, under these circumstances, he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. Lord Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House of Lords, and then, fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder, he said (in a level tone of voice), 'I am amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me.' Then, raising his voice, — 'Yes, my Lords, I am amazed,' &c."

I AM amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident *of* an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable, and as insulting, as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone.

No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited *me*, — not I the Peerage. Nay, more, — I can say, and *will* say, that, as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England, — nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me, — as a MAN, — I am, at this moment, as respectable, — I beg leave to add, I am as much respected, — as the proudest Peer I now look down upon!

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55. WORTH OF PRESENT POPULARITY. — *Lord Mansfield.* *Born*, 1705; *died*, 1783.

Against Parliamentary exemption from arrest for debt, May 9, 1770.

IT has been imputed to me by the noble Earl * on my left, that I, too, am running the race of popularity. If the noble Earl means, by

* The Earl of Chatham.

popularity, that applause bestowed by after ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race: to what purpose, all-trying Time can alone determine. But if he means that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble Earl to point out a single action of my life in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determination. I thank God I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct — the dictates of my own breast. Those who have foregone that pleasing advice, and given up their minds to the slavery of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them that many, who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received its execrations the next; and many, who, by the popularity of their own times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared on the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delusion, the assassins of liberty. Why, then, the noble Earl can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine.

Besides, I do not know that the Bill now before your Lordships will be popular; it depends much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular Bill. It may not be popular, neither, to take away any of the privileges of Parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your Lordships may remember, that, not long ago, the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was said the privilege protected members even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular prejudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with that doctrine. It was, undoubtedly, an abominable doctrine; I thought so then, and I think so still; but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty, — how deservedly, time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all, — to the king and to the beggar. Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of Parliament, more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, nor any employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes; and, where I have the honor to sit as judge, neither royal favor nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty.

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56. MAGNANIMITY IN POLITICS, 1775. — *Edmund Burke. Born*, 1730; *died*, 1797.

A REVENUE from America, transmitted hither? Do not delude yourselves! You never can receive it — no, not a shilling! Let the Colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your Government, and they will cling and grapple to you. These are ties

which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron. But let it once be understood that your Government may be one thing and their privileges another, — the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened! Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. These things do not make your Government. Dead instruments, passive tools, as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English Constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the Empire, even down to the minutest member.

Do you imagine that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! Surely no! It is the love of the People; it is their attachment to their Government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of Empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But, to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are, in truth, everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great Empire and little minds go ill together. Let us get an American revenue, as we have got an American Empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be!

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57. ENTERPRISE OF AMERICAN COLONISTS, 1775.—*Edmund Burke.*

Burke, the greatest of Irish statesmen, and unsurpassed as a writer of English prose, impaired his immediate success as a speaker by a badly-regulated voice, and an infelicitous delivery. Grattan, his countryman and contemporary, wrote of him: "Burke is unquestionably the first orator of the Commons of England, notwithstanding the want of energy, the want of grace, and the want of elegance, in his manner." "He was a prodigy of nature and of acquisition. He read everything — he saw everything. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and, when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, cognizant of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health, and what others conceived to be the vigor of her constitution he knew to be the paroxysm of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations."

For some time past, Mr. Speaker, has the Old World been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, — if America, — with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full

breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent. Turning from the agricultural resources of the Colonies, consider the wealth which they have drawn from the sea by their fisheries. The spirit in which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought to raise your esteem and admiration. Pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the People of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis' Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold, that they are at the antipŏdés, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the Poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game, along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent People; a People who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone, of manhood.

When I contemplate these things, — when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious Government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection, — when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

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58. ON AMERICAN TAXATION, April 19, 1774. — *Id.*

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America, than to see you go out of the plain high road of finance, and give up your most certain revenues and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your Colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of three-pence. But no commodity will bear three-pence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated, and two millions of men are resolved not to pay. The feelings of the Colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden, when

called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave! It is the weight of that preamble, of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear. You are, therefore, at this moment, in the awkward situation of fighting for a phantom; a quiddity; a thing that wants, not only a substance, but even a name; for a thing which is neither abstract right, nor profitable enjoyment.

They tell you, Sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible incumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason, show it to be common sense, show it to be the means of obtaining some useful end, and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity, is more than I ever could discern! Let us, Sir, embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw a productive revenue from thence? If you do, speak out: name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity; define its objects; provide for its collection; and then fight, when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession: and do not appear in the character of madmen, as well as assassins, — violent, vindictive, bloody and tyrannical, without an object. But may better counsels guide you!

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59. DESPOTISM INCOMPATIBLE WITH RIGHT, 1788. — *Id.*

My Lords, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British empire. Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince; that he is to use arbitrary power; and, of course, all his acts are covered with that shield. "I know," says he, "the Constitution of Asia only from its practice." Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of Government? *He* have arbitrary power! — My Lords, the East-India Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, — much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, — all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, preëxistent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas and to all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by

which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have; —it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God; all power is of God; — and He who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practised upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If, then, all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense; neither he that exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it; and, if they were mad enough to make an express compact, that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties and properties, dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant would be void.

This arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine, and violence. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property; name me power, and I will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms, it is blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any man can have arbitrary power. In every patent of office the duty is included. For what else does a magistrate exist? To suppose for power, is an absurdity in idea. Judges are guided and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject. We may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed by *law;* and he that will substitute *will* in the place of it is an enemy to God.

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60. IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS, 1788. — *Id.*

The unremitting energy of Burke's appeals, in the prosecution of Hastings, was a subject of wonder at the time, and is a lasting memorial of his zeal in what he believed an honest cause, for the admiration of posterity. Hastings himself has said of Burke's eloquence against him, — "For the first half-hour, I looked up to the orator in a reverie of wonder; and, during that time, I felt myself the most culpable man on earth." The trial of Warren Hastings commenced in Westminster Hall, Feb. 18, 1788. The whole process occupied ten years, from 1785 to 1795. On the 23d of April, 1796, Hastings was acquitted by a large majority of the Peers.

My Lords, I do not mean now to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this, — that Mr. Hastings' government was one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of supersession of the whole system of the English Government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any Government; in order to defeat

the ends which all Governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villany upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here, to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated Provinces, and of wasted Kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? — No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community; — all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. We commit safely the interests of India and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose Parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights and liberties, he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed; whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

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61. PERORATION AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS. — *Edmund Burke.*

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this Nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have

not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption.

My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation: that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself, — I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser, before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not all be involved; and, if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen, — if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decōrous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones, — may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but, if you stand, — and stand I trust you will, — together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious Kingdom, may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted Nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviōlable justice!

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62. TO THE ELECTORS OF BRISTOL. — *Edmund Burke.*

Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude unto you for having set me in a place wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good will of his countrymen; if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, — I can shut the book; — I might wish

to read a page or two more, — but this is enough for my measure. I have not lived in vain.

And now, Gentlemen, on this serious day, when I come, as it were, to make up my account with you, let me take to myself some degree of honest pride, on the nature of the charges that are against me. I do not here stand before you accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said that, in the long period of my service, I have, in a single instance, sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition, or to my fortune. It is not alleged that, to gratify any anger or revenge of my own, or of my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any one man in any description. No! the charges against me are all of one kind, — that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far, — further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life, — in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, — I will call to mind this accusation, and be comforted.

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63. MARIE ANTOINETTE, 1790.* — *Edmund Burke.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, — glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. O! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a Nation of gallant men, in a Nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom! The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of Nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

* Born, 1755; beheaded, 1792.

64. DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS, 1780. — *Henry Grattan.*

Henry Grattan, one of the most renowned of Irish orators, was born in Dublin, on the 3d of July, 1746, and died in 1820. In December, 1775, he took his seat in the Irish House of Commons; and from that time till 1800, he figured politically in that body chiefly. The Irish Revolution of 1782 was carried mainly by his efforts. Although a Protestant, he was a most earnest advocate of the entire emancipation of the Catholics from all invidious distinctions and disabilities. In 1805 Grattan took his seat in the British Parliament, where he became the leading Champion of Catholic rights. The passages from his speeches in this collection bearing date anterior to 1805 were pronounced in the Irish Parliament; those of a subsequent date were delivered before the popular branch of the Imperial Parliament. Of Grattan we may add, in the words of the Rev. Sydney Smith: — "No Government ever dismayed him; the world could not bribe him: he thought only of Ireland; lived for no other object; dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence."

Sir, I have entreated an attendance on this day, that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it. England now smarts under the lesson of the American war; her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth; her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral, none in whom she long confides, and no general whom she has not disgraced; the balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection, — you are the only Nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Let corruption tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety, and this hour of redemption. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country, or publicly restore them. Where is the freedom of trade? Where is the security of property? Where is the liberty of the People? I therefore say, nothing is safe, satisfactory or honorable, nothing except a declaration of rights. What! are you, with three hundred thousand men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free People? If England is a tyrant, it is you have made her so; it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and then murmurs at the master whom he himself has constituted.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character; had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar. There is no middle policy: win her heart by the restoration of her rights, or cut off the Nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the Nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland. They judge of us by other great Nations; by the Nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty, — America! They judge of us with a true knowledge and just deference for our character; that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty.

I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen centuries, by the arms, inspiration and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go; assert the law of Ireland; declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked,—he shall not be in iron. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

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65. REPLY TO MR. FLOOD, 1783.—*Henry Grattan.*

At the time of this speech in the Irish Parliament, Flood and Grattan, although previously friends, stood before the British public as rival leaders. A bitter animosity had arisen between them; and Grattan having unfortunately led the way in personality, by speaking of his opponent's "affectation of infirmity," Flood replied with great asperity, denouncing Grattan as "a mendicant patriot," who, "bought by his country for a sum of money, then sold his country for prompt payment." He also sneered at Grattan's "aping the style of Lord Chatham." To these taunts Grattan replied in a speech, an abridgment of which we here give. An arrangement for a hostile meeting between the parties was the consequence of this speech; but Flood was arrested, and the crime of a duel was not added to the offence of vindictive personality, of which both had been guilty. Grattan lived to regret his harshness, and speak in generous terms of his rival.

It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man, who has not a bad character, can ever say that I deceived. No country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence. I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last stage of political dissolution. I will suppose him, in the first stage of his life, to have been intemperate; in the second, to have been corrupt; and in the last, seditious;—that, after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of Government, when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America,—of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, and toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say:

Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue; after a rank and clamorous opposition, you became, on a sudden, *silent;* you were silent for seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry. You, Sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles, — you, Sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden; — you, Sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America, — and you, Sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty!* But you found, at last, that the Court had bought, but would not trust you. Mortified at the discovery, you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; and observing, with regard to Prince and People, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the People. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you, — and I, I now say, and say to your beard, Sir, — you are not an honest man!

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66. NATIONAL GRATITUDE, 1780. — *Henry Grattan.*

I SHALL hear of ingratitude. I name the argument to despise it, and the men who make use of it. I know the men who use it are not grateful: they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument. I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free; no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A Nation's liberty cannot, like her treasure, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude. No man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor Nation of her liberty. There are certain unimpartable, inherent, invaluable properties, not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable; saying that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain has robbed her of, — her rights and privileges. To say

that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty, because she is not satisfied with slavery, is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free Constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

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67. DISQUALIFICATION OF ROMAN CATHOLICS, 1793. — *Henry Grattan.*

You are struggling with difficulties, you imagine; you are mistaken, — you are struggling with impossibilities. In making laws on the subject of religion, legislators forget mankind, until their own distraction admonishes them of two truths; — the one, that there is a God; the other, that there is a People! Never was it permitted to any Nation, — they may perplex their understandings with various apologies, — but never was it long permitted to exclude from essential, — from what they themselves have pronounced essential blessings, — a great portion of themselves for a period of time; and for no reason, or, what is worse, for such reasons as you have advanced.

Conquerors, or tyrants proceeding from conquerors, have scarcely ever for any length of time governed by those partial disabilities; but a People so to govern itself, or, rather, under the name of Government, so to exclude itself, — the industrious, the opulent, the useful, — that part that feeds you with its industry, and supplies you with its taxes, weaves that you may wear, and ploughs that you may eat, — to exclude a body so useful, so numerous, and that forever! — and, in the mean time, to tax them *ad libitum*, and occasionally to pledge their lives and fortunes! — for what? — for their disfranchisement! — it cannot be done! Continue it, and you expect from your laws what it were blasphemy to ask of your Maker. Such a policy always turns on the inventor, and bruises him under the stroke of the sceptre or the sword, or sinks him under accumulations of debt and loss of dominion. Need I go to instances? What was the case of Ireland, enslaved for a century, and withered and blasted with her Protestant ascendency, like a shattered oak scathed on its hill by the fires of its own intolerance? What lost England America, but such a policy? An attempt to bind men by a Parliament, wherein they are not represented! Such an attempt as some would now continue to practise on the Catholics! Has your pity traversed leagues of sea to sit down by the black boy on the coast of Guinea, — and have you forgot the man at home by your side, your brother?

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68. HEAVEN FIGHTS ON THE SIDE OF A GREAT PRINCIPLE. — *Grattan.*

The Kingdom of Ireland, with her imperial crown, stands at your Bar. She applies for the civil liberty of three-fourths of her children. Will you dismiss her without a hearing? You cannot do it! I say you cannot finally do it! The interest of your country would not support you; the feelings of your country would not support you: it is

a proceeding that cannot long be persisted in. No courtier so devoted, no politician so hardened, no conscience so capacious! I am not afraid of occasional majorities. A majority cannot overlay a great principle. God will guard His own cause against rank majorities. In vain shall men appeal to a church-cry, or to a mock-thunder; the proprietor of the bolt is on the side of the People.

It was the expectation of the repeal of Catholic disability which carried the Union. Should you wish to support the minister of the crown against the People of Ireland, retain the Union, and perpetuate the disqualification, the consequence must be something more than alienation. When you finally decide against the Catholic question, you abandon the idea of governing Ireland by affection, and you adopt the idea of coercion in its place. You are pronouncing the doom of England. If you ask how the People of Ireland feel towards you, ask yourselves how you would feel towards us, if we disqualified three-fourths of the People of England forever. The day you finally ascertain the disqualification of the Catholic, you pronounce the doom of Great Britain. It is just it should be so. The King who takes away the liberty of his subjects loses his Crown; the People who take away the liberty of their fellow-subjects lose their empire. The scales of your own destinies are in your own hands; and if you throw out the civil liberty of the Irish Catholic, depend on it, Old England will be weighed in the balance, and found wanting: you will then have dug your own grave, and you may write your own epitaph thus: — "ENGLAND DIED, BECAUSE SHE TAXED AMERICA, AND DISQUALIFIED IRELAND."

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69. INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. CORRY, 1800. — *Henry Grattan.*

A duel, in which Mr. Corry was wounded in the arm, was the sequel to this speech. The immediate provocation of the speech was a remark from Corry, that Grattan, instead of having a voice in the councils of his country, should have been standing as a culprit at her Bar.

HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not! It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow! He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false! Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm, — I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt — they are seditious — and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country! I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman! I defy the Government! I defy their whole phalanx! — let them come forth! I tell the ministers I shall neither give them quarter nor take it! I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

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70. UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN, 1800. — *Henry Grattan.*

The minister misrepresents the sentiments of the People, as he has before traduced their reputation. He asserts, that after a calm and mature consideration, they have pronounced their judgment in favor of an Union. Of this assertion not one syllable has any existence in fact, or in the appearance of fact. I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties in evidence. To affirm that the judgment of a Nation *against* is *for;* to assert that she has said *ay* when she has pronounced *no;* to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin, and the ground of the Union; to affirm that her Parliament,

Constitution, liberty, honor, property, are taken away by her own authority, — there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust.

The Constitution may be *for a time* so lost. The character of the country cannot be so lost. The ministers of the Crown will, or may, perhaps, at length find that it is not so easy, by abilities however great, and by power and corruption however irresistible, to put down forever an ancient and respectable Nation. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principle of liberty. I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:

> "Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
> And Death's pale flag is not advancéd there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind; I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall!

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71. THE CATHOLIC QUESTION, 1805. — *Henry Grattan.*

The Parliament of Ireland! — of that assembly I have a parental recollection. I sate by her cradle, — I followed her hearse! In fourteen years she acquired for Ireland what you did not acquire for England in a century, — freedom of trade, independency of the Legislature, independency of the judges, restoration of the final judicature, repeal of a perpetual mutiny bill, habeas corpus act, nullum tempus act, — a great work! You will exceed it, and I shall rejoice. I call my countrymen to witness, if in that business I compromised the claims of my country, or temporized with the power of England; but there was one thing which baffled the effort of the patriot, and defeated the wisdom of the Senate, — it was the folly of the theologian! When the Parliament of Ireland rejected the Catholic petition, and assented to the calumnies then uttered against the Catholic body, on that day she voted the Union: if you should adopt a similar conduct, on that day you will vote the separation. Many good and pious reasons you may give; many good and pious reasons *she* gave; and she lies THERE, with her many good and pious reasons! That the Parliament of Ireland should have entertained prejudices, I am not astonished; but that you, — that you, who have, as individuals and as conquerors, visited a great

part of the globe, and have seen men in all their modifications, and Providence in all her ways, — that you, now, at this time of day, should throw up dikes against the Pope, and barriers against the Catholic, instead of uniting with that Catholic to throw up barriers against the French, this surprises; and, in addition to this, that you should have set up the Pope in Italy, to tremble at him in Ireland; and, further, that you should have professed to have placed yourself at the head of a Christian, not a Protestant league, to defend the civil and religious liberty of Europe, and should deprive of their civil liberty one-fifth of yourselves, on account of their religion,— this — this surprises me!

This proscriptive system you may now remove. What the best men in Ireland wished to do, but could not do, you may accomplish. Were it not wise to come to a good understanding with the Irish now? The franchises of the Constitution! — your ancestors were nursed in that cradle. The ancestors of the petitioners were less fortunate. The posterity of both, born to new and strange dangers, — let them agree to renounce jealousies and proscriptions, in order to oppose what, without that agreement, will overpower both. Half Europe is in battalion against us, and we are devoting one another to perdition on account of mysteries, — when we should form against the enemy, and march!

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72. RELIGION INDEPENDENT OF GOVERNMENT, 1811. —*Henry Grattan.*

Let us reflect on the necessary limits of all human legislation. No Legislature has a right to make partial laws; it has no right to make arbitrary laws — I mean laws contrary to reason; because that is beyond the power of the Deity. Neither has it a right to institute any inquisition into men's thoughts, nor to punish any man merely for his religion. It can have no power to make a religion for men, since that would be to dethrone the Almighty. I presume it will not be arrogated, on the part of the British Legislature, that his Majesty, by and with the advice of the Lords spiritual and temporal, &c., can enact that he will appoint and constitute a new religion for the People of this empire; or, that, by an order in Council, the consciences and creeds of his subjects might be suspended. Nor will it be contended, I apprehend, that any authoritative or legislative measure could alter the law of the hypothenuse. Whatever belongs to the authority of God, or to the laws of nature, is necessarily beyond the province and sphere of human institution and government. The Roman Catholic, when you disqualify him on the ground of his religion, may, with great justice, tell you that you are not his God, that he cannot mould or fashion his faith by your decrees. When once man goes out of his sphere, and says he will legislate for God, he would, in fact, make himself God.

But this I do not charge upon the Parliament, because, in none of the penal acts, has the Parliament imposed a religious creed. The qualifying oath, as to the great number of offices, and as to seats in

Parliaments, scrupulously evades religious distinctions. A Dissenter of any class may take it. A Deist, an Atheist, may likewise take it. The Catholics are alone excepted; and for what reason? If a Deist be fit to sit in Parliament, it can hardly be urged that a Christian is unfit! If an Atheist be competent to legislate for his country, surely this privilege cannot be denied to the believer in the divinity of our Saviour! If it be contended that, to support the Church, it is expedient to continue these disabilities, I dissent from that opinion. If it could, indeed, be proved, I should say that you had acted in defiance of all the principles of human justice and freedom, in having taken away their Church from the Irish, in order to establish your own; and in afterwards attempting to secure that establishment by disqualifying the People, and compelling them at the same time to pay for its support. This is to fly directly in the face of the plainest canons of the Almighty. For the benefit of eleven hundred, to disqualify four or five millions, is the insolent effort of bigotry, not the benignant precept of Christianity; and all this, not for the preservation of their property,— for that was secured,— but for bigotry, for intolerance, for avarice, for a vile, abominable, illegitimate, and atrocious usurpation. The laws of God cry out against it; the spirit of Christianity cries out against it; the laws of England, and the spirit and principles of its Constitution, cry out against such a system.

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73. SECTARIAN TYRANNY, 1812. —*Henry Grattan.*

Whenever one sect degrades another on account of religion, such degradation is the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that, on account of his religion, no Catholic shall sit in Parliament, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that no Catholic shall be a sheriff, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that no Catholic shall be a general, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. There are two descriptions of laws, — the municipal law, which binds the People, and the law of God, which binds the Parliament and the People. Whenever you do any act which is contrary to His laws, as expressed in His work, which is the world, or in His book, the Bible, you exceed your right; whenever you rest any of your establishments on that excess, you rest it on a foundation which is weak and fallacious; whenever you attempt to establish your Government, or your property, or your Church, on religious restrictions, you establish them on that false foundation, and you oppose the Almighty; and though you had a host of mitres on your side, you banish God from your ecclesiastical Constitution, and freedom from your political. In vain shall men endeavor to make this the cause of the Church; they aggravate the crime, by the endeavor to make their God their fellow in the injustice. Such rights are the rights of ambition; they are the rights of conquest; and, in your case, they have been the rights of suicide. They begin by attacking liberty; they end by the loss of empire!

74. THE AMERICAN WAR DENOUNCED, 1781. — *William Pitt.*

William Pitt, second son of the great Earl of Chatham, entered Parliament in his twenty-second year. He was born the 28th of May, 1759; and took his seat in the House of Commons, as representative for the borough of Appleby, on the 23d of January, 1781. He made his first oratorical effort in that body the 26th of February following; and displayed great and astonishing powers of eloquence. Burke said of him, "He is not merely a chip of the old block, but he is the old block itself." At the age of twenty-four, Pitt became the virtual leader of the House of Commons, and Prime Minister of England. He died January 23, 1806. The subjoined remarks were made in reference to a resolution declaring that immediate measures ought to be adopted for concluding peace with the American Colonies.

Gentlemen have passed the highest eulogiums on the American war. Its justice has been defended in the most fervent manner. A noble Lord, in the heat of his zeal, has called it a holy war. For my part, although the honorable Gentleman who made this motion, and some other Gentlemen, have been, more than once, in the course of the debate, severely reprehended for calling it a wicked and accursed war, I am persuaded, and would affirm, that it was a most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust and diabolical war! It was conceived in injustice; it was nurtured and brought forth in folly; its footsteps were marked with blood, slaughter, persecution and devastation; — in truth, everything which went to constitute moral depravity and human turpitude were to be found in it. It was pregnant with misery of every kind.

The mischief, however, recoiled on the unhappy People of this country, who were made the instruments by which the wicked purposes of the authors of the war were effected. The Nation was drained of its best blood, and of its vital resources of men and money. The expense of the war was enormous, — much beyond any former experience. And yet, what has the British Nation received in return? Nothing but a series of ineffective victories, or severe defeats; — victories celebrated only by a temporary triumph over our brethren, whom we would trample down and destroy; victories, which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valued relatives, slain in the impious cause of enforcing unconditional submission, or with narratives of the glorious exertions of men struggling in the holy cause of liberty, though struggling in the absence of all the facilities and advantages which are in general deemed the necessary concomitants of victory and success. Where was the Englishman, who, on reading the narratives of those bloody and well-fought contests, could refrain from lamenting the loss of so much British blood spilt in such a cause; or from weeping, on whatever side victory might be declared?

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75. ON A MOTION TO CENSURE THE MINISTRY. — *William Pitt.*

This noble and dignified reply to the animadversions of Mr. Fox was made in 1783, when Mr. Pitt, then Prime Minister, was only twenty-four years old.

Sir, revering, as I do, the great abilities of the honorable Gentleman who spoke last, I lament, in common with the House, when those abilities are misemployed, as on the present question, to inflame the imagination, and mislead the judgment. I am told, Sir, "he does not

envy me the triumph of my situation on this day;" a sort of language which becomes the candor of that honorable Gentleman as ill as his present principles. The triumphs of party, Sir, with which this self-appointed Minister seems so highly elate, shall never seduce me to any inconsistency which the busiest suspicion shall presume to glance at. I will never engage in political enmities without a public cause. I will never forego such enmities without the public approbation; nor will I be questioned and cast off in the face of the House, by one virtuous and dissatisfied friend. These, Sir, the sober and durable triumphs of reason over the weak and profligate inconsistencies of party violence, — these, Sir, the steady triumphs of virtue over success itself, — shall be mine, not only in my present situation, but through every future condition of my life; triumphs which no length of time shall diminish, which no change of principles shall ever sully.

My own share in the censure pointed by the motion before the House against his Majesty's Ministers I will bear with fortitude, because my own heart tells me I have not acted wrong. To this monitor, who never did, and, I trust, never will, deceive me, I will confidently repair, as to an adequate asylum from all the clamor which interested faction can raise. I was not very eager to come in; and shall have no great reluctance to go out, whenever the public are disposed to dismiss me from their service. It is impossible to deprive me of those feelings which must always spring from the sincerity of my endeavors to fulfil with integrity every official engagement. You may take from me, Sir, the privileges and emoluments of place; but you cannot, and you shall not, take from me those habitual and warm regards for the prosperity of my country, which constitute the honor, the happiness, the pride of my life; and which, I trust, death alone can extinguish. And, with this consolation, the loss of power, Sir, and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise them, I hope I soon shall be able to forget:

> "Laudo manentem; si cĕlĕres quatit
> Pennas, resigno quæ dedit —
> Probam que
> Pauperiem sine doté quæro."

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76. ON AN ATTEMPT TO COERCE HIM TO RESIGN. — *Id.*

Certain resolutions were passed by the House, in 1784, for the removal of his Majesty's ministers, at the head of whom was Mr. Pitt. These resolutions, however, his Majesty had not thought proper to comply with. A reference having been made to them, Mr. Pitt spoke as follows, in reply to Mr. Fox.

Can anything that I have said, Mr. Speaker, subject me to be branded with the imputation of preferring my personal situation to the public happiness? Sir, I have declared, again and again, Only prove to me that there is any reasonable hope — show me but the most distant prospect — that my resignation will at all contribute to restore peace and happiness to the country, and I will instantly resign. But, Sir, I declare, at the same time, I will not be induced to resign

as a preliminary to negotiation. I will not abandon this situation, in order to throw myself upon the mercy of that right honorable gentleman. He calls me now a mere nominal minister, the mere puppet of secret influence. Sir, it is because I will not become a mere nominal minister of his creation, — it is because I disdain to become the puppet of that right honorable gentleman, — that I will not resign; neither shall his contemptuous expressions provoke me to resignation: my own honor and reputation I never will resign.

Let this House beware of suffering any individual to involve his own cause, and to interweave his own interests, in the resolutions of the House of Commons. The dignity of the House is forever appealed to. Let us beware that it is not the dignity of any set of men. Let us beware that personal prejudices have no share in deciding these great constitutional questions. The right honorable gentleman is possessed of those enchanting arts whereby he can give grace to deformity. He holds before your eyes a beautiful and delusive image; he pushes it forward to your observation; but, as sure as you embrace it, the pleasing vision will vanish, and this fair phantom of liberty will be succeeded by anarchy, confusion, and ruin to the Constitution. For, in truth, Sir, if the constitutional independence of the Crown is thus reduced to the very verge of annihilation, where is the boasted equipoise of the Constitution? Dreadful, therefore, as the conflict is, my conscience, my duty, my fixed regard for the Constitution of our ancestors, maintain me still in this arduous situation. It is not any proud contempt, or defiance of the constitutional resolutions of this House, — it is no personal point of honor, — much less is it any lust of power, that makes me still cling to office. The situation of the times requires of me — and, I will add, the country calls aloud to me — that I should defend this castle; and I am determined, therefore, I WILL defend it!

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77. BARBARISM OF OUR BRITISH ANCESTORS. — *Id.*

THERE was a time, Sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. The very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Slaves were formerly an established article of our exports. Great numbers were exported, like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market. The circumstances that furnished the alleged proofs that Africa labors under a natural incapacity for civilization might also have been asserted of ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman Senator, reasoning upon the principles of some honorable members of this House, and pointing to British barbarians, have predicted, with equal boldness, "*There* is a People that will never rise to civilization! — *There* is a People destined never to be free!"

We, Sir, have long since emerged from barbarism; we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians; we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting, even to this hour, as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves, — we continue it even yet, in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the Nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But, in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and, for a time, almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favored above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, preëminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society. From all these blessings we must forever have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other Nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards *us*, had other Nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the Senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British liberty, might, at this hour, have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the Coast of Guinea.

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78. RESULTS OF THE AMERICAN WAR, 1780. — *Charles James Fox.*

Charles James Fox was born in England, on the 24th of January, 1749. He made his first speech in Parliament on the 15th of April, 1769. In the style of his oratory he has been compared, by some critics, to Demosthenes. "A certain sincerity and open-heartedness of manner; an apparently entire and thorough conviction of being in the right; an abrupt tone of vehemence and indignation; a steadfast love of freedom, and corresponding hatred of oppression in all its forms; a natural and idiomatic style, — vigor, argument, power, — these were characteristics equally of the Greek and English orator." Fox died on the 13th September, 1806, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

We are charged with expressing joy at the triumphs of America. True it is that, in a former session, I proclaimed it as my sincere opinion, that if the Ministry had succeeded in their first scheme on the liberties of America, the liberties of this country would have been at an end. Thinking this, as I did, in the sincerity of an honest heart, I rejoiced at the resistance which the Ministry had met to their attempt. That great and glorious statesman, the late Earl of Chatham, feeling for the liberties of his native country, thanked God that America had resisted. But, it seems, "all the calamities of the

country are to be ascribed to the wishes, and the joy, and the speeches, of Opposition." O, miserable and unfortunate Ministry! O, blind and incapable men! whose measures are framed with so little foresight, and executed with so little firmness, that they not only crumble to pieces, but bring on the ruin of their country, merely because one rash, weak, or wicked man, in the House of Commons, makes a speech against them!

But who is he who arraigns gentlemen on this side of the House with causing, by their inflammatory speeches, the misfortunes of their country? The accusation comes from one whose inflammatory harangues have led the Nation, step by step, from violence to violence, in that inhuman, unfeeling system of blood and massacre, which every honest man must detest, which every good man must abhor, and every wise man condemn! And this man imputes the guilt of such measures to those who had all along foretold the consequences; who had prayed, entreated and supplicated, not only for America, but for the credit of the Nation and its eventual welfare, to arrest the hand of Power, meditating slaughter, and directed by injustice!

What was the consequence of the sanguinary measures recommended in those bloody, inflammatory speeches? Though Boston was to be starved, though Hancock and Adams were proscribed, yet at the feet of these very men the Parliament of Great Britain was obliged to kneel, flatter, and cringe; and, as it had the cruelty at one time to denounce vengeance against these men, so it had the meanness afterwards to implore their forgiveness. Shall he who called the Americans "Hancock and his crew," — shall he presume to reprehend any set of men for inflammatory speeches? It is this accursed American war that has led us, step by step, into all our present misfortunes and national disgraces. What was the cause of our wasting forty millions of money, and sixty thousand lives? The American war! What was it that produced the French rescript and a French war? The American war! What was it that produced the Spanish manifesto and Spanish war? The American war! What was it that armed forty-two thousand men in Ireland with the arguments carried on the points of forty thousand bayonets? The American war! For what are we about to incur an additional debt of twelve or fourteen millions? This accursed, cruel, diabolical American war!

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79. THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WASHINGTON, 1794. — *Charles James Fox.*

How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European Courts! Illustrious man! — deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind! Grateful to France for the assistance received from her, in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he yet did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in her favor. Having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not

all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genet,* could at all put him out of his way, or bend him from his purpose. It must, indeed, create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should never once have been called in question; — that he should, in no one instance, have been accused either of improper insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign Nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man!

How did he act when insulted by Genet? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual, by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war? No; he contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult, by causing Genet to be recalled; and thus, at once, consulted his own dignity and the interests of his country. Happy Americans! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads everywhere desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues, and the wisdom of your Government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending Nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly contemn, or wickedly exclude from their bosom! Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance, by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction; and if, by any accident, you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest, — if you should find it necessary to avenge insult, or repel injury, — the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments and the moderation of your views; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause!

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80. LIBERTY IS STRENGTH. — *Fox*, 1797, *on the State of Ireland.*

Opinions become dangerous to a State only when persecution makes it necessary for the People to communicate their ideas under the bond of secrecy. Publicity makes it impossible for artifice to succeed, and designs of a hostile nature lose their danger by the certainty of exposure. But it is said that these bills will expire in a few years; that they will expire when we shall have peace and tranquillity restored to us. What a sentiment to inculcate! You tell the People that, when everything goes well, — when they are happy and comfortable, — then they may meet freely, to recognize their happiness, and pass eulogiums

* Pronounced *Zjennay*.

on their Government; but that, in a moment of war and calamity, — of distrust and misconduct, — it is not permitted to meet together; because then, instead of eulogizing, they might think proper to condemn Ministers. What a mockery is this! What an insult, to say that this is preserving to the People the right of petition! To tell them that they shall have a right to applaud, a right to rejoice, a right to meet when they are happy; but not a right to condemn, not a right to deplore their misfortunes, not a right to suggest a remedy!

Liberty is order. Liberty is strength. Look round the world, and admire, as you must, the instructive spectacle. You will see that liberty not only is power and order, but that it is power and order predominant and invincible, — that it derides all other sources of strength. And shall the preposterous imagination be fostered, that men bred in liberty — the first of human kind who asserted the glorious distinction of forming for themselves their social compact — can be condemned to silence upon their rights? Is it to be conceived that men, who have enjoyed, for such a length of days, the light and happiness of freedom, can be restrained, and shut up again in the gloom of ignorance and degradation? As well, Sir, might you try, by a miserable dam, to shut up the flowing of a rapid river! The rolling and impetuous tide would burst through every impediment that man might throw in its way; and the only consequence of the impotent attempt would be, that, having collected new force by its temporary suspension, enforcing itself through new channels, it would spread devastation and ruin on every side. The progress of liberty is like the progress of the stream. Kept within its bounds, it is sure to fertilize the country through which it runs; but no power can arrest it in its passage; and short-sighted, as well as wicked, must be the heart of the projector that would strive to divert its course.

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81. VIGOR OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENTS, 1797.— *Charles James Fox.*

When we look at the Democracies of the ancient world, we are compelled to acknowledge their oppressions to their dependencies; their horrible acts of injustice and of ingratitude to their own citizens; but they compel us, also, to admiration, by their vigor, their constancy, their spirit, and their exertions, in every great emergency in which they were called upon to act. We are compelled to own that the democratic form of government gives a power of which no other form is capable. Why? Because it incorporates every man with the State. Because it arouses everything that belongs to the soul, as well as to the body, of man. Because it makes every individual feel that he is fighting for himself; that it is his own cause, his own safety, his own dignity, on the face of the earth, that he is asserting. Who, that reads the history of the Persian War, — what boy, whose heart is warmed by the grand and sublime actions which the democratic spirit produced, — does not find, in this principle, the key to all the wonders which were achieved at Thermopylæ and elsewhere, and of which the

recent and marvellous acts of the French People are pregnant examples? Without disguising the vices of France, — without overlooking the horrors that have been committed, and that have tarnished the glory of the Revolution, — it cannot be denied that they have exemplified the doctrine, that, *if you wish for power, you must look to liberty.* If ever there was a moment when this maxim ought to be dear to us, it is the present. We have tried all other means. We have addressed ourselves to all the base passions of the People. We have tried to terrify them into exertion; and all has been unequal to our emergency. Let us try them by the only means which experience demonstrates to be invincible. Let us address ourselves to their love! Let us identify them with ourselves; — let us make it their own cause, as well as ours!

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82. THE PARTITION OF POLAND, 1800. — *Charles James Fox.*

Now, Sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt, if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria and Prussia, in Poland? What has there been in the conduct of the French to foreign powers; what in the violation of solemn treaties; what in the plunder, devastation, and dismemberment of unoffending countries; what in the horrors and murders perpetrated upon the subdued victims of their rage in any district which they have overrun, — worse than the conduct of those three great powers in the miserable, devoted, and trampled-on Kingdom of Poland, and who have been, or are, our allies in this war for religion, social order, and the rights of Nations? O, but you "*regretted* the partition of Poland!" Yes, regretted! — you *regretted* the violence, and that is *all* you did. You united yourselves with the actors; you, in fact, by your acquiescence, confirmed the atrocity. But they are your allies; and though they overran and divided Poland, there was nothing, perhaps, in the manner of doing it, which stamped it with peculiar infamy and disgrace. The hero of Poland, perhaps, was merciful and mild! He was "as much superior to Bonaparte in bravery, and in the discipline which he maintained, as he was superior in virtue and humanity! He was animated by the purest principles of Christianity, and was restrained in his career by the benevolent precepts which it inculcates!" *Was* he?

Let unfortunate Warsaw, and the miserable inhabitants of the suburb of Praga in particular, tell! What do we understand to have been the conduct of this magnanimous hero, with whom, it seems, Bonaparte is not to be compared? He entered the suburb of Praga, the most populous suburb of Warsaw, and there he let his soldiery loose on the miserable, unarmed and unresisting people! Men, women and children, — nay, infants at the breast, — were doomed to one indiscriminate massacre! Thousands of them were inhumanly, wantonly butchered! And for what? Because they had dared to join in a wish to meliorate their own condition as a People, and to improve their Con-

stitution, which had been confessed, by their own sovereign, to be in want of amendment. And such is the hero upon whom the cause of "religion and social order" is to repose! And such is the man whom we praise for his discipline and his virtue, and whom we hold out as our boast and our dependence; while the conduct of Bonaparte unfits him to be even treated with as an enemy!

83. AN ATHEISTICAL GOVERNMENT IMPOSSIBLE, 1794. — *R. B. Sheridan.*

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin, September, 1751, and died July 7, 1816, in London. He distinguished himself greatly, in company with Burke, in the prosecution against Warren Hastings; but the reports of his speeches at the trial are imperfect and conflicting. Sheridan's fame as a dramatist is quite equal to his Parliamentary reputation.

THE noble Lord's purpose is to prove that France began the war with Great Britain. This he appears to think he has established, the moment he has shown that Brissot * and others have promulgated in print a great many foolish and a great many wicked general principles, mischievous to all established Governments. But what was the sum of all that the noble Lord told the House? What did it all prove? What, but that eternal and unalterable truth, that a long-established despotism so far degraded and debased human nature, as to render its subjects, on the first recovery of their rights, unfit for the exercise of them; but never have I, or will I, meet, but with reprobation, that mode of argument which goes, in fact, to establish, as an inference from this truth, that those who have been long slaves ought, therefore, to remain so forever.

It is contended that the present state of things in France cannot stand. Without disputing any of his premises, for the present, I will grant the noble Lord not only his principle, but the foundation upon which he builds it. I agree with him, that it is contrary to the eternal and unalterable laws of Nature, and to the decrees of the Maker of man and of Nations, that a Government, founded on and maintained by injustice, rapine, murder and atheism, can have a fixed endurance or a permanent success; that there are, self-sown in its own bosom, the seeds of its own inevitable dissolution. But if so, whence is our mission to become the destroying angel to guide and hasten the anger of the Deity? Who calls on us to offer, with more than mortal arrogance, the alliance of a mortal arm to the Omnipotent? or to snatch the uplifted thunder from His hand, and point our erring aim at the devoted fabric which His original will has fated to fall and crumble in that ruin which it is not in the means of man to accelerate or prevent? I accede to the noble Lord the piety of his principle: let him accede to me the justice of my conclusion; or let him attend to experience, if not to reason; and must he not admit that hitherto all the attempts of his apparently powerful, but certainly presumptuous, crusade of vengeance, have appeared unfavored by fortune and by Providence; that they have hitherto had no other effect than to strengthen the powers, to whet the rapacity, to harden the heart, to inflame the fury, and to augment the crimes, of that Government, and that People, whom we have rashly sworn to subdue, to chastise, and to reform?

* Pronounced *Breesso*.

84. AGAINST POLITICAL JOBBING, 1794. — *R. B. Sheridan.*

Is this a time for selfish intrigues, and the little dirty traffic for lucre and emolument? Does it suit the honor of a gentleman to ask at such a moment? Does it become the honesty of a minister to grant? What! in such an hour as this, — at a moment pregnant with the national fate, when, pressing as the exigency may be, the hard task of squeezing the money from the pockets of an impoverished People, from the toil, the drudgery of the shivering poor, must make the most practised collector's heart ache while he tears it from them, — can it be that people of high rank, and professing high principles, — that they or their families should seek to thrive on the spoils of misery, and fatten on the meals wrested from industrious poverty? O, shame! shame! Is it intended to confirm the pernicious doctrine so industriously propagated, that all public men are impostors, and that every politician has his price? Or, even where there is no principle in the bosom, why does not prudence hint to the mercenary and the vain to abstain a while, at least, and wait the fitting of the times? Improvident impatience! Nay, even from those who seem to have no direct object of office or profit, what is the language which their actions speak?

"The Throne is in danger! we will support the Throne; but let us share the smiles of royalty!" "The order of nobility is in danger! I will fight for nobility," says the Viscount;* "but my zeal would be greater if I were made an Earl!" "Rouse all the Marquis within me," exclaims the Earl, "and the Peerage never turned forth a more undaunted champion in its cause than I shall prove!" "Stain my green ribbon blue," cries out the illustrious Knight, "and the fountain of honor will have a fast and faithful servant!"

What are the People to think of our sincerity? What credit are they to give to our professions? Is this system to be persevered in? Is there nothing that whispers to that right honorable gentleman that the crisis is too big, that the times are too gigantic, to be ruled by the little hackneyed and every-day means of ordinary corruption? Or, are we to believe that he has within himself a conscious feeling that disqualifies him from rebuking the ill-timed selfishness of his new allies? Let him take care that the corruptions of the Government shall not have lost it the public heart; that the example of selfishness in the *few* has not extinguished public spirit in the *many!*

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85. POPULAR AND KINGLY EXAMPLES, 1795. — *R. B. Sheridan.*

We are told to look to the example of France. From the excesses of the French People in the French Revolution, we are warned against giving too much liberty to our own. It is reëchoed from every quarter, and by every description of persons in office, from the Prime Minister to the exciseman, — "Look to the example of France!" The implication is a libel upon the character of Great Britain. I will not admit the inference or the argument, that, because a People,

* Pronounced *Vi'kount.*

bred under a proud, insolent and grinding despotism, — maddened by the recollection of former injuries, and made savage by the observation of former cruelties, — a People in whose minds no sincere respect for property or law ever could have existed, because property had never been secured to them, and law had never protected them, — that the actions of such a People, at any time, much less in the hour of frenzy and fury, should furnish an inference or ground on which to estimate the temper, character or feelings, of the People of Great Britain.

What answer would gentlemen give, if a person, affectedly or sincerely anxious for the preservation of British liberty, were to say: "Britons, abridge the power of your Monarch; restrain the exercise of his just prerogative; withhold all power and resources from his government, or even send him to his Electorate, from whence your voice exalted him; — for, mark what has been doing on the Continent! *Look to the example of Kings!* Kings, believe me, are the same in nature and temper everywhere. Trust yours no longer; see how that shameless and perfidious despot of Prussia, that trickster and tyrant, has violated every principle of truth, honor and humanity, in his murderous though impotent attempt at plunder and robbery in Poland! He who had encouraged and even guaranteed to them their Constitution, — see him, with a scandalous profanation of the resources which he had wrung by fraud from the credulity of Great Britain, trampling on the independence he was pledged to maintain, and seizing for himself the countries he had sworn to protect! Mark the still more sanguinary efforts of the despot of Russia, faithless not to us only, and the cause of Europe, as it is called, but craftily outwitting her perjured coadjutor, profiting by his disgrace, and grasping to herself the victim which had been destined to glut their joint rapacity. See her thanking her favorite General, Suwarrow, and, still more impious, thanking Heaven for the opportunity; thanking him for the most iniquitous act of cruelty the bloody page of history records, — the murderous scene at Praga, where, not in the heat and fury of action, not in the first impatience of revenge, but after a cold, deliberate pause of ten hours, with temperate barbarity, he ordered a considerate, methodical massacre of ten thousand men, women and children! These are the actions of monarchs! *Look to the example of Kings!*"

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86. NECESSITY OF REFORM IN PARLIAMENT. — *Lord Grey. Born*, 1764; *died*, 1845.

I AM aware of the difficulties I have to encounter in bringing forward this business; I am aware how ungracious it would be for this House to show that they are not the real representatives of the People; I am aware that the question has been formerly agitated, on different occasions, by great and able characters, who have deserted the cause from despair of success; and I am aware that I must necessarily go into what may perhaps be supposed trite and worn-out arguments. I come forward on the present occasion, actuated solely by a sense of duty, to make a serious and important motion, which, I am ready fairly

to admit, involves no less a consideration than a fundamental change in the Government. At the Revolution, the necessity of short Parliaments was asserted; and every departure from these principles is, in some shape, a departure from the spirit and practice of the Constitution; yet, when they are compared with the present state of the representation, how does the matter stand? Are the elections free? or are Parliaments free? Has not the patronage of peers increased? Is not the patronage of India now vested in the Crown? Are all these innovations to be made in order to increase the influence of the Executive power, and is nothing to be done in favor of the popular part of the Constitution, to act as a counterpoise?

It may be said that the House of Commons are really a just representation of the People, because, on great emergencies, they never fail to speak the sense of the People, as was the case in the American war, and in the Russian armament; but, had the House of Commons had a real representation of the People, they would have interfered sooner on these occasions, without the necessity of being called upon to do so. I fear much that this House is not a real representation of the People, and that it is too much influenced by passion, prejudice or interest. This may, for a time, give to the Executive Government apparent strength; but no Government can be either lasting or free which is not founded on virtue, and on that independence of mind and conduct among the People which creates energy, and leads to everything that is noble and generous, or that can conduce to the strength and safety of a State.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride;
Nor starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed Baseness wafts perfume to Pride!
No! men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude; —
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain." *

87. THE CONSERVATIVE INNOVATOR, 1829.—*Wm. Huskisson. Born*, 1770; *died*, 1830.

I HAVE been charged with being the author in some instances, and the promoter in others, of innovations of a rash and dangerous nature. I deny the charge. I dare the authors of it to the proof. Gentlemen, when they talk of innovation, ought to remember, with Lord Bacon, that "Time has been and is the great Innovator." Upon that Innovator I have felt it my duty cautiously to wait, at a becoming distance and with proper circumspection; but not arrogantly and presumptuously to go before him, and endeavor to outstrip his course.

* By Sir Wm. Jones. Born, 1746; died, 1794.

Time has raised these great interests, and it is the business of a statesman to move onwards with the new combinations which have grown around him. This, Sir, is the principle by which my feelings have been constantly regulated, during a long public life; and by which I shall continue to be governed, so long as I take any part in the public affairs of this country. It is well said, by the most poetical genius, perhaps, of our own times, —

> "A thousand years scarce serve to form a State, —
> An hour may lay it in the dust."

This is the feeling which has regulated, which will continue to regulate, my conduct. I am no advocate for changes upon mere abstract theory. I know not, indeed, which is the greater folly, that of resisting all improvement, because improvement implies innovation, or that of referring everything to first principles, and to abstract doctrines. The business of the practical man is, to make himself acquainted with facts; to watch events; to understand the actual situation of affairs, and the course of time and circumstances, as bearing upon the present state of his own country and the world. These are the grounds by a reference to which his reason and judgment must be formed; according to which, without losing sight of first principles, he must know how to apply them, and to temper their inflexibility. This is the task of practical legislation.

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88. SATIRE ON THE PENSION SYSTEM, 1786. — *Curran.*

John Philpot Curran was born in Newcastle, Ireland, July 24th, 1750. His Senatorial career was confined to the Irish Parliament, and was entirely eclipsed by his reputation at the bar. "There never lived a greater advocate," says Charles Phillips; "certainly never one more suited to the country in which his lot was cast. His eloquence was copious, rapid and ornate, and his powers of mimicry beyond all description." In his boyhood he had a confusion in his utterance, from which he was called by his school-fellows "stuttering Jack Curran." He employed every means to correct his elocution, and render it perfect. "He accustomed himself," says one of his biographers, "to speak very slowly, to correct his precipitate utterance. He practised before a glass, to make his gestures graceful. He spoke aloud the most celebrated orations. One piece, — the speech of Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, — he was never weary of repeating. This he recommended to his young friends at the bar, as a model of eloquence. And while he thus used art to smooth a channel for his thoughts to flow in, no man's eloquence ever issued more freshly and spontaneously from the heart. It was always the heart of the man that spoke." Under our Forensic department several choice specimens of Curran's speeches will be found. Curran died October 14th, 1817.

This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the Pension List, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lessons it inculcates form its greatest perfection: It teacheth, that Sloth and Vice may eat that bread which Virtue and Honesty may starve for after they have earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling Power of the State, who feeds the ravens of the Royal aviary, that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those Saints on the Pension List, that are like the lilies of the

field; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet are arrayed like Solomon in his glory. In fine, it teaches a lesson, which, indeed, they might have learned from Epictētus, that it is sometimes good not to be over-virtuous; it shows, that, in proportion as our distresses increase, the munificence of the Crown increases also; in proportion as our clothes are rent, the royal mantle is extended over us.

Notwithstanding that the Pension List, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, give me leave to consider it as coming home to the members of this House; — give me leave to say, that the Crown, in extending its charity, its liberality, its profusion, is laying a foundation for the independence of Parliament; for, hereafter, instead of orators or patriots accounting for their conduct to such mean and unworthy persons as freeholders, they will learn to despise them, and look to the first man in the State; and they will, by so doing, have this security for their independence, — that while any man in the Kingdom has a shilling, they will not want one!

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89. REPLY TO THREATS OF VIOLENCE, 1790. — *Curran.*

We have been told this night, in express words, that the man who dares to do his duty to his country in this House may expect to be attacked without these walls by the military gentlemen of the Castle. If the army had been directly or indirectly mentioned in the course of the debate, this extraordinary declaration might be attributable to the confusion of a mistaken charge, or an absurd vindication; but, without connection with the subject, a new principle of government is advanced, and that is — the bayonet! And this is stated in the fullest house, and the most crowded audience, I ever saw. We are to be silenced by corruption within, or quelled by force of arms without. If the strength of numbers or corruption should fail against the cause of the public, it is to be backed by assassination. Nor is it necessary that those avowed principles of bribery and arms should come from any high personal authority; they have been delivered by the known retainers of Administration, in the face of that bench, and heard even without a murmur of dissent or disapprobation.

For my part, I do not know how it may be my destiny to fall; — it may be by chance, or malady, or violence; but, should it be my fate to perish the victim of a bold and honest discharge of my duty, I will not shun it. I will do that duty; and, if it should expose me to sink under the blow of the assassin, and become a victim to the public cause, the most sensible of my regrets would be, that on such an altar there should not be immolated a more illustrious sacrifice. As to myself, while I live, I shall despise the peril. I feel in my own spirit the safety of my honor, and in my own and the spirit of the People do I feel strength enough to hold that Administration, which can give a sanction to menaces like these, responsible for their consequences to the Nation and the individual.

90. AGAINST RELIGIOUS DISTINCTIONS, 1796. — *Curran.*

Gentlemen say the Catholics have got everything but seats in Parliament. Are we really afraid of giving them that privilege? Are we seriously afraid that Catholic venality might pollute the immaculate integrity of the House of Commons? — that a Catholic member would be more accessible to a promise, or a pension, or a bribe, than a Protestant? Lay your hands upon your hearts, look in one another's faces, and say Yes, and I will vote against this amendment! But is it the fact that they have everything? Is it the fact that they have the common benefit of the Constitution, or the common protection of the law?

Another gentleman has said, the Catholics have got much, and ought to be content. Why have they got that much? Is it from the minister? Is it from the Parliament, which threw their petition over its bar? No, — they got it by the great revolution of human affairs; by the astonishing march of the human mind; a march that has collected too much momentum, in its advance, to be now stopped in its progress. The bark is still afloat; it is freighted with the hopes and liberties of millions of men; she is already under way; the rower may faint, or the wind may sleep, but, rely upon it, she has already acquired an energy of advancement that will support her course, and bring her to her destination; rely upon it, whether much or little remains, it is now vain to withhold it; rely upon it, you may as well stamp your foot upon the earth, in order to prevent its revolution. You cannot stop it! You will only remain a silly gnōmon upon its surface, to measure the rapidity of rotation, until you are forced round and buried in the shade of that body whose irresistible course you would endeavor to oppose!

91. FRUITS OF THE WAR WITH FRANCE. — *George Canning.*

George Canning was born in London, on the 11th of April, 1770. He entered into public life the avowed pupil of Mr. Pitt, and made his maiden speech in Parliament, from which the following is an extract, in 1794. He was repeatedly a member of the Ministry, and became Premier shortly before his death, which occurred in 1827. Mr. Canning meditated his speeches carefully, and they are models of Parliamentary style. "No English speaker," says Sir James Mackintosh, "used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning."

We have been told that this is a war into which we have been hurried by clamor and prejudice; in short, that it is a war of passion. An appeal is made to our prudence; and we are asked, with an air of triumph, what are we to get by this war? Sir, that we have still a Government; that the functions of this House have not been usurped by a corresponding society, or a Scotch Convention; that, instead of sitting in debate here, whether or not we shall subsidize the King of Sardinia, we are not rather employed in devising how to raise a forced loan for some proconsular deputy, whom the banditti of Paris might have sent to receive our contributions; — Sir, that we sit here at all, these are the fruits of the war!

But, when neither our reason nor our prudence can be set against the war, an attempt is made to alarm our apprehensions. The French are stated to be an invincible People; inflamed to a degree of madness with the holy enthusiasm of freedom, there is nothing that they cannot accomplish. I am as ready as any man to allow that the French are enthusiastically animated, be it how it may, to a state of absolute insanity. I desire no better proof of their being mad, than to see them hugging themselves in a system of slavery so gross and grinding as their present, and calling, at the same time, aloud upon all Europe, to admire and envy their freedom. But, before their plea of madness can be admitted as conclusive against our right to be at war with them, Gentlemen would do well to recollect that of madness there are several kinds. If theirs had been a harmless idiot lunacy, which had contented itself with playing its tricks and practising its fooleries at home,— with dressing up shameless women in oak-leaves, and inventing nick-names for the calendar, — I should have been far from desiring to interrupt their innocent amusements; we might have looked on with hearty contempt, indeed, but with a contempt not wholly unmixed with commiseration. But, if theirs be a madness of a different kind, — a moody, mischievous insanity, — if, not contented with tearing and wounding themselves, they proceed to exert their unnatural strength for the annoyance of their neighbors, — if, not satisfied with weaving straws and wearing fetters at home, they attempt to carry their systems and their slavery abroad, and to impose them on the Nations of Europe, — it becomes necessary, then, that those Nations should be roused to resistance. Such a disposition must, for the safety and peace of the world, be repelled; and, if possible, be eradicated.

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92. BANK-NOTES AND COIN, 1811. — *George Canning.*

Are bank-notes equivalent to the legal standard coin of the realm? This is the question which divides and agitates the public opinion. Says the right honorable gentleman, "I will devise a mode of settling this question to the satisfaction of the public." By advising a proclamation? No. By bringing a bill into Parliament? No. By proposing to declare the joint opinion of both Houses, or the separate opinion of one? No. By what process, then? Why, simply by telling the disputants that they are, and have been all along, however unconsciously, agreed upon the subject of their variance; and gravely resolving for them, respectively, an unanimous opinion! This is the very judgment, I should imagine, which Milton ascribes to the venerable Anarch, whom he represents as adjusting the disputes of the conflicting element:

"Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray."

"In public estimation," says the right honorable gentleman's Resolution, "bank-notes and coin are equivalent." Indeed! What, then,

is become of all those persons who, for the last six months, have been, by every outward and visible indication, evincing, maintaining, and inculcating an opinion diametrically opposite? Who wrote that multitude of pamphlets, with the recollection of which one's head is still dizzy? Does the honorable gentleman apprehend that his arguments must have wrought their conversion?

When Bonaparte, not long ago, was desirous of reconciling the Nations under his dominion to the privations resulting from the exclusion of all colonial produce, he published an edict, which commenced in something like the following manner, — "Whereas, sugar made from beet-root, or the maple-tree, is infinitely preferable to that of the sugar-cane," — and he then proceeded to denounce penalties against those who should persist in the use of the inferior commodity. The denunciation might be more effectual than the right honorable gentleman's Resolution; but the preamble did not go near so far; for, though it asserted the superiority of the maple and beet-root sugar, it rested that assertion merely on the authority of the State, and did not pretend to sanction it by "public estimation."

When Galileo first promulgated the doctrine that the earth turned round the sun, and that the sun remained stationary in the centre of the universe, the holy fathers of the Inquisition took alarm at so daring an innovation, and forthwith declared the first of these propositions to be false and heretical, and the other to be erroneous in point of faith. The Holy Office "pledged itself to believe" that the earth was stationary, and the sun movable. This pledge had little effect in changing the natural course of things; the sun and the earth continued, in spite of it, to preserve their accustomed relations to each other, just as the coin and the bank-note will, in spite of the right honorable gentleman's Resolution.

Let us leave the evil, if it must be so, to the chance of a gradual and noiseless correction. But let us not resolve, as law, what is an incorrect and imperfect exposition of the law. Let us not resolve, as fact, what is contradictory to universal experience. Let us not expose ourselves to ridicule by resolving, as the opinions of the People, opinions which the People do not, and which it is impossible they should, entertain.

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93. AGAINST LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MOTION, April 25, 1822. — *Id.*

There are wild theories abroad. I am not disposed to impute an ill motive to any man who entertains them. I will believe such a man to be as sincere in his conviction of the possibility of realizing his notions of change, without risking the tranquillity of the country, as I am sincere in my belief of their impracticability, and of the tremendous danger of attempting to carry them into effect; but, for the sake of the world, as well as for our own safety, let us be cautious and firm. Other Nations, excited by the example of the liberty which this country has long possessed, have attempted to copy our Constitution;

and some of them have shot beyond it in the fierceness of their pursuit. I grudge not to other Nations that share of liberty which they may acquire; — in the name of Heaven, let them enjoy it! But let us warn them, that they lose not the object of their desire by the very eagerness with which they attempt to grasp it. Inheritors and conservators of rational freedom, let us, while others are seeking it in restlessness and trouble, be a steady and shining light to guide their course, not a wandering meteor to bewilder and mislead them.

A search after abstract perfection in government may produce, in generous minds, an enterprise and enthusiasm to be recorded by the historian, and to be celebrated by the poet; but such perfection is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not one of possible attainment; and never yet did a passionate struggle after an absolutely unattainable object fail to be productive of misery to an individual, of madness and confusion to a People. As the inhabitants of those burning climates which lie beneath the tropical sun sigh for the coolness of the mountain and the grove, so (all history instructs us) do Nations which have basked for a time in the torrent blaze of an unmitigated liberty too often call upon the shades of despotism, even of military despotism, to cover them:

"O quis me gelĭdis in vallĭbus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramōrum protĕgat umbra!"

A protection which blights while it shelters; which dwarfs the intellect and stunts the energies of man, but to which a wearied Nation willingly resorts from intolerable heats, and from perpetual danger of convulsion.

Our lot is happily cast in the temperate zone of freedom, — the clime best suited to the development of the moral qualities of the human race, to the cultivation of their faculties, and to the security as well as the improvement of their virtues; — a clime not exempt, indeed, from variations of the elements, but variations which purify while they agitate the atmosphere that we breathe. Let us be sensible of the advantages which it is our happiness to enjoy. Let us guard, with pious gratitude, the flame of genuine liberty, that fire from Heaven, of which our Constitution is the holy depository; and let us not, for the chance of rendering it more intense and more radiant, impair its purity, or hazard its extinction!

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94. ON MR. TIERNEY'S MOTION, DECEMBER 11, 1798. — *George Canning.*

THE friendship of Holland! The independence of Spain! Is there a man so besotted as to suppose that there is one hour of peace with France preserved by either of these unhappy countries, that there is one syllable of friendship uttered by them towards France, but what is extorted by the immediate pressure, or by the dread and terror, of French arms? —

——— "Mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain refuse, but dare not!"

Have the regenerated Republic of Holland, the degraded Monarchy of Spain, such reason to rejoice in the protection of the French Republic, that they would voluntarily throw themselves between her and any blow which might menace her existence?

But does the honorable Gentleman intend his motion as a motion for peace? If he really thinks this a moment for opening a negotiation, why has he not the candor and manliness to say so? Mark, I entreat you, how delicately he manages it! He will not speak *to* France, but he would speak *at* her. He will not propose — not he — that we should say to the Directory, "Will you make peace?" No, Sir; we are merely to say to ourselves, loud enough for the Directory to overhear us, "I wish these French Gentlemen would make an overture to us." Now, Sir, does this save the dignity of the country? or is it only a sneaking, shabby way of doing what, if fit to be done at all, must, to have any serious effect, be done openly, unequivocally, and directly? But I beg the honorable Gentleman's pardon; — I misrepresent him; I certainly do. His motion does not amount even to so much as I have stated. He begins further off. The soliloquy which he prompts us, by his motion, is no more than this — "We must continue to make war against France, to be sure; — and we are sorry for it; but we will not do it as if we bore malice. We will not make an ill-natured, hostile kind of war any longer,— that we won't. And who knows but, if they should happen to overhear this resolution, as the Directory are good-natured at bottom, their hearts may soften and grow kind towards us — and then they will offer to make a peace!" And thus, Sir, and thus only, is the motion a motion for peace.

Since, then, Sir, this motion appears to me to be founded on no principle of policy or necessity; since, if it be intended for a censure on ministers, it is unjust, — if for a control, it is nugatory; as its tendency is to impair the power of prosecuting war with vigor, and to diminish the chance of negotiating peace with dignity, or concluding it with safety; as it contradicts, without reason, and without advantage, the established policy of our ancestors; as it must degrade in the eyes of the world the character of this country; as it must carry dismay and terror throughout Europe; and, above all, as it must administer consolation, and hope, and power, and confidence, to France, — I shall give it my most hearty and decided negative.

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95. VINDICATION OF MR. PITT. — *George Canning.*

It appears to be a measure of party to run down the fame of Mr. Pitt. I could not answer it to my conscience or to my feelings, if I had suffered repeated provocations to pass without notice. Mr. Pitt, it seems, was not a great man. Is it, then, that we live in such heroic times, that the present is a race of such gigantic talents and qualities, as to render those of Mr. Pitt, in the comparison, ordinary and contempt-

ible? Who, then, is the man now living, — is there any man now sitting in this House, — who, by taking the measure of his own mind, or of that of any of his contemporaries, can feel himself justified in pronouncing that Mr. Pitt was not a great man? I admire as much as any man the abilities and ingenuity of the honorable and learned gentleman who promulgated this opinion. I do not deny to him many of the qualities which go to constitute the character which he has described. But I think I may defy all his ingenuity to frame any definition of that character which shall not apply to Mr. Pitt, — to trace any circle of greatness from which Mr. Pitt shall be excluded.

I have no manner of objection to see placed on the same pedestal with Mr. Pitt, for the admiration of the present age and of posterity, other distinguished men; and amongst them his great rival, whose memory is, I have no doubt, as dear to the honorable gentlemen opposite, as that of Mr. Pitt is to those who loved him living, and who revere him dead. But why should the admiration of one be incompatible with justice to the other? Why cannot we cherish the remembrance of the respective objects of our veneration, leaving to each other a similar freedom? For my own part, I disclaim such a spirit of intolerance. Be it the boast and the characteristic of the school of Pitt, that, however provoked by illiberal and unjust attacks upon his memory, whether in speeches in this House or in calumnies out of it, they will never so far forget the respect due to him or to themselves, as to be betrayed into reciprocal illiberality and injustice, — that they disdain to retaliate upon the memory of Mr. Pitt's great rival!

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96. "MEASURES NOT MEN," 1802. — *George Canning.*

If I am pushed to the wall, and forced to speak my opinion, I have no disguise nor reservation: — I do think that this is a time when the administration of the government ought to be in the ablest and fittest hands; I do not think the hands in which it is now placed answer to that description. I do not pretend to conceal in what quarter I think that fitness most eminently resides; I do not subscribe to the doctrines which have been advanced, that, in times like the present, the fitness of individuals for their political situation is no part of the consideration to which a member of Parliament may fairly turn his attention. I know not a more solemn or important duty that a member of Parliament can have to discharge, than by giving, at fit seasons, a free opinion upon the character and qualities of public men. Away with the cant of "measures, not men!" the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draw the chariot along! No, Sir; if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are everything, measures comparatively nothing. I speak, Sir, of times of difficulty and danger; of times when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is, that not to this or that measure, — however prudently devised, however blameless in

execution, — but to the energy and character of individuals, a State must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall in proportion as they are upheld, not by well-meant endeavors (laudable though they may be), but by commanding, overawing talents, — by able men.

And what is the nature of the times in which we live? Look at France, and see what we have to cope with, and consider what has made her what she is. A man! You will tell me that she was great, and powerful, and formidable, before the days of Bonaparte's government; that he found in her great physical and moral resources; that he had but to turn them to account. True, and he did so. Compare the situation in which he found France with that to which he has raised her. I am no panegyrist of Bonaparte; but I cannot shut my eyes to the superiority of his talents, to the amazing ascendency of his genius. Tell me not of his measures and his policy. It is his genius, his character, that keeps the world in awe. Sir, to meet, to check, to curb, to stand up against him, we want arms of the same kind. I am far from objecting to the large military establishments which are proposed to you. I vote for them, with all my heart. But, for the purpose of coping with Bonaparte, one great, commanding spirit is worth them all.

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97. THE BALANCE OF POWER, 1826. — *George Canning.*

But, then, Sir, the balance of power! Gentlemen assert that the entry of the French army into Spain disturbed that balance, and we ought to have gone to war to restore it! Were there no other means than war for restoring the balance of power? Is the balance of power a fixed and unalterable standard? Or, is it not a standard perpetually varying, as civilization advances, and as new Nations spring up, and take their place among established political communities? The balance of power, a century and a half ago, was to be adjusted between France and Spain, the Netherlands, Austria and England. Some years afterwards, Russia assumed her high station in European politics. Some years after that, again, Prussia became not only a substantive, but a preponderating monarchy. Thus, while the balance of power continued in principle the same, the means of adjusting it became more varied and enlarged. To look to the policy of Europe in the times of William and Anne to regulate the balance of power in Europe at the present day, is to disregard the progress of events, and to confuse dates and facts which throw a reciprocal light upon each other.

I admit, Sir, that the entry of a French army into Spain was a disparagement to Great Britain. I do not stand up here to deny that fact. One of the modes of redress was by a direct attack upon France, — by a war upon the soil of Spain. Was there no other mode of redress? If France occupied Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should blockade

Cadiz? No. I looked another way. I sought materials of compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that, if France had Spain, it should not be Spain "*with the Indies.*" I called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old! Thus, Sir, I answer the question of the occupation of Spain by the army of France. That occupation is an unpaid and unredeemed burden to France. France would be glad to get rid of the possession of Spain. France would be very glad if England were to assist her to get rid of that possession; and the only way to rivet France to the possession of Spain is to make that possession a point of honor. The object of the measure before the House is not war. It is to take the last chance of peace. If you do not go forth, on this occasion, to the aid of Portugal, Portugal will be trampled down, to your irrecoverable disgrace; and then war will come, and come, too, in the train of degradation. If you wait until Spain have courage to mature her secret machinations into open hostility, you will, in a little while, have the sort of war required by the pacificators: and who shall say where that war shall end?

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98. A COLLISION OF VICES, 1825. — *George Canning.*

My honorable and learned friend * began by telling us that, after all, hatred is no bad thing in itself. "I hate a tory," says my honorable friend; "and another man hates a cat; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat, or I the tory." Nay, so far from it, hatred, if it be properly managed, is, according to my honorable friend's theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences; for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the leopard and the kid in the vision of the prophet. This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed from a character in a play, which is, I dare say, as great a favorite with my learned friend as it is with me, — I mean the comedy of the Rivals; in which Mrs. Malaprop, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her niece (who is unreasonable enough to talk of liking, as a necessary preliminary to such a union), says, "What have you to do with your likings and your preferences, child? Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle like a blackamoor before we were married; and yet, you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him." Such is my learned friend's argument, to a hair. But, finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the House so glibly as he had expected, my honorable and learned friend presently changed his tack, and put forward a theory, which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable; and, in short, as wanting nothing to recommend it but a slight foundation in truth. "True philosophy," says my honorable friend, "will always continue to lead men to virtue by the instrument-

* Sir James Mackintosh.

ality of their conflicting vices. The virtues, where more than one exists, may live harmoniously together; but the vices bear mortal antipathy to one another, and, therefore, furnish to the moral engineer the power by which he can make each keep the other under control." Admirable! but, upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice must be in a very bad way. No fulcrum, no moral power, for effecting his cure! Whereas, his more fortunate neighbor, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of becoming a very virtuous member of society. I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment. For instance, suppose that I discharge a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend him to my honorable and learned friend. It might be the poor man's only fault, and therefore clearly incorrigible; but, if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not, with a safe conscience, send him to my learned friend with a strong recommendation, saying, "I send you a man whom I know to be a drunkard; but I am happy to assure you he is also a thief: you cannot do better than employ him; you will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery, and no doubt you will bring him out of the conflict a very moral personage!"

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99. ENGLAND AND AMERICA. — *Sir James Mackintosh. Born*, 1765; *died*, 1832.

The laws of England, founded on principles of liberty, are still, in substance, the code of America. Our writers, our statutes, the most modern decisions of our judges, are quoted in every court of justice, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. English law, as well as English liberty, are the foundations on which the legislation of America is founded. The authority of our jurisprudence may survive the power of our Government for as many ages as the laws of Rome commanded the reverence of Europe, after the subversion of her empire. Our language is as much that of America as it is that of England. As America increases, the glory of the great writers of England increases with it; the admirers of Shakspeare and of Milton are multiplied; the fame of every future Englishman of genius is more widely spread. Is it unreasonable, then, to hope that these ties of birth, of liberty, of laws, of language and of literature, may in time prevail over vulgar, ignoble, and ruinous prejudices? Their ancestors were as much the countrymen of Bacon and Newton, of Hampden and Sidney, as ours. They are entitled to their full share of that inheritance of glory which has descended from our common forefathers. Neither the liberty of England, nor her genius, nor the noble language which that genius has consecrated, is worthy of their disregard. All these honors are theirs, if they choose to preserve them. The history of England, till the adoption of counsels adverse to liberty, is *their* history. We may still preserve or revive kindred feelings. *They* may claim noble ancestors, and *we* may look forward to renowned descendants,

unless adverse prejudices should dispose *them* to reject those honors which they have lawfully inherited, and lead *us* to envy that greatness which has arisen from our institutions and will perpetuate our fame!

100. THE FATE OF THE REFORMER, 1830. — *Lord Brougham.*

I HAVE heard it said that, when one lifts up his voice against things that are, and wishes for a change, he is raising a clamor against existing institutions, a clamor against our venerable establishments, a clamor against the law of the land; but this is no clamor against the one or the other, — it is a clamor against the abuse of them all. It is a clamor raised against the grievances that are felt. Mr. Burke, who was no friend to popular excitement, — who was no ready tool of agitation, no hot-headed enemy of existing establishments, no undervaluer of the wisdom of our ancestors, no scoffer against institutions as they are, — has said, and it deserves to be fixed, in letters of gold, over the hall of every assembly which calls itself a legislative body, — "WHERE THERE IS ABUSE, THERE OUGHT TO BE CLAMOR; BECAUSE IT IS BETTER TO HAVE OUR SLUMBER BROKEN BY THE FIRE-BELL, THAN TO PERISH, AMIDST THE FLAMES, IN OUR BED." I have been told, by some who have little objection to the clamor, that I am a timid and a mock reformer; and by others, if I go on firmly and steadily, and do not allow myself to be driven aside by either one outcry or another, and care for neither, that it is a rash and dangerous innovation which I propound; and that I am taking, for the subject of my reckless experiments, things which are the objects of all men's veneration. I disregard the one as much as I disregard the other of these charges.

"False honor charms, and lying slander scares,
Whom, but the false and faulty?" *

It has been the lot of all men, in all ages, who have aspired at the honor of guiding, instructing, or mending mankind, to have their paths beset by every persecution from adversaries, by every misconstruction from friends; no quarter from the one, — no charitable construction from the other! To be misconstrued, misrepresented, borne down, till it was in vain to bear down any longer, has been their fate. But truth will survive, and calumny has its day. I say that, if this be the fate of the reformer, — if he be the object of misrepresentation, — may not an inference be drawn favorable to myself? Taunted by the enemies of reform as being too rash, by the over-zealous friends of reform as being too slow or too cold, there is every reason for presuming that I have chosen the right course. A reformer must proceed steadily in his career; not misled, on the one hand, by panegyric, nor discouraged by slander, on the other. He wants no praise. I would rather say, — "Woe to him when all men speak well of him!" I shall go on in the course which I have laid down for myself; pursuing the foot-

* Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?

steps of those who have gone before us, who have left us their instructions and success, — their instructions to guide our walk, and their success to cheer our spirits.

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101. PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, 1831. — *Lord Brougham.*

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of this measure of Parliamentary Reform. But, grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat, temporary it can only be; for its ultimate, and even speedy success, is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded that, even if the present Ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which, the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sibyl; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes — the precious volumes — of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable; to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms — her moderate terms; — she darkens the porch no longer. But soon — for you cannot do without her wares — you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands; — it is Parliaments by the Year — it is Vote by the Ballot — it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant; and, for the second time, she departs. Beware of her third coming! for the treasure you *must* have; and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that woolsack! What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well; that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; — nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry, of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But, among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one that stands preëminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce a sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause, upon which a Nation's hopes and fears hang? You are? Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving but a resolute People! alien-

ate not from your body the affections of a whole Empire! As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist, with your uttermost efforts, in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore, I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, I warn you, I implore you, — yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you, — reject not this bill!

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102. UNIVERSAL RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. — *Daniel O'Connell.*

Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish "agitator," or "liberator," as he was frequently called, was born in the county of Kerry, Ireland, in 1775. He died in 1847. "His was that marvellous admixture of mirth, pathos, drollery, earnestness, and dejection," says Charles Phillips, "which, well compounded, form the true Milesian. He could whine and wheedle, and wink with one eye while he wept with the other. His fun was inexhaustible." O'Connell was apt to be too violent and vituperative in his denunciations, and they consequently failed of their effect. The abuse that is palpably exaggerated is not much to be feared.

Can anything be more absurd and untenable than the argument of the learned gentleman, when you see it stripped of the false coloring he has given to it? First, he alleges that the Catholics are attached to their religion with a bigoted zeal. I admit the zeal, but I utterly deny the bigotry. He proceeds to insist that these feelings, on our part, justify the apprehensions of Protestants. The Catholics, he says, are alarmed for their Church; why should not the Protestants be alarmed, also, for theirs? The Catholic desires safety for his religion; why should not the Protestant require security for his? Hence he concludes, that, merely because the Catholic desires to keep his religion free, the Protestant is thereby justified in seeking to enslave it. He says that our anxiety for the preservation of *our* Church vindicates those who deem the proposed arrangement necessary for the protection of *theirs;* — a mode of reasoning perfectly true, and perfectly applicable, if we sought any interference with, or control over, the Protestant Church, — if we asked or required that a single Catholic should be consulted upon the management of the Protestant Church, or of its revenues or privileges.

But the fact does not bear him out; for we do not seek nor desire, nor would we accept of, any kind of interference with the Protestant Church. We disclaim and disavow any kind of control over it. We ask not, nor would we allow, any Catholic authority over the mode of appointment of their clergy. Nay, we are quite content to be excluded forever from even advising his Majesty with respect to any matter relating to or concerning the Protestant Church, — its rights its properties, or its privileges. I will, for my own part, go much further; and I do declare, most solemnly, that I would feel and express equal, if not stronger repugnance, to the interference of a Catholic with the Protestant Church, than that I have expressed and do feel to any Protestant interference with ours. In opposing their interference with us, I content myself with the mere war of words. But, if the case

were reversed, — if the Catholic sought this control over the religion of the Protestant, — the Protestant should command my heart, my tongue, my arm, in opposition to so unjust and insulting a measure. So help me God! I would, in that case, not only feel for the Protestant, and speak for him, but I would fight for him, and cheerfully sacrifice my life in defence of the great principle for which I have ever contended, — the principle of universal and complete religious liberty!

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103. ON THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL. — *Daniel O'Connell.*

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House; — I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the Nation to which I belong, — toward a Nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct Nation: it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this House, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the Press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen. Against the bill I protest, in the name of the Irish People, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions, that grievances are not to be complained of, — that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the People suffer.

The clause which does away with trial by jury, — what, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal? It drives the judge from his bench; it does away with that which is more sacred than the Throne itself, — that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble. If ever I doubted, before, of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, — this infamous bill, — the way in which it has been received by the House; the manner in which its opponents have been treated; the personalities to which they have been subjected; the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted, — all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? O, they will be heard there! — yes; and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; — they will say, "We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it, as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust; — as establishing an infamous precedent, by retaliating crime against crime; — as tyrannous, — cruelly and vindictively tyrannous!

104. THE DEATH PENALTY FOR NEW OFFENCES, 1812. — *Lord Byron. B.* 1778; *d.* 1824.

Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of this Bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth, to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry this Bill into effect? Can you commit a whole country to their own prison? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must, to bring this measure into effect) by decimation; place the country under martial law; depopulate and lay waste all around you; and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the Crown, in its former condition of a royal chase, and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief, it appears, that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers be accomplished by your executioners?

If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all deference to the noble Lords opposite, I think a little investigation — some previous inquiry — would induce even *them* to change their purpose. That most favorite State measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, — *temporizing*, — would not be without its advantage in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, — you temporize and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the Bill, under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect.

The framers of such a Bill must be content to inherit the honors of that Athenian lawgiver,* whose edicts were said to be written not in ink, but in blood. But suppose it passed, — suppose one of these men, as I have seen them, meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your Lordships are, perhaps, about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame, — suppose this man surrounded by those children, for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn forever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support; — suppose this man, — and there are ten thousand such, from whom you may select your victims, — dragged into Court, to be tried, for this new offence, by this new law, — still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion, twelve butchers for a Jury, and a Jeffries for a Judge!

* Dracon, the author of the first written code of laws for Athens.

105. ON CHARGES AGAINST ROMAN CATHOLICS, 1828.—*Sheil.*

Richard Lalor Sheil was born in Dublin, Ireland, August 16th, 1791, and died at Florence, Italy, where he held the post of British Minister, May 25th, 1851. He was returned to the Imperial Parliament in 1829, and for twenty years was a prominent member of the House of Commons. A contemporary says of him: "His great earnestness and apparent sincerity, his unrivalled felicity of illustration, his extraordinary power of pushing the meaning of words to the utmost extent, and wringing from them a force beyond the range of ordinary expression, were such, that, when he rose to speak, members took their places, and the hum of private conversation was hushed, in order that the House might enjoy the performances of an accomplished artist." His style of speaking was peculiar; his gesticulation rapid, fierce, and incessant; his enunciation remarkably quick and impetuous. His matter was uniformly well arranged and logical. He carefully prepared himself before speaking.

Calumniators of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland, the annals of England afford the confutation. The body of your common law was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your judges, your magistrates, your high-sheriffs, your courts of justice, your elective system, and, the great bulwark of your liberties, the trial by jury. Who conferred upon the People the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, their representation? The Catholic Edward the First; while, in the reign of Edward the Third, perfection was given to the representative system, Parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false, — foully, infamously false, — that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow-subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influence the suppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence; but, when the faith of my country is made the object of imputation, I cannot help, I cannot refrain, from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant, with a hand of iron and a heart of stone; — whether Henry did not trample upon freedom, while upon Catholicism he set his foot; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed; — whether torture, in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the Towers of Julius, in the dead of night, did not reëcho?

You may suggest to me that in the larger portion of Catholic Europe freedom does not exist; but you should bear in mind that, at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state, freedom flourished in the countries in which it is now extinct. False, — I repeat it, with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration, — utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation. I can bear with any other charge but this — to any other charge I can listen with endurance. Tell me that I prostrate myself before a sculptured marble; tell me that to a canvass glowing with the imagery of Heaven I bend my knee; tell me that my faith is my perdition; — and, as you traverse the church-yards in which your fore-

fathers are buried, pronounce upon those who have lain there for many hundred years a fearful and appalling sentence, — yes, call what I regard as the truth not only an error, but a sin, to which mercy shall not be extended, — all this I will bear, — to all this I will submit, — nay, at all this I will but smile, — but do not tell me that I am in heart and creed a slave! — *That*, my countrymen cannot brook! In their own bosoms they carry the high consciousness that never was imputation more foully false, or more detestably calumnious!

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106. IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES. — *Sheil.*

This brilliant appeal — one of the most eloquent in the annals of British oratory — is from Sheil's Speech on the Irish Municipal Bill, in the House of Commons, February 22d, 1837. The episode was called forth by an unfortunate expression which Lord Lyndhurst had employed, some time before, in the House of Lords, in alluding to the Irish as "aliens, in blood and religion." During Sheil's speech, his Lordship was sitting under the gallery; and it is recorded that Sheil shook his head indignantly at him, as he spoke. The effect upon the House was very marked. Nearly all the members turned towards Lord Lyndhurst; and the shouts of the Ministerialists, encountered by the vehement outcries of the Conservatives, continued for some minutes. The latter half of this speech demands great rapidity of utterance in the delivery.

I SHOULD be surprised, indeed, if, while you are doing us wrong, you did not profess your solicitude to do us justice. From the day on which Strongbow set his foot upon the shore of Ireland, Englishmen were never wanting in protestations of their deep anxiety to do us justice; — even Strafford, the deserter of the People's cause, — the renegade Wentworth, who gave evidence in Ireland of the spirit of instinctive tyranny which predominated in his character, — even Strafford, while he trampled upon our rights, and trod upon the heart of the country, protested his solicitude to do justice to Ireland! What marvel is it, then, that Gentlemen opposite should deal in such vehement protestations? There is, however, one man, of great abilities, — not a member of this House, but whose talents and whose boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party, — who, disdaining all imposture, and thinking it the best course to appeal directly to the religious and national antipathies of the People of this country, — abandoning all reserve, and flinging off the slender veil by which his political associates affect to cover, although they cannot hide, their motives, — distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish People that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and pronounces them, in any particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, identity and religion, to be aliens; — to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion! Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, — and did he not start up and exclaim, "HOLD! I HAVE SEEN THE ALIENS DO THEIR DUTY!" The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply, — I cannot help thinking that he

ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. "The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable, — from Assaye to Waterloo, — the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiéra through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos?* All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory, — Vimiéra, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuéra, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest ——. Tell me, — for you were there, — I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; — tell me, — for you must needs remember, — on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science, — when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset, — tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose, — when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault, — tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; — in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from Heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

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107. THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF IRELAND. — *Id.*

I LAY down a very plain proposition, and it is this, — however harsh the truth, it must be told, — it is this: — Whatever may be your inclination, you have not the ability to maintain the Irish establishment. At first view, the subject seems to be a wretched dispute

* Pronounced *Ba-dah-yhōs*.

between Catholic and Protestant — a miserable sectarian controversy. It is no such thing; it is the struggle for complete political equality on the part of the overwhelming majority upon the one hand, and for political ascendency on the part of the minority on the other. Can that ascendency be maintained? Taught so long, but uninstructed still, wherefore, in the same fatal policy, with an infatuated pertinacity, do you disastrously persevere? Can you wish, and, if you wish, can you hope, that this unnatural, galling, exasperating ascendency should be maintained? Things cannot remain as they are. To what expedient will you fly? Would you drive the country into insurrection, cut down the People, and bid the yeomanry draw forth the swords clotted with the blood of 1798, that they may be brandished in massacre, and sheathed in the Nation's heart? For what, into these terrific possibilities, are we madly, desperately, impiously, to plunge? For the Irish Church! — the Church of the minority, long the Church of the State, never the Church of the People; the Church on which a faction fattens, by which a Nation starves; the Church from which no imaginable good can flow, but evil after evil, in such black and continuous abundance, has been for centuries, and is to this day, poured out; the Church by which religion has been retarded, morality has been vitiated, atrocity has been engendered; which standing armies are requisite to sustain, which has cost England millions of her treasure, and Ireland torrents of her blood!

To distinctions between Catholic and Protestant let there be an end. Let there be an end to national animosities, as well as to sectarian detestations. Perish the bad theology, which, with an impious converse, makes God according to man's image, and with infernal passions fills the heart of man! Perish the bad, the narrow, the pernicious sentiment, which, for the genuine love of country, institutes a feeling of despotic domination upon your part, and of provincial turbulence upon ours!

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108. THE REPEAL OF THE UNION, 1834. — *Id.*

The population of Ireland has doubled since the Union. What is the condition of the mass of the People? Has her capital increased in the same proportion? Behold the famine, the wretchedness and pestilence, of the Irish hovel, and, if you have the heart to do so, mock at the calamities of the country, and proceed in your demonstrations of the prosperity of Ireland. The mass of the People are in a condition more wretched than that of any Nation in Europe; they are worse housed, worse covered, worse fed, than the basest boors in the provinces of Russia; they dwell in habitations to which your swine would not be committed; they are covered with rags which your beggars would disdain to wear; and not only do they never taste the flesh of the animals which crowd into your markets, but,

while the sweat drops from their brows, they never touch the bread into which their harvests are converted. For you they toil, for you they delve; they reclaim the bog, and drive the plough to the mountain's top, for you. And where does all this misery exist? In a country teeming with fertility, and stamped with the beneficent intents of God! When the famine of Ireland prevailed, — when her cries crossed the Channel, and pierced your ears, and reached your hearts, — the granaries of Ireland were bursting with their contents; and, while a People knelt down and stretched out their hands for food, the business of deportation, the absentee tribute, was going on! Talk of the prosperity of Ireland! Talk of the external magnificence of a poor-house, gorged with misery within!

But the Secretary for the Treasury exclaims: "If the agitators would but let us alone, and allow Ireland to be tranquil!" — The agitators, forsooth! Does he venture — has he the intrepidity — to speak thus? Agitators! Against deep potations let the drunkard rail; — at Crockford's let there be homilies against the dice-box; — let every libertine lament the progress of licentiousness, when his Majesty's ministers deplore the influence of demagogues, and Whigs complain of agitation! How did you carry the Reform? Was it not by impelling the People almost to the verge of revolution? Was there a stimulant for their passions, was there a provocative for their excitement, to which you did not resort? If you have forgotten, do you think that we shall fail to remember your meetings at Edinburgh, at Paisley, at Manchester, at Birmingham? Did not three hundred thousand men assemble? Did they not pass resolutions against taxes? Did they not threaten to march on London? Did not two of the cabinet ministers indite to them epistles of gratitude and of admiration? and do they now dare — have they the audacity — to speak of agitation? Have we not as good a title to demand the restitution of our Parliament, as the ministers to insist on the reform of this House?

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109. ENGLAND'S MISRULE OF IRELAND. — *Id.*

If in Ireland, a country that ought to teem with abundance, there prevails wretchedness without example, — if millions of paupers are there without employment, and often without food or raiment, — where is the fault? Is it in the sky, which showers verdure? — is it in the soil, which is surprisingly fertile? — or is it in the fatal course which you, the arbiters of her destiny, have adopted? She has for centuries belonged to England. England has used her for centuries as she has pleased. *How* has she used her, and *what* has been the result? A code of laws was in the first place established, to which, in the annals of legislative atrocity, there is not a parallel; and of that code — those institutes of unnatural ascendency — the Irish Church is a remnant. In Heaven's name, what useful purpose has your gorgeous Establishment ever promoted? You cannot hope to proselytize us

through its means. You have put the experiment to the test of three centuries. You have tried everything. If the truth be with you, it may be great; but in this instance it does not sustain the aphorism — for it does not prevail. If, in a religious point of view, the Establishment cannot conduce to the interests of religion, what purpose does it answer? It is said that it cements the Union — cements the Union! It furnishes the great argument against the Union; it is the most degrading incident of all the incidents of degradation by which that measure was accompanied; it is the yoke, the brand, the shame and the exasperation, of Ireland!

Public opinion and public feeling have been created in Ireland. Men of all classes have been instructed in the principles on which the rights of Nations depend. The humblest peasant, amidst destitution the most abject, has learned to respect himself. I remember when, if you struck him, he cowered beneath the blow; but now, lift up your hand, the spirit of insulted manhood will start up in a bosom covered with rags, — his Celtic blood will boil as yours would do, — and he will feel, and he will act, as if he had been born where the person of every citizen is sacred from affronts, and from his birth had breathed the moral atmosphere which you are accustomed to inhale. In the name of millions of my countrymen, assimilated to yourselves, I demand the reduction of a great abuse, — the retrenchment of a monstrous sinecure, — I demand justice at your hands! "Justice to Ireland" is a phrase which has been, I am well aware, treated as a topic for derision; but the time will come, — nor is it, perhaps, remote, — when you will not be able to extract much matter for ridicule from those trite but not trivial words. "Do justice to America," exclaimed the father of that man by whom the Irish Union was accomplished; "do it to-night, — do it before you sleep." In your National Gallery is a picture on which Lord Lyndhurst should look: it was painted by Copley,* and represents the death of Chatham, who did not live long after the celebrated invocation was pronounced. "Do justice to America, — do it to-night, — do it before you sleep!" There were men by whom that warning was heard who laughed when it was uttered. Have a care lest injustice to Ireland and to America may not be followed by the same results, — lest mournfulness may not succeed to mirth, and another page in the history of England may not be writ in her heart's blood!

110. CIVIL WAR THE GREATEST NATIONAL EVIL, 1829. — *Lord Palmerston.*

THEN come we to the last remedy, — civil war. Some gentlemen say that, sooner or later, we must fight for it, and the sword must decide. They tell us that, if blood were but shed in Ireland, Catholic emancipation might be avoided. Sir, when honorable members shall

* Lord Lyndhurst's father. John Singleton Copley was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 1738, and died in 1815. Many of his best paintings are in the United States, and are much esteemed.

be a little deeper read in the history of Ireland, they will find that in Ireland blood *has* been shed, — that in Ireland leaders have been seized, trials have been had, and punishments have been inflicted. They will find, indeed, almost every page of the history of Ireland darkened by bloodshed, by seizures, by trials, and by punishments. But what has been the effect of these measures? They have, indeed, been successful in quelling the disturbances of the moment; but they never have gone to their cause, and have only fixed deeper the poisoned barb that rankles in the heart of Ireland. Can one believe one's ears, when one hears respectable men talk so lightly — nay, almost so wishfully — of civil war? Do they reflect what a countless multitude of ills those three short syllables contain? It is well, indeed, for the gentlemen of England, who live secure under the protecting shadow of the law, whose slumbers have never been broken by the clashing of angry swords, whose harvests have never been trodden down by the conflict of hostile feet, — it is well for them to talk of civil war, as if it were some holiday pastime, or some sport of children:

"They jest at scars who never felt a wound."

But, that gentlemen from unfortunate and ill-starred Ireland, who have seen with their own eyes, and heard with their own ears, the miseries which civil war produces, — who have known, by their own experience, the barbarism, ay, the barbarity, which it engenders, — that such persons should look upon civil war as anything short of the last and greatest of national calamities, — is to me a matter of the deepest and most unmixed astonishment. I will grant, if you will, that the success of such a war with Ireland would be as signal and complete as would be its injustice; I will grant, if you will, that resistance would soon be extinguished with the lives of those who resisted; I will grant, if you will, that the crimsoned banner of England would soon wave, in undisputed supremacy, over the smoking ashes of their towns, and the blood-stained solitude of their fields. But I tell you that England herself never would permit the achievement of such a conquest; England would reject, with disgust, laurels that were dyed in fraternal blood; England would recoil, with loathing and abhorrence, from the bare contemplation of so devilish a triumph!

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111. ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM. — *Lord John Russell, June* 24, 1831.

I AM not one of those, Sir, who would hold out to the People vain hopes of immediate benefit, which it could not realize, from this measure. Neither am I one of those who maintain the opposite theory, such as is well expressed in a well-known couplet, —

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

Far am I from agreeing in the opinion which the poet has so well expressed in those lines. They are very pretty poetry, but they are

not true in politics. When I look to one country as compared to another, at the different epochs of their history, I am forced to believe that it is upon law and government that the prosperity and morality, the power and intelligence, of every Nation depend. When I compare Spain (in which the traveller is met by the stiletto in the streets, and by the carbine in the high roads) to England, in the poorest parts of which the traveller passes without fear, I think the difference is occasioned by the different Governments under which the People live. At least, Sir, it cannot be denied, that the end attained by the two Governments of these respective countries is essentially different. Is it possible, indeed, for any intelligent person to travel through countries, and not trace the characters and conduct of the inhabitants to the nature of their Institutions and Governments? When I propose, therefore, a Reform of Parliament, — when I propose that the People shall send into this House real Representatives, to deliberate on their wants and to consult for their interests, to consider their grievances and attend to their desires, — when I propose that they shall in fact, as they hitherto have been said to do in theory, possess the vast power of holding the purse-strings of the monarch, — I do it under the conviction that I am laying the foundation of the greatest improvement in the comforts and well-being of the People.

112. THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF IRELAND, 1845. — *T. B. Macaulay.*

Of all the institutions now existing in the civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland seems to me the most absurd. Is there anything else like it? Was there ever anything else like it? The world is full of ecclesiastical establishments. But such a portent as this Church of Ireland is nowhere to be found. Look round the continent of Europe. Ecclesiastical establishments from the White Sea to the Mediterranean; ecclesiastical establishments from the Wolga to the Atlantic; but nowhere the church of a small minority enjoying exclusive establishment. Look at America. There you have all forms of Christianity, from Mormonism — if you call Mormonism Christianity — to Romanism. In some places you have the voluntary system. In some you have several religions connected with the State. In some you have the solitary ascendency of a single Church. But nowhere, from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn, do you find the Church of a small minority exclusively established. In one country alone — in Ireland alone — is to be seen the spectacle of a community of eight millions of human beings, with a Church which is the Church of only eight hundred thousand!

Two hundred and eighty-five years has this Church been at work. What could have been done for it in the way of authority, privileges, endowments, which has not been done? Did any other set of bishops and priests in the world ever receive so much for doing so little? Nay, did any other set of bishops and priests in the world ever receive half as much for doing twice as much? And what have we to show

for all this lavish expenditure? What, but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth? On the great, solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are, as they were ages ago, ten to one against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, the zealous Protestants on the other side of the House. Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic, I could easily account for the phenomenon. If I were a Roman Catholic, I should content myself with saying that the mighty hand and the outstretched arm had been put forth according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable Church; that He, who, in the old time, turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennachĕrib, had signally confounded the arts and the power of heretic statesmen. But what is the Protestant to say? Is this a miracle, that we should stand aghast at it? Not at all. It is a result which human prudence ought to have long ago foreseen, and long ago averted. It is the natural succession of effect to cause. A Church exists for moral ends. A Church exists to be loved, to be reverenced, to be heard with docility, to reign in the understandings and hearts of men. A Church which is abhorred is useless, or worse than useless; and to quarter a hostile Church on a conquered People, as you would quarter a soldiery, is, therefore, the most absurd of mistakes.

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113. ON LIMITING THE HOURS OF LABOR, 1846. — *T. B. Macaulay.*

If we consider man simply in a commercial point of view, simply as a machine for productive labor, let us not forget what a piece of mechanism he is, — how "fearfully and wonderfully made." If we have a fine horse, we do not use him exactly as a steam-engine; and still less should we treat man so, more especially in his earlier years. The depressing labor that begins early in life, and is continued too long every day, enfeebles his body, enervates his mind, weakens his spirits, overpowers his understanding, and is incompatible with any good or useful degree of education. A state of society in which such a system prevails will inevitably, and in no long space, feel its baneful effects. What is it which makes one community prosperous and flourishing, more than another? You will not say that it is the soil; you will not say that it is its climate; you will not say that it is its mineral wealth, or its natural advantages, — its ports, or its great rivers. Is it anything in the earth, or in the air, that makes Scotland a richer country than Egypt; or, Batavia, with its marshes, more prosperous than Sicily? No; but Scotchmen made Scotland what she is, and Dutchmen raised their marshes to such eminence. Look to America. Two centuries ago, it was a wilderness of buffaloes and wolves. What has caused the change? Is it her rich mould? Is it her mighty rivers? Is it her broad waters? No; her plains were then as fertile as they are now, — her rivers were as numerous. Nor was it any great

amount of capital that the emigrants carried out with them. They took a mere pittance. What is it, then, that has effected the change? It is simply this, — you placed the Englishman, instead of the red man, upon the soil; and the Englishman, intelligent and energetic, cut down the forests, turned them into cities and fleets, and covered the land with harvests and orchards in their place.

I am convinced, Sir, that this question of limiting the hours of labor, being a question connected, for the most part, with persons of tender years, — a question in which public health is concerned, and a question relating to public morality, — it is one with which the State may properly interfere. Sir, as lawgivers, we have errors of two different kinds to repair. We have done that which we ought not to have done; we have left undone that which we ought to have done. We have regulated that which we ought to have left to regulate itself; we have left unregulated that which it was our especial business to have regulated. We have given to certain branches of industry a protection which was their bane. We have withheld from public health, and from public morality, a protection which it was our duty to have given. We have prevented the laborer from getting his loaf where he could get it cheapest, but we have not prevented him from prematurely destroying the health of his body and mind, by inordinate toil. I hope and believe that we are approaching the end of a vicious system of interference, and of a vicious system of non-interference.

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114. REFORM, THAT YOU MAY PRESERVE, March 2, 1831. — *T. B. Macaulay.*

Turn where we may, — within, around, — the voice of great events is proclaiming to us, "Reform, that you may preserve!" Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forebodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age; now, while the crash of the proudest Throne of the Continent is still resounding in our ears; now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir of forty Kings;* now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted, and great societies dissolved; now, while the heart of England is still sound; now, while the old feelings and the old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away; now, in this your accepted time, — now, in this your day of salvation, — take counsel, not of prejudice, not of party spirit, not of the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency, but of history, of reason, of the ages which are past, of the signs of this most portentous time. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great debate has been anticipated, and of the long remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the State. Save property, divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by their own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest, and fair-

* Charles the Tenth, of France.

est, and most highly civilized community that ever existed, from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing regret, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order.

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115. MEN ALWAYS FIT FOR FREEDOM. — *T. B. Macaulay.*

THERE is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, — and that cure is freedom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces; but the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder Nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage; but let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason; the extreme violence of opinion subsides; hostile theories correct each other; the scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce; and, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos. Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no People ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may, indeed, wait forever!

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116. THE REFORM BILL A SECOND BILL OF RIGHTS, JULY 5, 1831. — *Id.*

THE whole of history shows that all great Revolutions have been produced by a disproportion between society and its institutions; for, while society has grown, its institutions have not kept pace, and accommodated themselves to its improvements. The history of England is the history of a succession of Reforms; and the very reason that the People of England are great and happy is, that their history is the history of Reform. The great Charter, the first assembling of Parliament, the Petition of Right, the Revolution, and, lastly, this great measure, are all proofs of my position, — are all progressive stages in the progress of society, — and I am fully convinced that every argument urged against the step we are now called upon to take might have been advanced with equal justice against any of the other changes I have enumerated. At the present moment we everywhere see society outgrowing our institutions. Let us contrast our commerce, wealth, and perfect civilization, with our Penal Laws, at once barbarous and inefficient, — the preposterous fictions of pleading, the mummery of

fines and recoveries, the chaos of precedents, and the bottomless pit of Chancery. Here we see the barbarism of the thirteenth century coupled with the civilization of the nineteenth; and we see, too, that the barbarism belongs to the Government, and the civilization to the People. Then I say that this incongruous state of things cannot continue; and, if we do not terminate it with wisdom, ere long we shall find it ended with violence.

I fear, that it may be deemed unbecoming in me to make any application to the fears of Members of this House. But surely I may, without reproach, address myself to their honest fears. It is well to talk of opposing a firm front to sedition. But woe to the Government that cannot distinguish between a Nation and a mob! woe to the Government that thinks a great and steady movement of mind is to be put down like a riot! This error has been twice fatal to the Bourbons; it may be fatal to the Legislature of this country, if they should venture to foster it. I do believe that the irrevocable moment has arrived. Nothing can prevent the passing of this noble law, — this second Bill of Rights. I do call it the second Bill of Rights; and so will the country call it, and so will our children. I call it a greater charter of the liberties of England. Eighteen hundred and thirty-one is destined to exhibit the first example of an established, of a deep-rooted system, removed without bloodshed, or violence, or rapine, — all points being debated, every punctilio observed, the peaceful industry of the country never for a moment checked or compromised, and the authority of the law not for one instant suspended.

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117. PUBLIC OPINION AND THE SWORD, Oct. 10, 1831.—*T. B. Macaulay.*

At the present moment I can see only one question in the State, the Question of Reform; only two parties — the friends of the Bill, and its enemies. No observant and unprejudiced man can look forward, without great alarm, to the effects which the recent decision of the Lords may possibly produce. I do not predict, I do not expect, open, armed insurrection. What I apprehend is this — that the People may engage in a silent but extensive and persevering war against the law. It is easy to say, "Be bold; be firm; defy intimidation; let the law have its course; the law is strong enough to put down the seditious." Sir, we have heard this blustering before; and we know in what it ended. It is the blustering of little men, whose lot has fallen on a great crisis. Xerxes scourging the waves, Canute commanding the waves to recede from his footstool, were but types of the folly. The law has no eyes; the law has no hands; the law is nothing — nothing but a piece of paper printed by the King's printer, with the King's arms at the top — till public opinion breathes the breath of life into the dead letter. We found this in Ireland. The elections of 1826 — the Clare election, two years later — proved the folly of those who think that Nations are governed by wax and parchment; and, at

length, in the close of 1828, the Government had only one plain alternative before it — concession or civil war.

I know only two ways in which societies can permanently be governed — by Public Opinion, and by the Sword. A Government having at its command the armies, the fleets, and the revenues of Great Britain, might possibly hold Ireland by the Sword. So Oliver Cromwell held Ireland; so William the Third held it; so Mr. Pitt held it; so the Duke of Wellington might, perhaps, have held it. But, to govern Great Britain by the Sword — so wild a thought has never, I will venture to say, occurred to any public man of any party; and, if any man were frantic enough to make the attempt, he would find, before three days had expired that there is no better Sword than that which is fashioned out of a Ploughshare! But, if not by the Sword, how is the people to be governed? I understand how the peace is kept at New York. It is by the assent and support of the People. I understand, also, how the peace is kept at Milan. It is by the bayonets of the Austrian soldiers. But how the peace is to be kept when you have neither the popular assent nor the military force, — how the peace is to be kept in England by a Government acting on the principles of the present Opposition, — I do not understand.

Sir, we read that, in old times, when the villeins* were driven to revolt by oppression, — when the castles of the nobility were burned to the ground, — when the warehouses of London were pillaged, — when a hundred thousand insurgents appeared in arms on Blackheath, — when a foul murder, perpetrated in their presence, had raised their passions to madness, — when they were looking round for some Captain to succeed and avenge him whom they had lost, — just then, before Hob Miller, or Tom Carter, or Jack Straw, could place himself at their head, the King rode up to them, and exclaimed, "I will be your leader!" — And, at once, the infuriated multitude laid down their arms, submitted to his guidance, dispersed at his command. Herein let us imitate him. Let us say to the People, "We are your leaders, — we, your own House of Commons." This tone it is our interest and our duty to take. The circumstances admit of no delay. Even while I speak, the moments are passing away, — the irrevocable moments, pregnant with the destiny of a great People. The country is in danger; it may be saved: *we* can save it. This is the way — this is the time. In our hands are the issues of great good and great evil — the issues of the life and death of the State!

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118. A GOVERNMENT SHOULD GROW WITH THE PEOPLE, Dec. 16, 1831.— *Id.*

It is a principle never to be forgotten, that it is not by absolute, but by relative misgovernment, that Nations are roused to madness. Look at our own history. The liberties of the English people were, at least,

* A word derived from the Latin *villa*; whence *villani*, *country people*. The name was given, in Anglo-Norman times, to persons not proprietors of land, many of whom were attached to the land, and bound to serve the lord of the manor.

as much respected by Charles the First as by Henry the Eighth, — by James the Second, as by Edward the Sixth. But did this save the crown of James the Second? Did this save the head of Charles the First? Every person who knows the history of our civil dissensions knows that all those arguments which are now employed by the opponents of the Reform Bill might have been employed, and were actually employed, by the unfortunate Stuarts. The reasoning of Charles, and of all his apologists, runs thus: "What new grievance does the Nation suffer? Did the People ever enjoy more freedom than at present? Did they ever enjoy so much freedom?" But what would a wise and honest counsellor have replied? He would have said: "Though there has been no change in the Government for the worse, there has been a change in the public mind, which produces exactly the same effect which would be produced by a change in the Government for the worse. It may be that the submissive loyalty of our fathers was preferable to that inquiring, censuring, resisting spirit which is now abroad. And so it may be that infancy is a happier time than manhood, and manhood than old age. But God has decreed that old age shall succeed to manhood, and manhood to infancy. Even so have societies their law of growth. As their strength becomes greater, as their experience becomes more extensive, you can no longer confine them within the swaddling-bands, or lull them in the cradles, or amuse them with the rattles, or terrify them with the bugbears, of their infancy. I do not say that they are better or happier than they were; but this I say, — they are different from what they were; you cannot again make them what they were, and you cannot safely treat them as if they continued to be what they were."

This was the advice which a wise and honest Minister would have given to Charles the First. These were the principles on which that unhappy prince should have acted. But no. He would govern, — I do not say ill — I do not say tyrannically; I say only this, — he would govern the men of the seventeenth century as if they had been the men of the sixteenth century; and therefore it was that all his talents, and all his virtues, did not save him from unpopularity — from civil war — from a prison — from a bar — from a scaffold!

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119. REFORM IRRESISTIBLE. — *T. B. Macaulay. Dec.* 16, 1831.

Sir, I have, from the beginning of these discussions, supported Reform, on two grounds: first, because I believe it to be in itself a good thing; and, secondly, because I think the dangers of withholding it to be so great, that, even if it were an evil, it would be the less of two evils. I shall not relinquish the hope that this great contest may be conducted, by lawful means, to a happy termination. But, of this I am assured, that, by means lawful or unlawful, to a termination, happy or unhappy, this contest must speedily come. All that I know of the history of past times, all the observations that I have been

able to make on the present state of the country, have convinced me that the time has arrived when a great concession must be made to the Democracy of England; that the question, whether the change be in itself good or bad, has become a question of secondary importance; that, good or bad, the thing must be done; that a law as strong as the laws of attraction and motion has decreed it. I well know that history, when we look at it in small portions, may be so construed as to mean anything; that it may be interpreted in as many ways as a Delphic oracle. "The French Revolution," says one expositor, "was the effect of concession." "Not so," cries another; "the French Revolution was produced by the obstinacy of an arbitrary Government." These controversies can never be brought to any decisive test, or to any satisfactory conclusion. But, as I believe that history, when we look at it in small fragments, proves anything or nothing, so I believe that it is full of useful and precious instruction when we contemplate it in large portions, — when we take in, at one view, the whole life-time of great societies. We have heard it said a hundred times, during these discussions, that the People of England are more free than ever they were; that the Government is more Democratic than ever it was; and this is urged as an argument against Reform. I admit the fact, but I deny the inference. The history of England is the history of a Government constantly giving way, — sometimes peaceably, sometimes after a violent struggle, — but constantly giving way before a Nation which has been constantly advancing. It is not sufficient to look merely at the form of Government. We must look to the state of the public mind. The worst tyrant that ever had his neck wrung in modern Europe might have passed for a paragon in Persia or Morocco. Our Indian subjects submit patiently to a monopoly of salt. We tried a stamp-duty — a duty so light as to be scarcely perceptible — on the fierce breed of the old Puritans: and we lost an Empire! The Government of Louis the Sixteenth was certainly a much better and milder Government than that of Louis the Fourteenth: yet Louis the Fourteenth was admired, and even loved, by his People; Louis the Sixteenth died on the scaffold! Why? Because, though the Government had made many steps in the career of improvement, it had not advanced so rapidly as the Nation.

These things are written for our instruction. There is a change in society. There must be a corresponding change in the Government. You may make the change tedious; you may make it violent; you may — God, in his mercy, forbid! — you may make it bloody; but avert it you cannot. Agitations of the public mind, so deep and so long continued as those which we have witnessed, do not end in nothing. In peace, or in convulsion, — by the law, or in spite of the law, — through the Parliament, or over the Parliament, — Reform must be carried. Therefore, be content to guide that movement which you cannot stop. Fling wide the gates to that force which else will enter through the breach.

120. REPLY TO THE FOREGOING, Dec. 16, 1831. — *John Wilson Croker.*

Has the learned gentleman, who has been so eloquent on the necessity of proceeding forward, — who has told the House that argument is vain; that there is no resisting the mighty torrent; that there is dire necessity for the whole measure, — has he given the slightest intimation of what would be, even in his opinion, the end of the career, the result of the experiment, the issue of the danger? Has he scanned with the eye of a philosopher the probable progress of future events? Not at all. Anything more vague, anything more indefinite, anything more purely declamatory, than the statements of the learned gentleman on that point, has never fallen from human lips. It is true that the learned gentleman has told the House that the town is besieged by superior forces, and has advised them to open the gates of the fortress, lest it should be stormed at the breach. But did he tell them that they could open the gates with safety? — without exposing their property to plunder, and their persons to massacre? They were not, under the learned gentleman's advice, to attempt to make any terms; but they were at once to throw open the gates, and await the consequences, however fatal; and submit to the tender mercies of the victors, even though there should be pillage, bloodshed and extermination.

The present state of the ream is unparalleled in history. The danger to which the Government is exposed is greater than the Ministers themselves have ever imagined. As the progress of agitation may be tracked through fire and blood, the pusillanimity of Ministers can be also traced through every act of their administration, even those that seemed the boldest. There is no word that they say, no act that they do, no act that they abstain from doing, that is not carefully calculated to offend as little as possible, when they cannot altogether conciliate, the Political Unions, and similar illegal and anarchical associations. Ministers have raised a storm which it is beyond their power, beyond the scope of their minds, to allay. In conclusion, I can assure the House that, in the censures I have passed on His Majesty's Ministers, and in the appalling prospects I have laid before the House, I have urged nothing but what springs from the most imperious sense of the danger of the country; a danger for which I confess that I do not see a remedy, although convinced that there are no means so calculated to aggravate it to a tremendous extent as passing a Reform Bill.

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121. PERILS OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, March 4, 1831. — *John Wilson Croker.*

Sir, what is to be gained by this change in the Representation? Are we to throw away admitted and substantial benefits, in the pursuit of an undefined, inexplicable, and, to my view, most perilous fantasy? Sir, the learned Lord, after exhausting his eloquence in the praise of the general prospects of the country, turned short round on us, and drew a frightful and metaphorical picture of the present state of the

country, and the appalling consequences of refusing the concessions which the existing clamor demands. He told you, Sir, that the stormy tides of popular commotion were rising rapidly around us; that the Stygian waters were rapidly gaining upon us, and that it was time for us — and barely time — to endeavor to save ourselves from being swallowed up by the devouring waves. He told you that the deluge of public opinion was about to overwhelm you; and he invited you to embark with him on this frail and crazy raft, constructed in the blundering haste of terror, as the only means of escaping from destruction. No, Sir, no! trust not

> "that fatal and perfidious bark,
> Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark!"

No, Sir! stand firm where you are, and wait until the threatening waters subside. What you hear is not only a fictitious, but a factitious clamor. Be you calm, steady and bold; and the People, under the influence of your wisdom and courage, will recover their wonted judgment, and become sensible of the value of what they would lose by this scheme, and of the uselessness of what they might gain. Of the Constitution of this country there might, perhaps, have been a better theoretical arrangement; but I do, in my heart, firmly believe that no human ingenuity could, *a priōri*, have conceived so admirable a practical system, promoting, in such nice and just degrees, the wealth, happiness and liberties, of the community at large, —

> "Where jarring interests, reconciled, create
> The according music of a well-mixed State;
> Where small and great, where weak and strong, are made
> To serve, not suffer, — strengthen, not invade;
> More powerful each, as needful to the rest,
> And, in proportion as it blesses, blest!"

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122. EXTENSION OF THE TERM OF COPYRIGHT, 1838. — *T. N. Talfourd.*

THERE is something, Sir, peculiarly unjust in bounding the term of an author's property by his natural life, if he should survive so short a period as twenty-eight years. It denies to age and experience the probable reward it permits to youth — to youth, sufficiently full of hope and joy to slight its promises. It gives a bounty to haste, and informs the laborious student, who would wear away his strength to complete some work which "the world will not willingly let die," that the more of his life he devotes to its perfection, the more limited shall be his interest in its fruits. When his works assume their place among the classics of his country, your law declares that those works shall become your property; and you requite him by seizing the patrimony of his children!

In the words of Mr. Wordsworth's petition, "This bill has for its main object to relieve men of letters from the thraldom of being forced to court the living generation to aid them in rising above slavish taste and degraded prejudice, and to encourage them to rely on their own impulses." Surely this is an object worthy of the Legisla-

ture of a great People, especially in an age where restless activity and increasing knowledge present temptations to the slight and the superficial which do not exist in a ruder age. Let those who "to beguile the time look *like* the time" have their fair scope, — let cheap and innocent publications be multiplied as much as you please, — still, the character of the age demands something impressed with a nobler labor, and directed to a higher aim. "The immortal mind craves objects that endure." The printers need not fear. There will not be too many candidates for "a bright reversion," which only falls in when the ear shall be deaf to human praise.

I have been accused of asking you to legislate "on some sort of sentimental feeling." I deny the charge. The living truth is with us. The spectral phantoms of depopulated printing-houses and shops are the baseless fancies of our opponents. If I were here beseeching indulgence for the frailties and excesses which sometimes attend fine talents, — if I were here appealing to your sympathy in behalf of crushed hopes and irregular aspirations, — the accusation would be just. I plead not for the erratic, but for the sage; not for the perishing, but for the eternal: for him who, poet, philosopher or historian, girds himself for some toil lasting as life, lays aside all frivolous pursuits for one virtuous purpose, that, when encouraged by the distant hope of that "ALL-HAIL HEREAFTER" which shall welcome him among the heirs of fame, he may not shudder to think of it as sounding with hollow mockery in the ears of those whom he loves, and waking sullen echoes by the side of a cheerless hearth! For such I ask this boon, and through them for mankind; — and I ask it with the confidence, in the expression of which your veteran petitioner, Wordsworth, closed his appeal to you, "That in this, as in all other cases, justice is capable of working out its own expediency."

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123. REALITY OF LITERARY PROPERTY, 1838. — *Id.*

IT is, indeed, time that literature should experience some of the blessings of legislation. If we should now simply repeal all the statutes which have been passed under the guise of encouraging learning, and leave it to be protected only by the principles of the common law, and the remedies which the common law would supply, I believe the relief would be welcome. It did not occur to our ancestors that the right of deriving solid benefits from that which springs solely from within us, — the right of property in that which the mind itself creates, and which, so far from exhausting the materials common to all men, or limiting their resources, enriches and expands them, — a right of property which, by the happy peculiarity of its nature, can only be enjoyed by the proprietor in proportion as it blesses mankind, — should be exempted from the protection which is extended to the ancient appropriation of the soil, and the rewards of commercial enterprise.

"But," say the opponents of this measure, "we think that, from the moment an author puts his thoughts on paper, and delivers them to the world, his property therein wholly ceases." What! has he invested no capital? embarked no fortune? If human life is nothing in your commercial tables, — if the sacrifice of profession, of health, of gain, is nothing, — surely the mere outlay of him who has perilled his fortune to instruct mankind may claim some regard! Or is the interest itself so refined, so ethereal, that you cannot regard it as property, because it is not palpable to sense as to feeling? Is there any justice in this? If so, why do you protect moral character as a man's most precious possession, and compensate the party who suffers unjustly in that character by damages? Has this possession any existence half so palpable as the author's right in the printed creation of his brain? I have always thought it one of the proudest triumphs of human law, that it is able to recognize and to guard this breath and finer spirit of moral action; that it can lend its aid in sheltering that invisible property, which exists solely in the admiration and affection of others; and, if it may do this, why may it not protect his interest in those living words, which, as was well observed by that great thinker, Mr. Hazlitt, are, "after all, the only things which last forever"?

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124. AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. — *Id.*

In venturing to invite the attention of the House to the state of the law affecting the property of men of letters in the results of their genius and labors, I would advert to one other consideration as connected with this subject. I would urge the expediency and justice of acknowledging the rights of foreigners to copyright in this country, and of claiming it from them for ourselves in return. The great minds of our time have an audience to impress far vaster than it entered into the minds of their predecessors to hope for; an audience increasing as population thickens in the cities of America, and spreads itself out through its diminishing wilds; an audience who speak our language, and who look on our old poets as their own immortal ancestry.

And if this, our literature, shall be theirs, — if its diffusion shall follow the efforts of the stout heart and sturdy arm, in their triumph over the obstacles of nature, — if the woods, stretching beyond their confines, shall be haunted with visions of beauty which our poets have created, — let those who thus are softening the ruggedness of young society have some present interest about which affection may gather; and, at least, let them be protected from those who would exhibit them, mangled or corrupted, to their transatlantic disciples. I do not, in truth, ask for literature favor; I do not ask for it charity. I do not even appeal to gratitude in its behalf. But I ask for it a portion, and but a portion, of that common justice which the

coarsest industry obtains for its natural reward; justice, which nothing but the very extent of its claims, and the nobleness of the associations to which they are akin, have prevented it from receiving from our laws.

125. THE LEGISLATIVE UNION, 1834.—*Sir Robert Peel. Born*, 1788; *died*, 1850.

I WANT no array of figures, I want no official documents, I want no speeches of six hours, to establish to my satisfaction the public policy of maintaining the Legislative Union. I feel and know that the repeal of it must lead to the dismemberment of this great empire, must make Great Britain a fourth-rate power of Europe, and Ireland a savage wilderness; and I will give, therefore, at once, and without hesitation, an emphatic negative to the motion for repeal. There are truths which lie too deep for argument, — truths, to the establishment of which the evidence of the senses, or the feelings of the heart, have contributed more than the slow process of reasoning; — which are graven in deeper characters than any that reason can either impress or efface. When Doctor Johnson was asked to refute the arguments for the non-existence of matter, he stamped his foot upon the ground, and exclaimed, "I refute them thus." When Mr. Canning heard the first whisper in this House of a repeal of the Union, this was all the answer he vouchsafed, — the eloquent and indignant answer, the tones of which are still familiar to my ear, — "Repeal the Union? Restore the Heptarchy!"

Thirty-three years have now elapsed since the passing of the act of Union; — a short period, if you count by the lapse of time; but it is a period into which the events of centuries have been crowded. It includes the commencement and the close of the most tremendous conflict which ever desolated the world. Notwithstanding the then recent convulsions in Ireland, — notwithstanding the dissatisfaction expressed with the Union, — the United Empire, that had been incorporated only three years before the commencement of the war, escaped the calamities to which other Nations were exposed. In our gallant armies no distinction of Englishmen and Irishmen was known; none of the vile jealousies, which this motion, if successful, would generate, impaired the energies which were exerted by all in defence of a common country. That country did not bestow its rewards with a partial hand. It did not, because they were Irishmen, pay a less sincere or less willing homage to the glorious memory of a Ponsonby and a Pakenham. Castlereagh and Canning fought in the same ranks with Pitt; and Grattan took his place, in the great contests of party, by the side of Fox. The majestic oak of the forest was transplanted, but it shot its roots deep in a richer and more congenial soil. Above all, to an Irishman — to that Arthur Wellesley, who, in the emphatic words of the learned gentleman (Mr. Sheil), "eclipsed his military victories by the splendor of his civil triumphs" — to him was committed, with the

unanimous assent and confidence of a generous country, the great and glorious task of effecting the deliverance of the world. Who is that Irishman, who, recollecting these things, has the spirit and the heart to propose that Ireland shall be defrauded for the future of her share of such high achievements; that to her the wide avenues to civil and military glory shall be hereafter closed; that the faculties and energies of her sons shall be forever stunted by being cramped within the paltry limits of a small island? Surely, Sir, we owe it to the memory of the illustrious brave, who died in defending this great Empire from dismemberment by the force and genius of Napoleon, at least to save it from dismemberment by the ignoble enemies that now assail it!

126. AMERICAN MERCHANT VESSELS, 1850. —*Richard Cobden.*

I SOMETIMES quote the United States of America; and, I think, in this matter of national defence, they set us a very good example. Does anybody dare to attack that Nation? There is not a more formidable Power, in every sense of the word, — although you may talk of France and Russia, — than the United States of America; and there is not a statesman with a head on his shoulders who does not know it; and yet the policy of the United States has been to keep a very small amount of armed force in existence. At the present moment, they have not a line-of-battle ship afloat, notwithstanding the vast extension of their commercial marine. Last year she recalled the last ship-of-war from the Pacific; and I shall be very much astonished if you see another. The People are well employed, and her taxation is light, which countries cannot have if they burden themselves with the expense of these enormous armaments.

Now, many persons appeal to the English Nation under the impression that they are a very pugnacious People. I am not quite sure that we are not. I am not quite sure that my opponents do not sometimes have the advantage over me in appealing to the ready-primed pugnacity of our fellow-countrymen. I believe I am pugnacious myself; but what I want is, to persuade my countrymen to preserve their pugnaciousness until somebody comes to attack them. Be assured, if you want to be prepared for future war, you will be better prepared in the way that the United States is prepared, — by the enormous number of merchant ships of large tonnage constantly building; in the vast number of steamers turning out of the building-yards at New York, — those enormous steamers, finer than any to be found in the royal navies of any country on the continent of Europe, commonly extending from fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred tons. If the spirit of America were once aroused, and her resentment excited, her mercantile marine alone, — the growth of commerce, the result of a low taxation, and a prosperous People, — her mercantile marine alone would be more than a match for any war navy that exists on the continent of Europe.

127. RESISTANCE TO BRITISH AGGRESSION. — *Patrick Henry.*

Patrick Henry was born, May 29th, 1736, in Hanover county, Virginia. His father was a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland. Patrick's education was scanty, and he entered upon the practice of the law after only six weeks of preparation. But his powers of eloquence were remarkable. He was elected repeatedly to the most important offices in the gift of the People of Virginia. In 1788, he was a member of the Convention which met there to consider the Constitution of the United States, and exerted himself strenuously against its adoption. He died in 1799.

The Virginia Convention having before them resolutions of a temporizing character towards Great Britain, March 23d, 1775, Mr. Henry introduced others, manly and decided in their tone, and providing that the Colony should be immediately put in a state of defence. These counter resolutions he supported in the following memorable speech, the result of which was their adoption. Of the effect of this speech, Mr. Wirt says, that, when Henry took his seat, at its close, "No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry *to arms!* seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. They became impatient of speech. Their souls were on fire for action."

Mr. President it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, — to know the worst, and to provide for it!

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which Kings resort. I ask Gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can Gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? — Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that, for the lest ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms

shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, — we must fight; I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

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128. THE WAR INEVITABLE, March, 1775. — *Patrick Henry.*

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak, — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of People, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of Nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that Gentlemen wish? What would

they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

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129. RETURN OF BRITISH FUGITIVES, 1782. — *Patrick Henry.*

I VENTURE to prophesy, there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth, — able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy, which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms, — her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves. But, Sir, you must have *men*, — you cannot get along without them. Those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber, Sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then, you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, Sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise.

Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, Sir, and they will come in! The population of the Old World is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the Governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wistful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth; — a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance, — a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door!

Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode, — that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets. They see her here a real divinity, — her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy States; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this, our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the People of the Old World, — tell them to come, and bid them welcome, — and you will see them pouring in from the North, from the South, from the East, and from the West. Your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts

will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But Gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully; and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them, and to their native country, are now changed. Their King hath acknowledged our independence; the quarrel is over, peace hath returned, and found us a free People. Let us have the magnanimity, Sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And, as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, Sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!* — What, Sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of *his whelps?*

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130. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS.* — *Mrs. L. M. Child.*

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one King of England his life, — another, his crown, — and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions, — one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, — and we call no man master. To the Nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never *can* be, extorted. Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our

* Born, 1725; killed by a stroke of lightning, 1773.

teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her, — to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude, — we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the King, — and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws! Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The Ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The Cabinet behind the Throne. In every instance, those who take are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon Parliament; otherwise, they would soon be taxed and dried. But, thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice! The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome; but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these Colonies which one breath of their King may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it!

131. FOR INDEPENDENCE, 1776. — *Richard Henry Lee. Born*, 1732; *died*, 1794.

The time will certainly come when the fated separation between the mother country and these Colonies must take place, whether you will or no; for so it is decreed by the very nature of things, — by the progressive increase of our population, the fertility of our soil, the extent of our territory, the industry of our countrymen, and the immensity of the ocean which separates the two countries. And, if this be true, — as it is most true, — who does not see that the sooner it takes place, the better; that it would be the height of folly, not to seize the present occasion, when British injustice has filled all hearts with indignation, inspired all minds with courage, united all opinions in one, and put arms in every hand? And how long must we traverse three thousand miles of a stormy sea, to solicit of arrogant and insolent men either counsels or commands to regulate our domestic affairs? From what we have already achieved, it is easy to presume what we shall hereafter accom-

plish. Experience is the source of sage counsels, and liberty is the mother of great men. Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington by citizens armed and assembled in one day? Already their most celebrated generals have yielded in Boston to the skill of ours. Already their seamen, repulsed from our coasts, wander over the ocean, the sport of tempests, and the prey of famine. Let us hail the favorable omen, and fight, not for the sake of knowing on what terms we are to be the slaves of England, but to secure to ourselves a free existence, to found a just and independent Government.

Why do we longer delay, — why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to reëstablish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprang up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens: — by our first victories; by the present ardor and union; by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people; by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coasts of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to country, the names of the American Legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romŭlus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and will be, forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens!

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132. THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, 1787.—*Benjamin Franklin. Born*, 1706; *died*, 1790.

The following is strongly marked by the leading traits of Franklin's character,— his liberality, practical wisdom, and spirit of compromise.

Sir, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, — if they are such, — because I think a general Government necessary for us, and there is no form of Government but what may be a blessing to the People, if well administered; and I believe, further, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the People shall become so corrupted as to need despotic Government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. For, when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish

views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It, therefore, astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our counsels are confounded, like those of the builders of Babel, and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats.

Thus I consent, Sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that this is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to his constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavor to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favor among foreign Nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficacy of any Government, in procuring and securing happiness to the People, depends on opinion, — on the general opinion of the goodness of that Government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its Governors. I hope, therefore, that, for our own sakes, as a part of the People, and for the sake of our posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution, wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it well administered.

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133. GOD GOVERNS. — *Benjamin Franklin*, 1787, *in Convention.*

In this situation of this Assembly, — groping, as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, — how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understanding? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the divine protection. Our prayers, Sir, were heard, — and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or do we imagine we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, — *that God governs in the affairs of men.* And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the Sacred Writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that, without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this polit-

ical building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing Government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest!

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134. IN FAVOR OF A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. — *Supposed Speech of John Adams, in the Continental Congress, July*, 1776.

The subjoined two extracts are from "A Discourse in commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, by Daniel Webster, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826." The sentiment and spirit of this "supposed" speech appear to be partially taken from a letter which John Adams wrote to a friend, the day after the Declaration, and in which he said: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided by men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, 'that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.' The day is passed. The Fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated, by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States; yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, — which, I hope, we shall not."

By a felicitous coincidence, Adams and Jefferson died on the 4th of July, 1826, the anniversary of the occasion which they had done so much to render memorable.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, — is not he, our venerable colleague near you, — are not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, — that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we prom-

ised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through.

And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, Sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail!

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135. CONCLUSION OF THE PRECEDING.

The cause will raise up armies; — the cause will create navies. The people, — the people, — if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; — every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the Pulpit; — religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon, — let

them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, — and the very walls will cry out in its support!

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die, — die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so! be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, — or, at least, the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, — copious, gushing tears, — not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, — but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come! My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration! It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, — INDEPENDENCE *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

136. THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATES. — *Alexander Hamilton.*

Alexander Hamilton was born in Nevis, one of the West India Islands, in 1757. After some military experience, he entered upon the study of the law, and rose to great eminence in the councils of the Nation. With Madison and Jay, he wrote the "Federalist," and labored strenuously in behalf of the Constitution. He was the first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. He was shot by Aaron Burr, in a duel, in 1804. The two following speeches were delivered in the Convention of New York, on the adoption of the Constitution, 1788.

MR. CHAIRMAN, it has been advanced as a principle, that no Government but a Despotism can exist in a very extensive country. This is a melancholy consideration, indeed. If it were founded on truth, we ought to dismiss the idea of a Republican Government, even for the State of New York. But the position has been misapprehended. Its application relates only to democracies, where the body of the People meet to transact business, and where representation is unknown. The application is wrong in respect to all representative Governments; but especially in relation to a Confederacy of States, in which the Supreme Legislature has only general powers, and the civil and domestic concerns of the People are regulated by the laws of the several States. I insist that it never can be the interest or desire of the national Legislature to destroy the State Governments. The blow

aimed at the members must give a fatal wound to the head; and the destruction of the States must be at once a political suicide. But imagine, for a moment, that a political frenzy should seize the Government; suppose they should make the attempt. Certainly, Sir, it would be forever impracticable. This has been sufficiently demonstrated by reason and experience. It has been proved that the members of Republics have been, and ever will be, stronger than the head. Let us attend to one general historical example.

In the ancient feudal Governments of Europe, there were, in the first place, a Monarch; subordinate to him, a body of Nobles; and subject to these, the vassals, or the whole body of the People. The authority of the Kings was limited, and that of the Barons considerably independent. The histories of the feudal wars exhibit little more than a series of successful encroachments on the prerogatives of Monarchy.

Here, Sir, is one great proof of the superiority which the members in limited Governments possess over their head. As long as the Barons enjoyed the confidence and attachment of the People, they had the strength of the country on their side, and were irresistible. I may be told in some instances the Barons were overcome; but how did this happen? Sir, they took advantage of the depression of the royal authority, and the establishment of their own power, to oppress and tyrannize over their vassals. As commerce enlarged, and wealth and civilization increased, the People began to feel their own weight and consequence; they grew tired of their oppressions; united their strength with that of their Prince, and threw off the yoke of Aristocracy. These very instances prove what I contend for. They prove that in whatever direction the popular weight leans, the current of power will flow; whatever the popular attachments be, there will rest the political superiority. Sir, can it be supposed that the State Governments will become the oppressors of the People? Will they forfeit their affections? Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow-citizens, for the sole purpose of involving themselves in ruin? God forbid! The idea, Sir, is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity, and every dictate of common sense!

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137. CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. — *Alexander Hamilton.*

After all our doubts, our suspicions and speculations, on the subject of Government, we must return, at last, to this important truth, — that, when we have formed a Constitution upon free principles, when we have given a proper balance to the different branches of Administration, and fixed Representation upon pure and equal principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of Government. The great desiderata are a free Representation, and mutual checks. When these are obtained, all our apprehensions of the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What, then, is the structure of this Constitu-

tion? One branch of the Legislature is to be elected by the People, — by the same People who choose your State Representatives. Its members are to hold their office two years, and then return to their constituents. Here, Sir, the People govern. Here they act by their immediate Representatives. You have also a Senate, constituted by your State Legislatures, — by men in whom you place the highest confidence, — and forming another Representative branch. Then, again, you have an Executive Magistrate, created by a form of election which merits universal admiration.

In the form of this Government, and in the mode of Legislation, you find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable men desire? Is there any one branch in which the whole Legislative and Executive powers are lodged? No! The Legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, properly balanced; the Executive authority is divided between two branches; and the Judicial is still reserved for an independent body, who hold their office during good behavior. This organization is so complex, so skilfully contrived, that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass the great scrutiny with success. Now, what do Gentlemen mean, by coming forward and declaiming against this Government? Why do they say we ought to limit its powers, to disable it, and to destroy its capacity of blessing the People? Has philosophy suggested, has experience taught, that such a Government ought not to be trusted with everything necessary for the good of society? Sir, when you have divided and nicely balanced the departments of Government; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interests; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms *can* be, — you *must* place confidence; you *must* give power.

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133. ARISTOCRACY, 1788. — *Robert R. Livingston. Born*, 1748; *died*, 1813.

THE gentleman, who has so copiously declaimed against all declamation, has pointed his artillery against the rich and great. We are told that, in every country, there is a natural Aristocracy, and that this Aristocracy consists of the rich and the great. Nay, the gentleman goes further, and ranks in this class of men the wise, the learned, and those eminent for their talents or great virtues. Does a man possess the confidence of his fellow-citizens, for having done them important services? He is an Aristocrat! Has he great integrity? He is an Aristocrat! Indeed, to determine that one is an Aristocrat, we need only to be assured that he is a man of merit. But I hope we have many such. So sensible am I of that gentleman's talents, integrity, and virtue, that we might at once hail him the first of the Nobles, the very Prince of the Senate!

But whom, in the name of common sense, would the gentleman have to represent us? Not the rich, for they are sheer Aristocrats.

Not the learned, the wise, the virtuous; for they are all Aristocrats. Whom then? Why, those who are not virtuous; those who are not wise; those who are not learned; — these are the men to whom alone we can trust our liberties! He says, further, we ought not to choose Aristocrats, because the People will not have confidence in them! That is to say, the People will not have confidence in those who best deserve and most possess their confidence! He would have his Government composed of other classes of men. Where will he find them? Why, he must go forth into the highways, and pick up the rogue and the robber. He must go to the hedges and the ditches, and bring in the poor, the blind, and the lame. As the gentleman has thus settled the definition of Aristocracy, I trust that no man will think it a term of reproach; for who, among us, would not be wise? who would not be virtuous? who would not be above want? The truth is, in these Republican Governments, we know no such ideal distinctions. We are all equally Aristocrats. Offices, emoluments, honors, the roads to preferment and to wealth, are alike open to all.

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139. EXTENT OF COUNTRY NO BAR TO UNION. — *Edmund Randolph. Died*, 1813.

In the Virginia Convention on the Federal Constitution, 1788.

EXTENT of country, in my conception, ought to be no bar to the adoption of a good Government. No extent on earth seems to me too great, provided the laws be wisely made and executed. The principles of representation and responsibility may pervade a large, as well as a small territory; and tyranny is as easily introduced into a small as into a large district. Union, Mr. Chairman, is the rock of our salvation. Our safety, our political happiness, our existence, depend on the Union of these States. Without Union, the People of this and the other States will undergo the unspeakable calamities which discord, faction, turbulence, war and bloodshed, have continually produced in other countries. Without Union, we throw away all those blessings for which we have so earnestly fought. Without Union, there is no peace, Sir, in the land.

The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride, — pride to see the Union magnificently triumph. Let that glorious pride which once defied the British thunder reänimate you again. Let it not be recorded of Americans, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired reputation, lost their national consequence and happiness, by their own indiscretion. Let no future historian inform posterity that Americans wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient Government. Catch the present moment. Seize it with avidity. It may be lost, never to be regained; and, if the Union be lost now, I fear it will remain so forever!

140. FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES. — *George Washington. B.* 1732; *d.* 1799.

Reply, as President of the United States, January 1st, 1796, to the address of the Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic, on his presenting the colors of France to the United States.

Born, Sir, in a land of liberty; having early learned its value; having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it; having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my own country, — my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly excited, whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed Nation unfurl the banners of freedom. But, above all, the events of the French Revolution have produced the deepest solicitude, as well as the highest admiration. To call your Nation brave, were to pronounce but common praise. Wonderful People! Ages to come will read with astonishment the history of your brilliant exploits! I rejoice that the period of your toils and of your immense sacrifices is approaching. I rejoice that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years have issued in the formation of a Constitution designed to give permanency to the great object for which you have contended. I rejoice that liberty, which you have so long embraced with enthusiasm, — liberty, of which you have been the invincible defenders, — now finds an asylum in the bosom of a regularly organized Government; — a Government, which, being formed to secure the happiness of the French People, corresponds with the ardent wishes of my heart, while it gratifies the pride of every citizen of the United States, by its resemblance to his own. On these glorious events, accept, Sir, my sincere congratulations.

In delivering to you these sentiments, I express not my own feelings only, but those of my fellow-citizens, in relation to the commencement, the progress, and the issue, of the French Revolution; and they will cordially join with me in purest wishes to the Supreme Being, that the citizens of our sister Republic, our magnanimous allies, may soon enjoy in peace that liberty which they have purchased at so great a price, and all the happiness which liberty can bestow.

I receive, Sir, with lively sensibility, the symbol of the triumphs and of the enfranchisement of your Nation, the colors of France, which you have now presented to the United States. The transaction will be announced to Congress; and the colors will be deposited with those archives of the United States which are at once the evidences and the memorials of their freedom and independence. May these be perpetual! And may the friendship of the two Republics be commensurate with their existence!

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141. AGAINST FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS, 1796. — *George Washington.*

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free People ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove that foreign

influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one Nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil, and even second, the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the People, to surrender their interests. The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign Nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detatched and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one People, under an efficient Government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent Nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel. Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand on foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?

142. SANCTITY OF TREATIES, 1796. — *Fisher Ames.*

Fisher Ames, one of the most eloquent of American Statesmen and writers, was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, 1758, and died July 4, 1808. He was a member of Congress during the eight years of Washington's administration, of which he was the earnest and able champion.

We are either to execute this treaty, or break our faith. To expatiate on the value of public faith may pass with some men for declamation: to such men I have nothing to say. To others, I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a People more turpitude and debasement? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, — or to degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, and their standard of action? It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society; to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the Nation; and to inspire, in its stead, a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference, because they are greener? No, Sir; this is not the character of the virtue. It soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it; for what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eye of strangers, and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him: he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, — and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land. I see no exception to the respect that is paid among Nations to the law of good faith. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of Governments. It is observed by barbarians. A whiff of tobacco-smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but, when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation.

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143. THE BRITISH TREATY, 1796. — *Fisher Ames.*

Are the posts of our frontier to remain forever in the possession of Great Britain? Let those who reject them, when the treaty offers them to our hands, say, if they choose, they are of no importance. Will the tendency to Indian hostilities be contested by any one? Experience gives the answer. Am I reduced to the necessity of proving this point? Certainly the very men who charged the Indian war on the detention of the posts will call for no other proof than the recital of their own speeches. "Until the posts are restored," they exclaimed, "the treasury and the frontiers must bleed." Can Gentlemen now say that an Indian peace, without the posts, will prove firm? No, Sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, Wake from your false security! Your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed. The wounds, yet unhealed,

are to be torn open again. In the day-time, your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father, — the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-fields! You are a mother, — the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle!

Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer, by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and, I would hope, to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans irresponsible? Can you put the dearest interest of society at risk, without guilt, and without remorse? It is vain to offer, as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen; they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote. We choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them as for the measure that we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make; — to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake; to our country, and, I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God, we are answerable; and, if duty be anything more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country. There is no mistake in this case. There can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The Western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness. It exclaims, that, while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture! Already they seem to sigh in the Western wind! Already they mingle with every echo from the mountains!

144. A REPUBLIC THE STRONGEST GOVERNMENT. — *T. Jefferson. B.* 1743; *d.* 1826.

From his Inaugural Address, as President of the United States, March 4, 1801.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, — during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty, — it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore, — that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, — and should divide opinions as to measures of safety. But every

difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear a republican Government cannot be strong, — that this Government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a Government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest Government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order, as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels, in the form of Kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own Federal and Republican principles — our attachment to Union and representative Government. Kindly separated, by nature and a wide ocean, from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe, — too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others, — possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation, — entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions, and their sense of them, — enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, — acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter: with all these blessings, what more is necessary, to make us a happy and prosperous People?

Still one thing more, fellow-citizens: a wise and frugal Government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

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145. JUDGES SHOULD BE FREE, 1802. — *James A. Bayard. Born*, 1767; *died*, 1815.

Let it be remembered that no power is so sensibly felt by society as that of the Judiciary. The life and property of every man is

liable to be in the hands of the Judges. Is it not our great interest to place our Judges upon such high ground that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles them in the dust. It prostrates them at the feet of faction. It renders them the tool of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate. It is this consequence which I deeply deplore. What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your Bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals. We are asked, Sir, if the Judges are to be independent of the People? The question presents a false and delusive view. We are all the People. We are, and as long as we enjoy our freedom, we *shall* be, divided into parties. The true question is, Shall the Judiciary be permanent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg, I implore gentlemen to consider the magnitude and value of the principle which they are about to annihilate. If your Judges are independent of political changes, they may have their preferences, but they will not enter into the spirit of party. But, let their existence depend upon the support of a certain set of men, and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Your Courts will lose all public confidence and respect.

We are standing on the brink of that revolutionary torrent which deluged in blood one of the fairest countries in Europe. France had her National Assembly, more numerous and equally popular with our own. She had her tribunals of justice, and her juries. But the Legislature and her Courts were but the instruments of her destruction. Acts of proscription, and sentences of banishment and death, were passed in the Cabinet of a tyrant. Prostrate your Judges at the feet of party, and you break down the mounds which defend you from this torrent! Are gentlemen disposed to risk the consequences?

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146. ON THE JUDICIARY ACT, 1802. — *Gouverneur Morris.*

Gouverneur Morris, born at Morrisania, New York, January 31st, 1752, died November 6th, 1818. He was a Delegate to the Continental Congress from New York, and subsequently represented that State in the Senate of the United States, before which body the following speeches were delivered. He was, for some time, minister from the United States to France, and during his residence in Europe formed the acquaintance of many historical personages, concerning whom he has given interesting facts, in his published diary and letters.

What will be the situation of these States, organized as they now are, if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be the victims of foreign intrigue, and, split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power, or else, after the misery and torment of a civil war, become the subjects of an usurping military despot. What but this compact, what but this specific part of it, can save us from ruin? The judicial power, that fortress of the Constitution, is now to be overturned. With honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it, — I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I

must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism, and their virtue. Do not, Gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat! If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence! I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiating libation for the weal of America. Do not, for God's sake, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin!

Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little, avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in a reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our Nation, to the wild wind! Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived! Cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained: I stand in the presence of Almighty God, and of the world; and I declare to you, that, if you lose this charter, never, — no, never will you get another! We are now, perhaps, arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause — pause! — for Heaven's sake, pause!

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147. FREE NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, 1803. — *Gouverneur Morris.*

Sir, I wish for peace; I wish the negotiation may succeed; and, therefore, I strongly urge you to adopt these resolutions. But, though you should adopt them, they alone will not insure success. I have no hesitation in saying that you ought to have taken possession of New Orleans and the Floridas, the instant your treaty was violated. You ought to do it now. Your rights are invaded: confidence in negotiation is vain; there is, therefore, no alternative but force. You are exposed to imminent present danger: you have the prospect of great future advantage: you are justified by the clearest principles of right: you are urged by the strongest motives of policy: you are commanded by every sentiment of national dignity. Look at the conduct of America in her infant years. When there was no actual invasion of right, but only a claim to invade, she resisted the claim, she spurned the insult. Did we then hesitate? Did we then wait for foreign alliance? No, — animated with the spirit, warmed with the soul of freedom, we threw our oaths of allegiance in the face of our sovereign, and committed our fortunes and our fate to the God of battles. We then were

subjects. We had not then attained to the dignity of an independent Republic. We then had no rank among the Nations of the earth. But we had the spirit which deserved that elevated station. And, now that we have gained it, shall we fall from our honor?

Sir, I repeat to you, that I wish for peace, — real, lasting, honorable peace. To obtain and secure this blessing, let us, by a bold and decisive conduct, convince the Powers of Europe that we are determined to defend our rights, — that we will not submit to insult, that we will not bear degradation. This is the conduct which becomes a generous People. This conduct will command the respect of the world. Nay, Sir, it may rouse all Europe to a proper sense of their situation.

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143. AGAINST FOREIGN CONQUEST. — *De Witt Clinton. Born*, 1769; *died*, 1823.

In 1802, De Witt Clinton was elected to the Senate of the United States from New York. In the month of February, 1803, a debate arose in that body on certain resolutions authorizing the President to take immediate possession of New Orleans, and empowering him to call out thirty thousand militia to effect that object. The following is an extract from Clinton's speech on the occasion.

If I were called upon to prescribe a course of policy most important for this country to pursue, it would be to avoid European connections and wars. The time must arrive when we will have to contend with some of the great powers of Europe; but let that period be put off as long as possible. It is our interest and our duty to cultivate peace, with sincerity and good faith. As a young Nation, pursuing industry in every channel, and adventuring commerce in every sea, it is highly important that we should not only have a pacific character, but that we should really deserve it. If we manifest an unwarrantable ambition, and a rage for conquest, we unite all the great powers of Europe against us. The security of all the European possessions in our vicinity will eternally depend, not upon their strength, but upon our moderation and justice. Look at the Canadas; at the Spanish territories to the South; at the British, Spanish, French, Danish and Dutch West India Islands; at the vast countries to the West, as far as where the Pacific rolls its waves. Consider well the eventful consequences that would result, if we were possessed by a spirit of conquest. Consider well the impression which a manifestation of that spirit will make upon those who would be affected by it.

If we are to rush at once into the territory of a neighboring Nation, with fire and sword, for the misconduct of a subordinate officer, will not our national character be greatly injured? Will we not be classed with the robbers and destroyers of mankind? Will not the Nations of Europe perceive in this conduct the germ of a lofty spirit, and an enterprising ambition, which will level them to the earth, when age has matured our strength, and expanded our powers of annoyance, unless they combine to cripple us in our infancy? May not the consequences be, that we must look out for a naval force to protect our commerce? that a close alliance will result? that we will be thrown at once into the ocean of European politics, where every wave that rolls, and every wind that blows, will agitate our bark? Is this a

desirable state of things? Will the People of this country be seduced into it by all the colorings of rhetoric, and all the arts of sophistry; by vehement appeals to their pride, and artful addresses to their cupidity? No, Sir! Three-fourths of the American People — I assert it boldly, and without fear of contradiction — are opposed to this measure! And would you take up arms with a mill-stone hanging round your neck? How would you bear up, not only against the force of the enemy, but against the irresistible current of public opinion? The thing, Sir, is impossible; the measure is worse than madness: it is wicked beyond the powers of description!

149. AMERICAN INNOVATIONS. — *James Madison.* *Born*, 1751; *died*, 1836.

James Madison, who served two terms as President of the United States, was a Virginian by birth. As a writer and a statesman, he stands among the first of his times.

Why is the experiment of an extended Republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the People of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other Nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lesson of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered, — no Government established, of which an exact model did not present itself, — the People of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must, at best, have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, — happily, we trust, for the whole human race, — they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a Revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabric of Governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new-modelled by the act of your Convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

150. INTEMPERANCE OF PARTY, 1815. — *Wm. Gaston.* *Born*, 1778; *died*, 1844.

Intemperance of party, wherever found, never will meet with an advocate in me. It is a most calamitous scourge to our country; the bane of social enjoyment, of individual justice, and of public virtue; unfriendly to the best pursuits of man, his interest and his duty. Seek to uphold your measures by the force of argument, not of denuncia-

tion. Stigmatize not opposition to your notions with offensive epithets. These prove nothing but your anger or your weakness; and they are sure to generate a spirit of moral resistance, not easily to be checked or tamed. Give to Presidential views Constitutional respect; but suffer them not to supersede the exercise of independent inquiry. Encourage instead of suppressing fair discussion, so that those who approve not may at least have a respectful hearing. Thus, without derogating a particle from the energy of your measures, you will impart a tone to political dissensions which will deprive them of their acrimony, and render them harmless to the Nation.

The nominal party distinctions, Sir, have become mere cabalistic terms. It is no longer a question whether, according to the theory of our Constitution, there is more danger of the Federal encroaching on the State Governments, or the Democracy of the State Governments paralyzing the arm of Federal power. Federalism and Democracy have lost their meaning. It is now a question of commerce, peace and Union of the States. On this question, unless the honesty and intelligence of the Nation shall confederate into one great American party, disdaining petty office-keeping and office-hunting views, defying alike the insolence of party prints, the prejudices of faction, and the dominion of Executive influence, I fear a decision will be pronounced fatal to the hopes, fatal to the existence, of the Nation.

151. AGAINST THE EMBARGO, 1808. — *Josiah Quincy.*

I ASK, in what page of the Constitution you find the power of laying an embargo. Directly given, it is nowhere. Never before did society witness a total prohibition of all intercourse like this, in a commercial Nation. But it has been asked in debate, "Will not Massachusetts, the cradle of liberty, submit to such privations?" An embargo liberty was never cradled in Massachusetts. Our liberty was not so much a mountain nymph as a sea nymph. She was free as air. She could swim, or she could run. The ocean was her cradle. Our fathers met her as she came, like the goddess of beauty, from the waves. They caught her as she was sporting on the beach. They courted her while she was spreading her nets upon the rocks. But an embargo liberty, a hand-cuffed liberty, liberty in fetters, a liberty traversing between the four sides of a prison and beating her head against the walls, is none of our offspring. We abjure the monster! Its parentage is all inland.

Is embargo independence? Deceive not yourselves! It is palpable submission! Gentlemen exclaim, "Great Britain smites us on one cheek!" And what does Administration? "It turns the other, also." Gentlemen say, "Great Britain is a robber; she takes our cloak." And what says Administration? "Let her take our coat, also." France and Great Britain require you to relinquish a part of your commerce, and you yield it entirely! At every corner of this great city we meet some gentlemen of the majority wringing their hands, and exclaiming,

"What shall we do? Nothing but an embargo will save us. Remove it, and what shall we do?" Sir, it is not for me, an humble and uninfluential individual, at an awful distance from the predominant influences, to suggest plans of Government. But, to my eye, the path of our duty is as distinct as the Milky Way, — all studded with living sapphires, glowing with cumulating light. It is the path of active preparation; of dignified energy. It is the path of 1776! It consists not in abandoning our rights, but in supporting them, as they exist, and where they exist, — on the ocean as well as on the land. But I shall be told, "This may lead to war." I ask, "Are we now at peace?" Certainly not, unless retiring from insult be peace; unless shrinking under the lash be peace! The surest way to prevent war is not to fear it. The idea that nothing on earth is so dreadful as war is inculcated too studiously among us. Disgrace is worse! Abandonment of essential rights is worse!

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152. PREDICTIONS OF DISUNION, 1820. — *Wm. Pinkney. Born*, 1765; *died*, 1822.

Sir, the People of the United States, if I do not wholly mistake their character, are wise as well as virtuous. They know the value of that Federal association which is to them the single pledge and guarantee of power and peace. Their warm and pious affections will cling to it, as to their only hope of prosperity and happiness, in defiance of pernicious abstractions, by whomsoever inculcated, or howsoever seductive and alluring in their aspect. Sir, it is not an occasion like this, — although connected, as, contrary to all reasonable expectation, it has been, with fearful and disorganizing theories, which would make our estimates, whether fanciful or sound, of natural law, the measure of civil rights and political sovereignty in the social state, — it is not, I say, an occasion like this, that can harm the Union. It must, indeed, be a mighty storm that can push from its moorings this sacred ark of the common safety. It is not every trifling breeze, however it may be made to sob and howl in imitation of the tempest, by the auxiliary breath of the ambitious, the timid, or the discontented, that can drive this gallant vessel, freighted with everything that is dear to an American bosom, upon the rocks, or lay it a sheer hulk upon the ocean.

I may, perhaps, mistake the flattering suggestions of hope (the greatest of all flatterers, as we are told) for the conclusions of sober reason. Yet it is a pleasing error, if it be an error, and no man shall take it from me. I will continue to cherish the belief, — ay, Sir, in defiance of the public patronage given to deadly speculations, which, invoking the name of Deity to aid their faculties for mischief, strike at *all* establishments, — I will continue to cherish the belief that the Union of these States is formed to bear up against far greater shocks than, through all vicissitudes, it is ever likely to encounter. I will continue to cherish the belief that, although, like all other human institutions, it may for a season be disturbed, or suffer momentary eclipse by the

transit across its disk of some malignant planet, it possesses a recuperative force, a redeeming energy, in the hearts of the People, that will soon restore it to its wonted calm, and give it back its accustomed splendor. On such a subject I will discard all hysterical apprehensions; I will deal in no sinister auguries; I will indulge in no hypochondriacal forebodings. I will look forward to the future with gay and cheerful hope, and will make the prospect smile, in fancy at least, until overwhelming reality shall render it no longer possible.

153. BRITISH INFLUENCE, 1811. — *John Randolph. Born*, 1773; *died*, 1833.

John Randolph, an eccentric Statesman, but a man of marked talents, was a Virginian by birth, and a descendant, in the seventh generation, from the celebrated Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, a great Indian chief.

Imputations of British influence have been uttered against the opponents of this war. Against whom are these charges brought? Against men who, in the war of the Revolution, were in the Councils of the Nation, or fighting the battles of your country! And by whom are these charges made? By runaways, chiefly from the British dominions, since the breaking out of the French troubles. The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of Pirates are very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. "Turks, Jews and Infidels," — Melimelli or the Little Turtle, — barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed, — representation, jury trial, voting the supplies, writ of habeas corpus, our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence; — against our fellow-Protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion, with ourselves.

In what school did the worthies of our land — the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges, of America — learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots, — not more by Washington, Hancock and Henry, — than by Chatham, and his illustrious associates in the British Parliament. It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt Ministry, and their servile tools, to whom *we* were not more opposed than *they* were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my im-

agination; of a Locke, upon my understanding; of a Sidney, upon my political principles; of a Chatham, upon qualities which would to God I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

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154. ON THE GREEK QUESTION, 1824. — *Id.*

Perhaps one of the prettiest themes for declamation ever presented to a deliberative assembly is this proposition in behalf of Greece. But, Sir, I look at the measure as one fraught with deep and deadly danger to the best interests of the American People. Liberty and religion are objects as dear to *my* heart as to that of any gentleman in this or any other assembly. But, in the name of these holy words, by this powerful spell, is this Nation to be conjured and persuaded out of the highway of Heaven, — out of its present comparatively happy state, into all the disastrous conflicts arising from the policy of European powers, with all the consequences which flow from them?

Sir, I am afraid that along with some most excellent attributes and qualities, — the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of habeas corpus, and all the blessings of free government, that we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, — we have got not a little of their John Bull, or, rather, bull-dog spirit — their readiness to fight for anybody, and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for centuries the game-cock of Europe. It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes; — and she will, with great pleasure, see us take off her shoulders the labor of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting now for the Queen of Hungary, — then, for her inveterate foe, the King of Prussia; now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons, — and now on the eve of war with them, for the liberties of Spain. These lines on the subject were never more applicable than they have now become:

> "Now Europe 's balanced — neither side prevails;
> For nothing 's left in either of the scales."

If we pursue the same policy, we must travel the same road, and endure the same burdens under which England now groans. But, glorious as such a design might be, a President of the United States would, in my apprehension, occupy a prouder place in history, who, when he retires from office, can say to the People who elected him, I leave you without a debt, than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar, or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what, Sir, is debt? In an individual, it is slavery. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India Islands, — for it enslaves the mind as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and to submit to it receives in that condition of his being an adequate punishment. Of course, I speak of debt, with the exception of unavoidable misfortune. I speak of debt caused by mismanagement, by unwarrantable generosity, by being generous before being just. I

know that this sentiment was ridiculed by Sheridan, whose lamentable end was the best commentary upon its truth. No, Sir: let us abandon these projects. Let us say to these seven millions of Greeks, "We defended ourselves, when we were but three millions, against a power, in comparison to which the Turk is but as a lamb. Go, and do thou likewise."

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155. ON ALTERING THE VIRGINIA CONSTITUTION, 1829.—*John Randolph.*

Sir, I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give Governments time to operate on the People, and give the People time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost anything is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A People may have the best form of Government that the wit of man ever devised, and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst Government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change* is not *reform?* I am willing that this new Constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand; and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old Constitution, — the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, — neither in the design nor the elevation; it is in the *material*, — it is in the People of Virginia. To my knowledge, that People are changed from what they have been. The four hundred men who went out to David were *in debt.* The partisans of Cæsar were *in debt.* The fellow-laborers of Catiline were *in debt.* And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted People, anywhere, who can bear a regular, sober Government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter — the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts — is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits; of living by contracting debts that one cannot pay; and, above all, of living by office-hunting.

Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts — branded bankrupts — giving great dinners, sending their children to the most expensive schools, giving grand parties, and just as well received as anybody in society! I say that, in such a state of things, the old Constitution was too good for them, — they could not bear it. No, Sir; they could not bear a freehold suffrage, and a property representation. I have always endeavored to do the People justice; but I will not flatter them, — I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes, called amendments to the Constitution. Those who love change — who delight in public confusion — who wish to feed the cauldron, and make it bubble — may vote, if they please, for future changes. But by what spell, by what formula, are you going to bind the People to all future time? The days of Lycurgus are gone by, when we could swear the People

not to alter the Constitution until he should return. You may make what entries on parchment you please; — give me a Constitution that will last for half a century; that is all I wish for. No Constitution that you can make will last the one-half of half a century. Sir, I will stake anything, short of my salvation, that those who are malecontent now will be more malecontent, three years hence, than they are at this day. I have no favor for this Constitution. I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces — ay, and their shoulders, too — against it.

156. IN FAVOR OF A STATE LAW AGAINST DUELLING. — *Compilation.*

The bill which has been read, Mr. Speaker, claims the serious attention of this House. It is one in which every citizen is deeply interested. Do not, I implore you, confound the sacred name of honor with the practice of duelling, — with that ferocious prejudice which attaches all the virtues to the point of the sword, and is only fitted to make bad men bold. In what does this prejudice consist? In an opinion the most extravagant and barbarous that ever took possession of the human mind! — in the opinion that all the social duties are supplied by courage; that a man is no more a cheat, no more a rascal, no more a calumniator, if he can only fight; and that steel and gunpowder are the true diagnostics of innocence and worth. And so the law of force is made the law of right; murder, the criterion of honor! To grant or receive reparation, one must kill or be killed! All offences may be wiped out by blood! If wolves could reason, would they be governed by maxims more atrocious than these?

But we are told that public opinion — the opinion of the community in which we live — upholds the custom. And, Sir, if it were so, is there not more courage in resisting than in following a false public opinion? The man with a proper self-respect is little sensitive to the unmerited contempt of others. The smile of his own conscience is more prized by him than all that the world can give or take away. Is there any guilt to be compared with that of a voluntary homicide? Could the dismal recollection of blood so shed cease ever to cry for vengeance at the bottom of the heart? The man who, with real or affected gayety and coolness, goes to a mortal encounter with a fellow-being, is, in my eyes, an object of more horror than the brute beast who strives to tear in pieces one of his kind. True courage is constant, immutable, self-poised. It does not impel us, at one moment, to brave murder and death; and, the next, to shrink pusillanimously from an injurious public opinion. It accompanies the good man everywhere, — to the field of danger, in his country's cause; to the social circle, to lift his voice in behalf of truth or of the absent; to the pillow of disease, to fortify him against the trials of sickness, and the approach of death. Sir, if public opinion is unsound on this subject, let us not be participants in the guilt of upholding a barbarous custom. Let us affix to it the brand of legislative rebuke and disqualification. Pass this bill,

and you do your part in arresting it. Pass this bill, and you place a shield between the man who refuses a challenge and the public opinion that would disgrace him. Pass this bill, and you raise a barrier in the road to honor and preferment, at which the ambitious man will pause and reflect, before engaging in a duel. As fathers, as brothers, as men, and as legislators, I call on this House to suppress an evil which strikes at you in all these relations. I call on you to raise your hands against a crime, the disgrace of our land, and the scourge of our peace!

157. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. — *J. Q. Adams.*

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States, and son of John Adams, the second President, was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, July 11th, 1767. After studying law, he entered political life, was appointed minister to the Netherlands by Washington, and filled many high offices, till he reached the highest, in 1825. He died in the Capitol, at Washington, while a member of the House of Representatives, 1848. His last words, as he fell in a fit, from which he did not recover, were, "This is the last of earth!"

The Declaration of Independence! The interest which, in that paper, has survived the occasion upon which it was issued, — the interest which is of every age and every clime, — the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes, — is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a Nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil Government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished, at a stroke, the lawfulness of all Governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced, in practical form, to the world, the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the People. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union. From the day of this declaration, the People of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master, in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights. They were a Nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A Nation was born in a day.

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er,
> In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?"

It will be acted o'er, fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated. It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes, for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as Government shall be necessary to the great moral

purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression, — so long shall this declaration hold out, to the sovereign and to the subject, the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of Nature and of Nature's God.

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158. WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF. — *J. Q. Adams, in the U. S. House of Representatives, on reception of these memorials by Congress.*

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! O, Sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare! — What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race, — ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin! — The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created Nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the Representatives of the North American People, to receive, in their name and for them,

these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic, — these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our Government! And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

159. UNION LINKED WITH LIBERTY, 1833. — *Andrew Jackson. B.* 1767; *d.* 1845.

WITHOUT Union, our independence and liberty would never have been achieved; without Union, they can never be maintained. Divided into twenty-four, or even a smaller number of separate communities, we shall see our internal trade burdened with numberless restraints and exactions; communication between distant points and sections obstructed, or cut off; our sons made soldiers, to deluge with blood the fields they now till in peace; the mass of our People borne down and impoverished by taxes to support armies and navies; and military leaders, at the head of their victorious legions, becoming our lawgivers and judges. The loss of liberty, of all good Government, of peace, plenty and happiness, must inevitably follow a dissolution of the Union. In supporting it, therefore, we support all that is dear to the freeman and the philanthropist.

The time at which I stand before you is full of interest. The eyes of all Nations are fixed on our Republic. The event of the existing crisis will be decisive, in the opinion of mankind, of the practicability of our Federal system of Government. Great is the stake placed in our hands; great is the responsibility which must rest upon the People of the United States. Let us realize the importance of the attitude in which we stand before the world. Let us exercise forbearance and firmness. Let us extricate our country from the dangers which surround it, and learn wisdom from the lessons they inculcate. Deeply impressed with the truth of these observations, and under the obligation of that solemn oath which I am about to take, I shall continue to exert all my faculties to maintain the just powers of the Constitution, and to transmit unimpaired to posterity the blessings of our Federal Union.

At the same time, it will be my aim to inculcate, by my official acts, the necessity of exercising, by the General Government, those powers only that are clearly delegated; to encourage simplicity and economy in the expenditures of the Government; to raise no more money from the People than may be requisite for these objects, and in a manner that will best promote the interests of all classes of the community, and of all portions of the Union. Constantly bearing in mind that, in entering into society, "individuals must give up a share of liberty to

preserve the rest," it will be my desire so to discharge my duties as to foster with our brethren, in all parts of the country, a spirit of liberal concession and compromise; and, by reconciling our fellow-citizens to those partial sacrifices which they must unavoidably make, for the preservation of a greater good, to recommend our invaluable Government and Union to the confidence and affections of the American People. Finally, it is my most fervent prayer to that Almighty Being before whom I now stand, and who has kept us in his hands from the infancy of our Republic to the present day, that he will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be preserved from dangers of all kinds, and continue forever a UNITED AND HAPPY PEOPLE.

160. RESPONSIBILITIES OF A RECOMMENDATION OF WAR. — *Horace Binney.*

WHAT are sufficient causes of war, let no man say, let no legislator say, until the question of war is directly and inevitably before him. Jurists may be permitted, with comparative safety, to pile tome upon tome of interminable disquisition upon the motives, reasons and causes, of just and unjust war; metaphysicians may be suffered with impunity to spin the thread of their speculations until it is attenuated to a cobweb; but, for a body created for the government of a great nation, and for the adjustment and protection of its infinitely diversified interests, it is worse than folly to speculate upon the causes of war, until the great question shall be presented for immediate action, — until they shall hold the united question of cause, motive, and present expediency, in the very palm of their hands. War is a tremendous evil. Come when it will, unless it shall come in the necessary defence of our national security, or of that honor under whose protection national security reposes, it will come too soon; — too soon for our national prosperity; too soon for our individual happiness; too soon for the frugal, industrious, and virtuous habits of our citizens; too soon, perhaps, for our most precious institutions. The man who, for any cause, save the sacred cause of public security, which makes all wars defensive, — the man who, for any cause but this, shall promote or compel this final and terrible resort, assumes a responsibility second to none, — nay, transcendently deeper and higher than any, — which man can assume before his fellow-men, or in the presence of God, his Creator.

161. THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. — *Horace Binney.*

WHAT, Sir, is the Supreme Court of the United States? It is the august representative of the wisdom and justice and conscience of this whole People, in the exposition of their Constitution and laws. It is the peaceful and venerable arbitrator between the citizens in all questions touching the extent and sway of constitutional power. It is the great moral substitute for *force* in controversies between the People, the States and the Union. It is that department of Adminis-

tration whose calm voice dispenses the blessings of the Constitution, in the overthrow of all improvident or unjust legislation by a State, directed against the contracts, the currency, or the intercourse of the People, and in the maintenance of the lawful authority and institutions of the Union, against inroads, by color of law, from all or any of the States, or from Congress itself. If the voice of this tribunal, created by the People, be not authoritative to the People, what voice can be? None, my fellow-citizens, absolutely none, but that voice which speaks through the trumpet of the conqueror.

It has been truly said, by an eminent statesman, "that if that which Congress has enacted, and the Supreme Court has sanctioned, be not the law, then the reign of the law has ceased, and the reign of individual opinion has begun." It may be said, with equal truth, that if that which Congress has enacted, and the Supreme Court has sanctioned, be not the law, then has this Government but one department, and it is that which wields the physical force of the country. If the Supreme Court of the Union, or its authority, be taken away, what remains? Force, and nothing but force, if the Union is to continue at all. The world knows of no other powers of Government, than the *power of the law*, sustained by *public opinion*, and *the power of the sword*, sustained by the arm that wields it. I hold it, Sir, to be free from all doubt, that wherever an attempt shall be made to destroy this Union, if it is under the direction of ordinary understanding, it will begin by prostrating the influence of Congress, and of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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162. THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES NOT AN EXPERIMENT, 1837. — *Hugh S. Legaré. Born in South Carolina, 1797; died, 1843.*

We are told that our Constitution — the Constitution of the United States — is a mere experiment. Sir, I deny it utterly; and he that says so shows me that he has either not studied at all, or studied to very little purpose, the history and genius of our institutions. The great cause of their prosperous results — a cause which every one of the many attempts since vainly made to imitate them, on this continent or in Europe, only demonstrates the more clearly — is precisely the contrary. It is because our fathers made no experiments, and had no experiments to make, that their work has stood. They were forced, by a violation of their historical, hereditary rights under the old common law of their race, to dissolve their connection with the mother country. But the whole constitution of society in the States, the great body and bulk of their public law, with all its maxims and principles, — in short, all that is republican in our institutions, — remained, after the Revolution, and remains *now*, with some very subordinate modifications, what it was from the beginning.

Our written constitutions do nothing but consecrate and fortify the "plain rules of ancient liberty," handed down with Magna Charta, from the earliest history of our race. It is not a piece of paper, Sir,

it is not a few abstractions engrossed on parchment, that make free Governments. No, Sir; the law of liberty must be inscribed on the heart of the citizen: THE WORD, if I may use the expression without irreverence, MUST BECOME FLESH. You must have a whole People trained, disciplined bred, — yea, and born, — as our fathers were, to institutions like ours. Before the Colonies existed, the Petition of Rights, that Magna Charta of a more enlightened age, had been presented, in 1628, by Lord Coke and his immortal compeers. Our founders brought it with them, and we have not gone one step beyond them. They brought these maxims of civil liberty, not in their libraries, but in their souls; not as philosophical prattle, not as barren generalities, but as rules of conduct; as a symbol of public duty and private right, to be adhered to with religious fidelity; and the very first pilgrim that set his foot upon the rock of Plymouth stepped forth a LIVING CONSTITUTION, armed at all points to defend and to perpetuate the liberty to which he had devoted his whole being.

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163. EMOTIONS ON RETURNING TO THE UNITED STATES, 1837. — *Legaré.*

SIR, I dare not trust myself to speak of my country with the rapture which I habitually feel when I contemplate her marvellous history. But this I will say, — that, on my return to it, after an absence of only four years, I was filled with wonder at all I saw and all I heard. What is to be compared with it? I found New York grown up to almost double its former size, with the air of a great capital, instead of a mere flourishing commercial town, as I had known it. I listened to accounts of voyages of a thousand miles in magnificent steamboats on the waters of those great lakes, which, but the other day, I left sleeping in the primeval silence of nature, in the recesses of a vast wilderness; and I felt that there is a grandeur and a majesty in this irresistible onward march of a race, created, as I believe, and elected, to possess and people a Continent, which belong to few other objects, either of the moral or material world.

We may become so much accustomed to such things that they shall make as little impression upon our minds as the glories of the Heavens above us; but, looking on them, lately, as with the eye of the stranger, I felt, what a recent English traveller is said to have remarked, that, far from being without poetry, as some have vainly alleged, our whole country is one great poem. Sir, it is so; and if there be a man that can think of what is doing, in all parts of this most blessed of all lands, to embellish and advance it, — who can contemplate that living mass of intelligence, activity and improvement, as it rolls on, in its sure and steady progress, to the uttermost extremities of the West, — who can see scenes of savage desolation transformed, almost with the suddenness of enchantment, into those of fruitfulness and beauty, crowned with flourishing cities, filled with the noblest of all populations, — if there be a man, I say, that can witness all this, passing under his very eyes, without feeling his heart beat high, and his

imagination warmed and transported by it, be sure, Sir, that the raptures of song exist not for him; he would listen in vain to Tasso or Camoëns, telling a tale of the wars of knights and crusaders, or of the discovery and conquest of another hemisphere.

164. IN FAVOR OF PROSECUTING THE WAR, 1813. — *Henry Clay.*

When the administration was striving, by the operation of peaceful measures, to bring Great Britain back to a sense of justice, the Gentlemen of the opposition were for old-fashioned war. And, now they have got old-fashioned war, their sensibilities are cruelly shocked, and all their sympathies lavished upon the harmless inhabitants of the adjoining Provinces. What does a state of war present? The united energies of one People arrayed against the combined energies of another; a conflict in which each party aims to inflict all the injury it can, by sea and land, upon the territories, property, and citizens of the other, — subject only to the rules of mitigated war, practised by civilized Nations. The Gentlemen would not touch the continental provinces of the enemy; nor, I presume, for the same reason, her possessions in the West Indies. The same humane spirit would spare the seamen and soldiers of the enemy. The sacred person of his Majesty must not be attacked, for the learned Gentlemen on the other side are quite familiar with the maxim that the King can do no wrong. Indeed, Sir, I know of no person on whom we may make war, upon the principles of the honorable Gentlemen, but Mr. Stephen, the celebrated author of the orders in council, or the board of admiralty, who authorize and regulate the practice of impressment!

The disasters of the war admonish us, we are told, of the necessity of terminating the contest. If our achievements by land have been less splendid than those of our intrepid seamen by water, it is not because the American soldier is less brave. On the one element, organization, discipline, and a thorough knowledge of their duties, exist, on the part of the officers and their men. On the other, almost everything is yet to be acquired. We have, however, the consolation that our country abounds with the richest materials, and that in no instance, when engaged in action, have our arms been tarnished.

An honorable peace is attainable only by an efficient war. My plan would be, to call out the ample resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea or on land, and negotiate the terms of a peace at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty Nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is, we once triumphed over her; and, if we do not listen to the councils of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success; but, if we fail, let us fail like men, — lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for FREE TRADE AND SEAMEN'S RIGHTS!

165. DEFENCE OF JEFFERSON, 1813.—*Henry Clay.*

Next to the notice which the opposition has found itself called upon to bestow upon the French emperor, a distinguished citizen of Virginia, formerly President of the United States, has never for a moment failed to receive their kindest and most respectful attention. An honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, of whom I am sorry to say, it becomes necessary for me, in the course of my remarks, to take some notice, has alluded to him in a remarkable manner. Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. No, Sir! In 1801, he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation the violated Constitution of his country, — and *that* is his crime. He preserved that instrument, in form, and substance, and spirit, a precious inheritance for generations to come, — and for *this* he can never be forgiven. How vain and impotent is party rage, directed against such a man! He is not more elevated by his lofty residence, upon the summit of his own favorite mountain, than he is lifted, by the serenity of his mind and the consciousness of a well-spent life, above the malignant passions and bitter feelings of the day. No! his own beloved Monticello is not less moved by the storms that beat against its sides, than is this illustrious man, by the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex kennel! When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude shall have mingled his dust with that of his abused ancestors, — when he shall have been consigned to oblivion, or, if he lives at all, shall live only in the treasonable annals of a certain junto, — the name of Jefferson will be hailed with gratitude, his memory honored and cherished as the second founder of the liberties of the People, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the happiest and brightest epochs of American history!

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166. MILITARY INSUBORDINATION, 1819.—*Henry Clay.*

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden, the human heart. Obscure that by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you, Mr. Chairman, belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust, by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the People? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? When the minions of despot-

ism heard, in Europe, of the seizure of Pensacola, how did they chuckle, and chide the admirers of our institutions, tauntingly pointing to the demonstration of a spirit of injustice and aggrandizement made by our country, in the midst of an amicable negotiation! Behold, said they, the conduct of those who are constantly reproaching Kings! You saw how those admirers were astounded and hung their heads. You saw, too, when that illustrious man who presides over us adopted his pacific, moderate, and just course, how they once more lifted up their heads, with exultation and delight beaming in their countenances. And you saw how those minions themselves were finally compelled to unite in the general praises bestowed upon our Government. Beware how you forfeit this exalted character! Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination! Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte; and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

I hope gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition; they may even vote the General* the public thanks; they may carry him triumphantly through this House. But, if they do, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination, a triumph of the military over the civil authority, a triumph over the powers of this House, a triumph over the Constitution of the land. And I pray most devoutly to Heaven, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the People!

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167. THE NOBLEST PUBLIC VIRTUE, 1841. — *Henry Clay.*

There is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess, — a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot, — I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested — a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good — to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest

* General Jackson.

courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself! The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards Heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself, — that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

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168. THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION, 1837.—*Henry Clay.*

The Senate having, in 1834, passed resolutions to the effect that President Jackson had assumed and exercised powers not granted by the Constitution, notice was given of a motion to expunge the same, which motion was taken up and carried in 1837, when the majority of the Senate was of a different party complexion.

What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expunging resolution? Can you make that not to be which has been? Can you eradicate from memory and from history the fact that, in March, 1834, a majority of the Senate of the United States passed the resolution which excites your enmity? Is it your vain and wicked object to arrogate to yourselves that power of annihilating the past which has been denied to Omnipotence itself? Do you intend to thrust your hands into our hearts, and to pluck out the deeply-rooted convictions which are there? Or, is it your design merely to stigmatize us? You cannot stigmatize us!

"Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name."

Standing securely upon our conscious rectitude, and bearing aloft the shield of the Constitution of our country, your puny efforts are impotent, and we defy all your power!

But why should I detain the Senate, or needlessly waste my breath in fruitless exertions? The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done, — that foul deed, which, like the stain on the hands of the guilty Macbeth, all ocean's waters will never wash out. Proceed, then, to the noble work which lies before you; and, like other skilful executioners, do it quickly. And, when you have perpetrated it, go home to the People, and tell them what glorious honors you have achieved for our common country. Tell them that you have extinguished one of the brightest and purest lights that ever burnt at the altar of civil liberty. Tell them that you have silenced one of the noblest batteries that ever thundered in defence of

the Constitution, and that you have bravely spiked the cannon. Tell them that, henceforward, no matter what daring or outrageous act any President may perform, you have forever hermetically sealed the mouth of the Senate. Tell them that he may fearlessly assume what power he pleases, — snatch from its lawful custody the Public Purse, command a military detachment to enter the halls of the Capitol, overawe Congress, trample down the Constitution, and raze every bulwark of freedom, — but that the Senate must stand mute, in silent submission, and not dare to lift an opposing voice; that it must wait until a House of Representatives, humbled and subdued like itself, and a majority of it composed of the partisans of the President, shall prefer articles of impeachment. Tell them, finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance; and, when you have told them this, if the People do not sweep you from your places with their indignation, I have yet to learn the character of American freemen!

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169. ON RECOGNIZING THE INDEPENDENCE OF GREECE, 1824. — *Clay.*

Are we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high Heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens? If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian People, in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings; that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a People endeared to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie! But, Sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give them but little aid, — that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing, in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a People. But, Sir, it is principally and mainly for America herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, Sir, on the page of history, would a record like this make: —" In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld with cold, unfeeling apathy the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, — almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a Nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets, — while the freemen of that Nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer, for Grecian success; while the whole Con-

tinent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of Heaven to spare Greece, and to invigorate her arms; while temples and senate-houses were all resounding with one burst of generous sympathy; — in the year of our Lord and Saviour, — that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us, — a proposition was offered in the American Congress, to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies; — and it was rejected!" Go home, if you dare, — go home, if you can, — to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you; that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and, that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by National independence, and by humanity! I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this House.

170. ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR, 1811. — *John C. Calhoun. Born*, 1782; *died*, 1850.

We are told of the danger of war. We are ready to acknowledge its hazard and misfortune, but I cannot think that we have any extraordinary danger to apprehend, — at least, none to warrant an acquiescence in the injuries we have received. On the contrary, I believe no war would be less dangerous to internal peace, or the safety of the country.

In speaking of Canada, the gentleman from Virginia introduced the name of Montgomery with much feeling and interest. Sir, there is danger in that name to the gentleman's argument. It is sacred to heroism! It is indignant of submission! It calls our memory back to the time of our Revolution, — to the Congress of 1774 and 1775. Suppose a speaker of that day had risen and urged all the arguments which we have heard on this occasion: had told *that* Congress, "Your contest is about the right of laying a tax; the attempt on Canada has nothing to do with it; the war will be expensive; danger and devastation will overspread our country, and the power of Great Britain is irresistible"? With what sentiment, think you, would such doctrines have been received? Happy for us, they had no force at that period of our country's glory. Had such been acted on, this hall would never have witnessed a great People convened to deliberate for the general good; a mighty Empire, with prouder prospects than any Nation the sun ever shone on, would not have risen in the West. No! we would have been vile, subjected Colonies; governed by that imperious rod which Britain holds over her distant Provinces.

The Gentleman is at a loss to account for what he calls our hatred to England. He asks, How can we hate the country of Locke, of

Newton, Hampden and Chatham; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descended from a common ancestry? Sir, the laws of human affections are steady and uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, powerful, indeed, must be the cause which has overpowered it. Yes, Sir; there is a cause strong enough. Not that occult, courtly affection which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but continued and unprovoked insult and injury, — a cause so manifest, that the Gentleman had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But, in his eager admiration of that country, he has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism; his heroic courage, which could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated, be the hazard and expense what they might. I hope, when we are called on to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate.

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171. AGAINST THE FORCE BILL, 1833. — *John C. Calhoun.*

It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. *The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed!* It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lions' den, and the three Innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligŭla were executed. *The law must be enforced!* Yes, the act imposing the tea-tax "*must* be executed." This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration in that mad career which forever separated us from the British Crown. Under a similar sophistry, "that religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated, and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake! What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law, without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it, against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent, except his government, and that only to the extent of its legitimate wants; — to take more is robbery; and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes! to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional!

In the same spirit we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the

Union? By force. Does any man, in his senses, believe that this beautiful structure, this harmonious aggregate of States, produced by the joint consent of all, can be preserved by force? Its very introduction would be the certain destruction of this Federal Union. No, no! You cannot keep the States united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you, plainly, that the Bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute-book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat that it will not be executed; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the People, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure on the part of the Government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration.

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172. THE PURSE AND THE SWORD, 1836.—*John C. Calhoun.*

THERE was a time, in the better days of the Republic, when, to show what ought to be done, was to insure the adoption of the measure. Those days have passed away, I fear, forever. A power has risen up in the Government greater than the People themselves, consisting of many, and various, and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks. This mighty combination will be opposed to any change; and it is to be feared that, such is its influence, no measure to which it is opposed can become a law, however expedient and necessary; and that the public money will remain in their possession, to be disposed of, not as the public interest, but as theirs, may dictate. The time, indeed, seems fast approaching, when no law can pass, nor any honor can be conferred, from the Chief Magistrate to the tide-waiter, without the assent of this powerful and interested combination, which is steadily becoming the Government itself, to the utter subversion of the authority of the People. Nay, I fear we are in the midst of it; and I look with anxiety to the fate of this measure, as the test whether we are or not.

If nothing should be done, — if the money which justly belongs to the People be left where it is, with the many and overwhelming objections to it, — the fact will prove that a great and radical change has been effected; that the Government is subverted; that the authority of the People is suppressed by a union of the banks and the Executive, — a union a hundred times more dangerous than that of Church and State, against which the Constitution has so jealously guarded. It would be the announcement of a state of things, from which, it is to be feared, there can be no recovery, — a state of boundless corruption, and the lowest and basest subserviency. It seems to be the order of Providence that, with the exception of these, a People may recover from any other evil. Piracy, robbery, and violence of every description, may, as history proves, be succeeded by virtue, patriotism, and nation-

al greatness; but where is the example to be found of a degenerate, corrupt, and subservient People, who have ever recovered their virtue and patriotism? Their doom has ever been the lowest state of wretchedness and misery: scorned, trodden down, and obliterated forever from the list of nations! May Heaven grant that such may never be our doom!

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173. LIBERTY THE MEED OF INTELLIGENCE, 1848. — *John C. Calhoun.*

Society can no more exist without Government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social, that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and in which only his race can exist, and all his faculties be fully developed. Such being the case, it follows that any, the worst form of Government, is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty, or freedom, must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within, or destruction from without; for the safety and well-being of society are as paramount to individual liberty, as the safety and well-being of the race is to that of individuals; and, in the same proportion, the power necessary for the safety of society is paramount to individual liberty. On the contrary, Government has no right to control individual liberty, beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of Government, and the liberty of the citizen, or subject, in the political state, which, as I have shown, is the natural state of man, — the only one in which his race can exist, and the one in which he is born, lives, and dies.

It follows, from all this, that the quantum of power on the part of the Government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must, necessarily, be very unequal among different people, according to their different conditions. For, just in proportion as a People are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for Government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the Government, and individual liberty extinct. So, on the contrary, just as a People rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of Government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for Government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater. Instead, then, of all men having the same right to liberty and equality, as is claimed by those who hold that they are all born free and equal, liberty is the noble and highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development, combined

with favorable circumstances. Instead, then, of liberty and equality being born with man, — instead of all men, and all classes and descriptions, being equally entitled to them, — they are high prizes to be won; and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and, when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

174. POPULAR INTEREST IN ELECTIONS. — *Geo. McDuffie.*

George McDuffie, a distinguished citizen of South Carolina, studied law with John C. Calhoun, and entered Congress in 1821, where he gained great reputation as a Speaker. His style of elocution was passionate and impetuous. He died in 1851.

We have been frequently told that the farmer should attend to his plough, and the mechanic to his handicraft, during the canvass for the Presidency. Sir, a more dangerous doctrine could not be inculcated. If there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American People sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous, to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the Heavens, to the eye of trembling superstition. If the People could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the Presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom.

"Keep the People quiet! Peace! Peace!" Such are the whispers by which the People are to be lulled to sleep, in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you make a solitude, and call it peace!" Peace? 'T is death! Take away all interest from the People in the election of their Chief Ruler, and liberty is no more. What, Sir, is to be the consequence? If the People do not elect the President, somebody must. There is no special Providence to decide the question. Who, then, is to make the election, and how will it operate? Make the People indifferent, destroy their legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready to assume the control of such affairs, the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country. Tell me not, Sir, of popular violence! Show me a hundred political factionists, — men who look to the election of a President as a means of gratifying their high or their low ambition, — and I will show you the very materials for a mob, ready for any desperate adventure, connected with their common fortunes. The People can have no such motives; they look only to the interest and glory of the country.

There was a law of Athens, which subjected every citizen to punishment, who refused to take sides in the political parties which divided the Republic. It was founded in the deepest wisdom. The ambitious few will inevitably acquire the ascendency, in the conduct of human affairs, if the patriotic many, the People, are not stimulated and roused to a proper activity and effort. Sir, no Nation on earth has ever exerted so extensive an influence on human affairs as this will

certainly exercise, if we preserve our glorious system of Government in its purity. The liberty of this country is a sacred depository — a vestal fire, which Providence has committed to us for the general benefit of mankind. It is the world's last hope. Extinguish it, and the earth will be covered with eternal darkness. But once put out that fire, and I "know not where is the Promethean heat which can that light relume."

175. MILITARY QUALIFICATIONS DISTINCT FROM CIVIL, 1828. — *John Sergeant.*

It has been maintained that the genius which constitutes a great military man is a very high quality, and may be equally useful in the Cabinet and in the field; that it has a sort of universality equally applicable to all affairs. We have seen, undoubtedly, instances of a rare and wonderful combination of civil and military qualifications both of the highest order. That the greatest civil qualifications may be found united with the highest military talents, is what no one will deny who thinks of Washington. But that such a combination is rare and extraordinary, the fame of Washington sufficiently attests. If it were common, why was *he* so illustrious?

I would ask, what did Cromwell, with all his military genius, do for England? He overthrew the Monarchy, and he established Dictatorial power in his own person. And what happened next? Another soldier overthrew the Dictatorship, and restored the Monarchy. The sword effected both. Cromwell made one revolution; and Monk another. And what did the People of England gain by it? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! The rights and liberties of Englishmen, as they now exist, were settled and established at the Revolution in 1688. Now, mark the difference! By whom was that Revolution begun and conducted? Was it by soldiers? by military genius? by the sword? No! It was the work of statesmen and of eminent lawyers, — men never distinguished for military exploits. The faculty — the dormant faculty — may have existed. That is what no one can affirm or deny. But it would have been thought an absurd and extravagant thing to propose, in reliance upon this possible dormant faculty, that one of those eminent statesmen and lawyers should be sent, instead of the Duke of Marlborough, to command the English forces on the Continent!

Who achieved the freedom and the independence of this our own country? Washington effected much in the field; but where were the Franklins, the Adamses, the Hancocks, the Jeffersons, and the Lees, — the band of sages and patriots, whose memory we revere? They were assembled in Council. The *heart* of the Revolution beat in the Hall of Congress. *There* was the power which, beginning with appeals to the King and to the British Nation, at length made an irresistible appeal to the world, and consummated the Revolution by the Declaration of Independence, which Washington established with their authority, and, bearing their commission, supported by

arms. And what has this band of patriots, of sages, and of statesmen, given to us? Not what Cæsar gave to Rome; not what Cromwell gave to England, or Napoleon to France: they established for us the great principles of civil, political, and religious liberty, upon the strong foundations on which they have hitherto stood. There may have been military capacity in Congress; but can any one deny that it is to the wisdom of sages, Washington being one, we are indebted for the signal blessings we enjoy?

176. OPPOSITION TO MISGOVERNMENT, 1814. — *Webster.*

All the evils which afflict the country are imputed to opposition. It is said to be owing to opposition that the war became necessary, and owing to opposition, also, that it has been prosecuted with no better success. This, Sir, is no new strain. It has been sung a thousand times. It is the constant tune of every weak and wicked administration. What minister ever yet acknowledged that the evils which fell on his country were the necessary consequences of his own incapacity, his own folly, or his own corruption? What possessor of political power ever yet failed to charge the mischiefs resulting from his own measures upon those who had uniformly opposed those measures? The people of the United States may well remember the administration of Lord North. He lost America to his country, yet he could find pretences for throwing the odium upon his opponents. He could throw it upon those who had forewarned him of consequences, and who had opposed him, at every stage of his disastrous policy, with all the force of truth, reason and talent. It was not his own weakness, his own ambition, his own love of arbitrary power, that disaffected the Colonies. It was not the Tea Act, the Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill, that severed the empire of Britain. O, no! It was owing to no fault of Administration. It was the work of Opposition. It was the impertinent boldness of Chatham, the idle declamation of Fox, the unseasonable sarcasm of Barré. These men, and men like them, would not join the minister in his American war. They would not give the name and character of wisdom to what they believed to be the extreme of folly. They would not pronounce those measures just and honorable which their principles led them to condemn. They declared the minister's war to be wanton. They foresaw its end, and pointed it out plainly, both to the minister and to the country. He declared their opposition to be selfish and factious. He persisted in his course; and the result is in history.

Important as I deem it, Sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits

of public men. It is a home-bred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage and cabin, in the Nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this House, and without this House, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times. Living, I will assert it; dying, I will assert it; and, should I leave no other legacy to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them!

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177. MORAL FORCE AGAINST PHYSICAL, JAN. 19, 1823. — *Webster.*

THE time has been, Sir, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances, even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has come a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent, and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

> "Vital in every part,
> Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate Nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national existence. There is an enemy that still exists, to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre, — that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exulta-

tion, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinions of mankind.

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178. SYMPATHY WITH SOUTH-AMERICAN REPUBLICANISM, 1826. — *Webster.*

We are told that the country is deluded and deceived by cabalistic words. Cabalistic words! If we express an emotion of pleasure at the results of this great action of the spirit of political liberty; if we rejoice at the birth of new republican Nations, and express our joy by the common terms of regard and sympathy; if we feel and signify high gratification, that, throughout this whole Continent, men are now likely to be blessed by free and popular institutions; and if, in the uttering of these sentiments, we happen to speak of sister Republics, of the great American family of Nations, or of the political systems and forms of Government of this hemisphere, — then, indeed, it seems, we deal in senseless jargon, or impose on the judgment and feeling of the community by cabalistic words! Sir, what is meant by this? Is it intended that the People of the United States ought to be totally indifferent to the fortunes of these new neighbors? Is no change, in the lights in which we are to view them, to be wrought, by their having thrown off foreign dominion, established independence, and instituted, on our very borders, republican Governments, essentially after our own example?

Sir, I do not wish to overrate — I do not overrate — the progress of these new States, in the great work of establishing a well-secured popular liberty. I know that to be a great attainment, and I know they are but pupils in the school. But, thank God, they are in the school! They are called to meet difficulties such as neither we nor our fathers encountered. For these we ought to make large allowances. What have we ever known like the colonial vassalage of these States? Sir, we sprang from another stock. We belong to another race. We have known nothing — we have felt nothing — of the political despotism of Spain, nor of the heat of her fires of intolerance. No rational man expects that the South can run the same rapid career as the North, or that an insurgent province of Spain is in the same condition as the English Colonies when they first asserted their independence. There is, doubtless, much more to be done in the first than in the last case. But, on that account, the honor of the attempt is not less; and, if all difficulties shall be, in time, surmounted, it will be greater. The work may be more arduous, — it is not less noble, — because there may be more of ignorance to enlighten, more of bigotry to subdue, more of prejudice to eradicate. If it be a weakness to feel a strong interest in the success of these great revolutions, I confess myself guilty of that weakness. If it be weak to feel that I am an American, — to think that recent events have not only opened new

modes of intercourse, but have created, also, new grounds of regard and sympathy, between ourselves and our neighbors; if it be weak to feel that the South, in her present state, is somewhat more emphatically a part of America than when she lay, obscure, oppressed, and unknown, under the grinding bondage of a foreign power; if it be weak to rejoice when, even in any corner of the earth, human beings are able to get up from beneath oppression, — to erect themselves, and to enjoy the proper happiness of their intelligent nature, — if this be weak, it is a weakness from which I claim no exemption.

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179. HATRED OF THE POOR TO THE RICH, 1834. — *Webster.*

Sir, I see, in those vehicles which carry to the People sentiments from high places, plain declarations that the present controversy is but a strife between one part of the community and another. I hear it boasted as the unfailing security, — the solid ground, never to be shaken, — on which recent measures rest, *that the poor naturally hate the rich.* I know that, under the shade of the roofs of the Capitol, within the last twenty-four hours, among men sent here to devise means for the public safety and the public good, it has been vaunted forth, as matter of boast and triumph, that one cause existed, powerful enough to support everything and to defend everything, and that was, — *the natural hatred of the poor to the rich.*

Sir, I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud, — a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property, and out of the earnings of their labor, by first cheating them out of their understandings.

"*The natural hatred of the poor to the rich!*" Sir, it shall not be till the last moment of my existence; — it shall be only when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion, — when I shall cease to have respect or affection for anything on earth, — that I will believe the people of the United States capable of being effectually deluded, cajoled, and driven about in herds, by such abominable frauds as this. If they shall sink to that point, — if they so far cease to be men — thinking men, intelligent men — as to yield to such pretences and such clamor, — they will be slaves already; slaves to their own passions, slaves to the fraud and knavery of pretended friends. They will deserve to be blotted out of all the records of freedom. They ought not to dishonor the cause of self-government, by attempting any longer to exercise it. They ought to keep their unworthy hands entirely off from the cause of republican liberty, if they are capable of being the victims of artifices so shallow, — of tricks so stale, so threadbare, so often practised, so much worn out, on serfs and slaves.

"*The natural hatred of the poor against the rich!*" "The danger of a moneyed aristocracy!" "A power as great and dangerous as that resisted by the Revolution!" "A call to a new Declaration of Independence!"

Sir, I admonish the People against the objects of outcries like these. I admonish every industrious laborer in the country to be on his guard against such delusions. I tell him the attempt is to play off his passions against his interests, and to prevail on him, in the name of liberty, to destroy all the fruits of liberty; in the name of patriotism, to injure and afflict his country; and in the name of his own independence, to destroy that very independence, and make him a beggar and a slave!

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180. ON SUDDEN POLITICAL CONVERSIONS, 1838. — *Webster.*

Mr. President, public men must certainly be allowed to change their opinions, and their associations, whenever they see fit. No one doubts this. Men may have grown wiser, — they may have attained to better and more correct views of great public subjects. Nevertheless, Sir, it must be acknowledged, that what appears to be a sudden, as well as a great change, naturally produces a shock. I confess, for one, I was shocked, when the honorable gentleman,* at the last session, espoused this bill† of the Administration. Sudden movements of the affections, whether personal or political, are a little out of nature.

Several years ago, Sir, some of the wits of England wrote a mock play, intended to ridicule the unnatural and false feeling — the *sentimentality* — of a certain German school of literature. In this play, two strangers are brought together at an inn. While they are warming themselves at the fire, and before their acquaintance is yet five minutes old, one springs up, and exclaims to the other, "A sudden thought strikes me! — Let us swear an eternal friendship!"

This affectionate offer was instantly accepted, and the friendship duly sworn, unchangeable and eternal! Now, Sir, how long this eternal friendship lasted, or in what manner it ended, those who wish to know may learn by referring to the play. But it seems to me, Sir, that the honorable member has carried his political sentimentality a good deal higher than the flight of the German school; for he appears to have fallen suddenly in love, not with strangers, but with opponents. Here we all had been, Sir, contending against the progress of Executive power, and more particularly, and most strenuously, against the projects and experiments of the Administration upon the currency. The honorable member stood among us, not only as an associate, but as a leader. We thought we were making some headway. The People appeared to be coming to our support and our assistance. The country had been roused; every successive election weakening the strength of the adversary, and increasing our own. We were in this career of success, carried strongly forward by the current of public opinion, and only needed to hear the cheering voice of the honorable member, —

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!"

and we should have prostrated, forever, this anti-constitutional, anti-commercial, anti-republican, and anti-American policy of the Administration. But, instead of these encouraging and animating accents,

* Mr. Calhoun. † The Sub-treasury bill.

behold! in the very crisis of our affairs, on the very eve of victory, the honorable member cries out to the enemy, — not to us, his allies, but to the enemy, — "Holloa! a sudden thought strikes me! — I abandon my allies! Now I think of it, they have always been my oppressors! I abandon them; and now let *you and me* swear an eternal friendship!"

Such a proposition, from such a quarter, Sir, was not likely to be long withstood. The other party was a little coy, but, upon the whole, nothing loath. After proper hesitation, and a little decorous blushing, it owned the soft impeachment, admitted an equally sudden sympathetic impulse on its own side; and, since few words are wanted where hearts are already known, the honorable gentleman takes his place among his new friends, amidst greetings and caresses, and is already enjoying the sweets of an eternal friendship.

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181. THE PLATFORM OF THE CONSTITUTION, 1838. — *Webster.*

A PRINCIPAL object, in his late political movements, the gentleman himself tells us, was to unite the entire South; and against whom, or against what, does he wish to unite the entire South? Is not this the very essence of local feeling and local regard? Is it not the acknowledgment of a wish and object to create political strength, by uniting political opinions geographically? While the gentleman wishes to unite the entire South, I pray to know, Sir, if he expects me to turn toward the polar-star, and, acting on the same principle, to utter a cry of Rally! to the whole North? Heaven forbid! To the day of my death, neither he nor others shall hear such a cry from me.

Finally, the honorable member declares that he shall now march off, under the banner of State rights! March off from whom? March off from what? We have been contending for great principles. We have been struggling to maintain the liberty and to restore the prosperity of the country; we have made these struggles here, in the national councils, with the old flag — the true American flag, the Eagle and the Stars and Stripes — waving over the Chamber in which we sit. He now tells us, however, that he marches off under the State-rights banner!

Let him go. I remain. I am, where I ever have been, and ever mean to be. Here, standing on the platform of the general Constitution, — a platform broad enough, and firm enough, to uphold every interest of the whole country, — I shall still be found. Intrusted with some part in the administration of that Constitution, I intend to act in its spirit, and in the spirit of those who framed it. Yes, Sir. I would act as if our fathers, who formed it for us, and who bequeathed it to us, were looking on me, — as if I could see their venerable forms, bending down to behold us from the abodes above! I would act, too, as if the eye of posterity was gazing on me.

Standing thus, as in the full gaze of our ancestors and our posterity, having received this inheritance from the former to be transmitted to the latter, and feeling that, if I am born for any good, in my day and generation, it is for the good of the whole country, — no local policy, no

local feeling, no temporary impulse, shall induce me to yield my foothold on the Constitution and the Union. I move off under no banner not known to the whole American People, and to their Constitution and laws. No, Sir! these walls, these columns,

"fly
From their firm base as soon as I."

I came into public life, Sir, in the service of the United States. On that broad altar my earliest and all my public vows have been made. I propose to serve no other master. So far as depends on any agency of mine, they shall continue *united* States; — united in interest and in affection; united in everything in regard to which the Constitution has decreed their union; united in war, for the common defence, the common renown, and the common glory; and united, compacted, knit firmly together, in peace, for the common prosperity and happiness of ourselves and our children!

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182. RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION IN ITS RUDIMENTS. — *Daniel Webster.*

Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a Constitutional Government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers, were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest, in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

183. PEACEABLE SECESSION, 1850. — *Webster.*

Sir, he who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, Sir! No, Sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union: but, Sir, I see, as plainly as I see the sun in Heaven, what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, *in its two-fold character.*

Peaceable secession! — peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great Republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other House of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the Republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? — or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, Sir, our ancestors — our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living amongst us, with prolonged lives — would rebuke and reproach us; and our children and our grandchildren would cry out shame upon us, if we, of this generation, should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the Government and the harmony of that Union, which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is any one of the thirty States to defend itself?

Sir, we could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together; and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break if we would, and which we should not if we could.

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184. ON MR. CLAY'S RESOLUTIONS, March 7, 1850. — *Webster.*

And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in these caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of Liberty and Union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our

consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain, which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the People of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come.

We have a great, popular, constitutional Government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the whole affections of the People. No monarchical throne presses these States together; no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand upon a Government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty, — it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This Republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole Continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles, —

> "Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round:
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

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185. JUSTICE TO THE WHOLE COUNTRY, JULY 17, 1850. — *Webster.*

I THINK, Sir, the country calls upon us loudly and imperatively to settle this question. I think that the whole world is looking to see whether this great popular Government can get through such a crisis. We are the observed of all observers. It is not to be disputed or doubted, that the eyes of all Christendom are upon us. We have stood through many trials. Can we stand through this, which takes so much the character of a sectional controversy? Can we stand that? There is no inquiring man in all Europe who does not ask himself that question every day, when he reads the intelligence of the morning. Can this country, with one set of interests at the South, and another set of interests at the North, — these interests supposed, but falsely supposed, to be at variance, — can this People see, what is so evident to the whole world beside, that this Union is their main hope and greatest benefit, and that their interests are entirely compatible? Can they see, and will they feel, that their prosperity, their respectability among

the Nations of the earth, and their happiness at home, depend upon the maintenance of their Union and their Constitution? That is the question. I agree that local divisions are apt to overturn the understandings of men, and to excite a belligerent feeling between section and section. It is natural, in times of irritation, for one part of the country to say, if you do that I will do this, and so get up a feeling of hostility and defiance. Then comes belligerent legislation, and then an appeal to arms. The question is, whether we have the true patriotism, the Americanism, necessary to carry us through such a trial. The whole world is looking towards us, with extreme anxiety.

For myself, I propose, Sir, to abide by the principles and the purposes which I have avowed. I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it. I shall do justice to the whole country, according to the best of my ability, in all I say, — and act for the good of the whole country in all I do. I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this, with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in defence of the liberties and Constitution of his country!

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186. MATCHES AND OVER-MATCHES, 1830. — *Webster.*

The following passage, and others by Mr. Webster which succeed it in this Department, are from his speeches in reply to Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina, in the Senate of the United States, January, 1830. This celebrated intellectual combat, between these distinguished men, grew out of a Resolution offered by Mr. Foote, directing the committee on Public Lands to inquire into the quantity of the public lands remaining unsold, and other matters connected therewith. This resolution afforded a text for a very irrelevant debate. Of the irrelevancy of Mr. Hayne's remarks, Mr. Webster said: "He has spoken of everything but the public lands. They have escaped his notice. To that subject, in all his excursions, he has not even paid the cold respect of a passing glance."

I AM not one of those, Sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question forbid me thus to interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, a little of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an over-match for myself in debate here. It seems to me, Sir, that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

Matches and over-matches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate; a Senate of equals; of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a Hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, Sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But, then, Sir, since the honorable member has put the question, in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate.

Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which, otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, Sir, if it be imagined that, by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part, — to one, the attack; to another, the cry of onset; — or, if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things shall shake any purpose of mine, — I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, — I hope on no occasion, — to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may, perhaps, find that in that contest there will be blows to take, as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

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187. SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS, 1830. — *Webster.*

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distin-

guished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, —Americans, all, — whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears, — does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, Sir; increased gratification and delight, rather.

Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, — if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, — and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, — alienation and distrust, — are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; — she needs none. There she is, — behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history, — the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, — and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia, — and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there

it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, — if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, — if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, — it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin!

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188. LIBERTY AND UNION, 1830. — *Webster.*

I PROFESS, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outran its protection, or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this Government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the People when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and

lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous Ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, — bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as — *What is all this worth?* — nor those other words of delusion and folly — *Liberty first and Union afterwards*, — but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole Heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

189. ON MR. WEBSTER'S DEFENCE OF NEW ENGLAND, JAN. 21, 1830. — *Hayne.*

Robert Y. Hayne was born near Charleston, S. C., Nov. 10, 1791, and died Sept. 24, 1839. He attained great distinction at the bar, and received the highest honors in the gift of his native State. He was fluent and graceful in speech, and was esteemed one of the most eloquent men of his time.

THE honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England; and, instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which *he had preferred*, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges; and, losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honor to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents, and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe — I am bound to believe — he has some object in view which he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered, in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is over-matched by that Senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered *Coalition* come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eye-balls of the gentleman," and will [illegible] down at his bidding"? Are dark visions of broken hopes, and ho[illegible]s lost forever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defence of my friend from Missouri. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South

to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can; and, if he win the victory, let him wear the honors. I shall not deprive him of his laurels.

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190. THE SOUTH DURING THE REVOLUTION. — *Hayne*, 1830.

If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparisons with any other, for an uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, — no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, — though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, — the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, Sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, perilled all, in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived; and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her People was invincible.

191. THE SOUTH DURING THE WAR OF 1812. — *Hayne*, 1830.

I COME now to the war of 1812, — a war which, I well remember, was called, in derision (while its event was doubtful), the Southern war, and sometimes the Carolina war; but which is now universally acknowledged to have done more for the honor and prosperity of the country than all other events in our history put together. What, Sir, were the objects of that war? "Free trade and sailors' rights!" It was for the protection of Northern shipping, and New England seamen, that the country flew to arms. What interest had the South in that contest? If they had sat down coldly to calculate the value of their interests involved in it, they would have found that they had everything to lose, and nothing to gain. But, Sir, with that generous devotion to country so characteristic of the South, they only asked if the rights of any portion of their fellow-citizens had been invaded; and when told that Northern ships and New England seamen had been arrested on the common highway of Nations, they felt that the honor of their country was assailed; and, acting on that exalted sentiment "which feels a stain like a wound," they resolved to seek, in open war, for a redress of those injuries which it did not become freemen to endure. Sir, the whole South, animated as by a common impulse, cordially united in declaring and promoting that war. South Carolina sent to your councils, as the advocates and supporters of that war, the noblest of her sons. How they fulfilled that trust, let a grateful country tell. Not a measure was adopted, not a battle fought, not a victory won, which contributed, in any degree, to the success of that war, to which Southern councils and Southern valor did not largely contribute. Sir, since South Carolina is assailed, I must be suffered to speak it to her praise, that, at the very moment when, in one quarter, we heard it solemnly proclaimed "that it did not become a religious and moral People to rejoice at the victories of our Army or our Navy," her Legislature unanimously

"*Resolved*, That we will cordially support the Government in the vigorous prosecution of the war, until a peace can be obtained on honorable terms; and we will cheerfully submit to every privation that may be required of us, by our Government, for the accomplishment of this object."

South Carolina redeemed that pledge. She threw open her Treasury to the Government. She put at the absolute disposal of the officers of the United States all that she possessed, — her men, her money, and her arms. She appropriated half a million of dollars, on her own account, in defence of her maritime frontier; ordered a brigade of State troops to be raised; and, when left to protect herself by her own means, never suffered the enemy to touch her soil, without being instantly driven off or captured. Such, Sir, was the conduct of the South — such the conduct of my own State — in that dark hour "which tried men's souls!"

192. DEFALCATION AND RETRENCHMENT, 1838. — *S. S. Prentiss. B.* 1810; *d.* 1850.

Since the avowal, Mr. Chairman, of that unprincipled and barbarian motto, that "to the victors belong the spoils," office, which was intended for the service and benefit of the People, has become but the plunder of party. Patronage is waved like a huge magnet over the land; and demagogues, like iron-filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gather and cluster around its poles. Never yet lived the demagogue who would not take office. The whole frame of our Government — all the institutions of the country — are thus prostituted to the uses of party. Office is conferred as the reward of partisan service; and what is the consequence? The incumbents, being taught that all moneys in their possession belong, not to the People, but to the party, it requires but small exertion of casuistry to bring them to the conclusion that they have a right to retain what they may conceive to be the value of their political services, — just as a lawyer holds back his commissions.

Sir, I have given you but three or four cases of defalcations. Would time permit, I could give you a hundred. Like the fair Sultana of the Oriental legends, I could go on for a thousand and one nights; and even as in those Eastern stories, so in the chronicles of the office-holders, the tale would ever be of heaps of gold, massive ingots, uncounted riches. Why, Sir, Aladdin's wonderful lamp was nothing to it. They seem to possess the identical cap of Fortunatus. Some wish for fifty thousand dollars, some for a hundred thousand, and some for a million, — and behold, it lies in glittering heaps before them! Not even

> "The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold"

in such lavish abundance, as does this Administration upon its followers. Pizarro held not forth more dazzling lures to his robber band, when he led them to the conquest of the "Children of the Sun."

And now it is proposed to make up these losses through defaulters by retrenchment! And what do you suppose are to be the subjects of this new and sudden economy? What branches of the public service are to be lopped off, on account of the licentious rapacity of the office-holders? I am too indignant to tell you. Look into the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and you will find out. Well, Sir, what are they? Pensions, harbors, and light-houses! Yes, Sir; these are recommended as proper subjects for retrenchment. First of all, the scarred veterans of the Revolution are to be deprived of a portion of the scanty pittance doled out to them by the cold charity of the country. How many of them will you have to send forth as beggars on the very soil which they wrenched from the hand of tyranny, to make up the amount of even one of these splendid robberies? How many harbors will it take, — those improvements dedicated no less to humanity than to interest, — those nests of commerce to which the canvas-winged birds of the ocean flock for safety? How many light-houses will it

take? How many of those bright eyes of the ocean are to be put out? How many of those faithful sentinels, who stand along our rocky coast, and, peering far out in the darkness, give timely warning to the hardy mariner where the lee-shore threatens, — how many of these, I ask, are to be discharged from their humane service? Why, the proposition is almost impious! I should as soon wish to put out the stars of Heaven! Sir, my blood boils at the cold-blooded atrocity with which the Administration proposes thus to sacrifice the very family jewels of the country, to pay for the consequences of its own profligacy!

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193. AMERICAN LABORERS. — *C. C. Naylor.*

The Gentleman, Sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Who are the Northern laborers! The history of your country is *their* history. The renown of your country is *their* renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of *Northern laborers*, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank. Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence, prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time"? Who, Sir, I ask, was he? A Northern laborer, — a Yankee tallow-chandler's son, — a printer's runaway boy!

And who, let me ask the honorable Gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a Northern army, — yes, an army of Northern laborers, — and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A Northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith, — the gallant General Greene, — who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of Northern laborers! Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, Sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage, of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence, of Northern laborers! Go, Sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the North, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost god-like! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter, — the midnight of our Revolution, — whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed? Who, Sir, were these men? Why, Northern laborers! — yes, Sir, Northern laborers! Who, Sir, were Roger Sherman and ——. But it is idle to enumerate. To name the Northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this House. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire!

194. MERITS OF FULTON'S INVENTION, 1838. — *Ogden Hoffman.*

This House and the world have been told that Robert Fulton was not the inventor of steam navigation. England asserts that it is to a Scotchman that the honor of this discovery is due, and that it was the Clyde and the Thames that first witnessed the triumphant success of this wonderful invention. France, through her National Institute, declares that it was the Seine. Even Spain, degraded and enslaved, roused by the voice of emulation, has looked forth from her cloistered halls of superstition, and declared that in the age of Charles, in the presence of her Court and nobles, this experiment was successfully tried. But America, proudly seated upon the enduring monument which Fulton has reared, smiles at these rival claims, and, secure in her own, looks down serenely upon these billows of strife, which break at the base of her throne.

But it has been denied, in this debate, that any other credit than that of good luck is due to Fulton for his invention. Gentlemen would have us suppose that good luck is the parent of all that we admire in science or in arms. If this be so, why, then, indeed, what a bubble is reputation! How vain and how idle are the anxious days and sleepless nights devoted to the service of one's country! Admit this argument and you strip from the brow of the scholar his bay, and from those of the statesman and soldier their laurel. Why do you deck with chaplets the statue of the Father of his Country, if good luck, and good luck alone, be all that commends him to our gratitude and love? A member of this House retorts, "Bad luck would have made Washington a traitor." Ay, but in whose estimation? Did the great and holy principles which produced and governed our Revolution depend, for their righteousness and truth, upon success or defeat? Would Washington, had he suffered as a rebel on the scaffold, — would Washington have been regarded as a traitor by Warren, and Hancock, and Greene, and Hamilton, — by the crowd of patriots who encompassed him, part-

ners of his toil and sharers of his patriotism? Was it good luck that impelled Columbus, through discouragement, conspiracy and poverty, to persevere in his path of danger, until this Western world blessed his sight, and rewarded his energy and daring? Does the gentleman emulate the glory of the third King of Rome, Tullus Hostilius, — and would he erect in our own land a temple to Fortune? It cannot be that he would seriously promulgate such views; — that he would take from human renown all that gives it dignity and worth, by making it depend less on the virtue of the individual than on his luck!

195. SECTIONAL SERVICES IN THE LAST WAR. — *Caleb Cushing.*

The gentleman from South Carolina taunts us with counting the costs of that war in which the liberties and honor of the country, and the interests of the North, as he asserts, were forced to go elsewhere for their defence. Will he sit down with me and count the cost now? Will he reckon up how much of treasure the State of South Carolina expended in that war, and how much the State of Massachusetts? — how much of the blood of either State was poured out on sea or land? I challenge the gentleman to the test of patriotism, which the army roll, the navy lists, and the treasury books, afford. Sir, they who revile us for our opposition to the last war have looked only to the surface of things. They little know the extremities of suffering which the People of Massachusetts bore at that period, out of attachment to the Union, — their families beggared, their fathers and sons bleeding in camps, or pining in foreign prisons. They forget that not a field was marshalled, on this side of the mountains, in which the men of Massachusetts did not play their part, as became their sires, and their "blood fetched from mettle of war proof." They battled and bled, wherever battle was fought or blood drawn.

Nor only by land. I ask the gentleman, Who fought your naval battles in the last war? Who led you on to victory after victory, on the ocean and the lakes? Whose was the triumphant prowess before which the Red Cross of England paled with unwonted shames? Were they not men of New England? Were these not foremost in those maritime encounters which humbled the pride and power of Great Britain? I appeal to my colleague before me from our common county of brave old Essex, — I appeal to my respected colleagues from the shores of the Old Colony. Was there a village or a hamlet on Massachusetts Bay, which did not gather its hardy seamen to man the gun-decks of your ships of war? Did they not rally to the battle, as men flock to a feast?

I beseech the House to pardon me, if I may have kindled, on this subject, into something of unseemly ardor. I cannot sit tamely by, in humble acquiescent silence, when reflections, which I know to be unjust, are cast on the faith and honor of Massachusetts. Had I suffered them to pass without admonition, I should have deemed that the disembodied spirits of her departed children, from their ashes mingled

with the dust of every stricken field of the Revolution, — from their bones mouldering to the consecrated earth of Bunker's Hill, of Saratoga, of Monmouth, — would start up in visible shape before me, to cry shame on me, their recreant countryman! Sir, I have roamed through the world, to find hearts nowhere warmer than hers, soldiers nowhere braver, patriots nowhere purer, wives and mothers nowhere truer, maidens nowhere lovelier, green valleys and bright rivers nowhere greener or brighter; and I will not be silent, when I hear her patriotism or her truth questioned with so much as a whisper of detraction. Living, I will defend her; dying, I would pause, in my last expiring breath, to utter a prayer of fond remembrance for my native New England!

196. BARBARITY OF NATIONAL HATREDS. — *Rufus Choate.*

Mr. President, we must distinguish a little. That there exists in this country an intense sentiment of nationality; a cherished energetic feeling and consciousness of our independent and separate national existence; a feeling that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfil, which we mean to fulfil; a great work to do, which we know how to do, and are able to do; a career to run, up which we hope to ascend, till we stand on the steadfast and glittering summits of the world; a feeling, that we are surrounded and attended by a noble historical group of competitors and rivals, the other Nations of the earth, all of whom we hope to overtake, and even to distance; — such a sentiment as this exists, perhaps, in the character of this People. And this I do not discourage, I do not condemn. But, Sir, that among these useful and beautiful sentiments, predominant among them, there exists a temper of hostility towards this one particular Nation, to such a degree as to amount to a habit, a trait, a national passion, — to amount to a state of feeling which "is to be regretted," and which really threatens another war, — this I earnestly and confidently deny. I would not hear your enemy say this. Sir, the indulgence of such a sentiment by the People supposes them to have forgotten one of the counsels of Washington. Call to mind the ever seasonable wisdom of the Farewell Address: "The Nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest."

No, Sir! no, Sir! We are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half naked, half civilized, half blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and precious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive, if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by Heaven knows what symbols of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland, — cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable

to die, — let her remember the "wrongs of days long past;" let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs — the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; — but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of Heaven, "decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy," shall she be supposed to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace? No, Sir! no, Sir! a thousand times, no! Why, I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for, on so many more than classical fields of Revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed, at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days"? And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country, I deny it.

Mr. President, let me say that, in my judgment, this notion of a national enmity of feeling towards Great Britain belongs to a past age of our history. My younger countrymen are unconscious of it. They disavow it. That generation in whose opinions and feelings the actions and the destiny of the next are unfolded, as the tree in the germ, do not at all comprehend your meaning, nor your fears, nor your regrets. We are born to happier feelings. We look to England as we look to France. We look to them, from our new world, — not unrenowned, yet a new world still, — and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep: but there is no hatred at all; no hatred, — no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

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197. ON PRECEDENTS IN GOVERNMENT, 1851. — *Lewis Cass.*

Mr. President, eloquent allusions have been made here to the ominous condition of Europe. And, truly, it is sufficiently threatening to fix the regard of the rest of the civilized world. Elements are at work there whose contact and contest must, ere long, produce explosions whose consequences no man can foresee. The cloud may as yet be no bigger than a man's hand, like that seen by the prophet from Mount Carmel; but it will overspread the whole hemisphere, and burst, perhaps in ruins, upon the social and political systems of the Old World. Antagonistic principles are doing their work there. The conflict cannot be avoided. The desire of man to govern himself, and the determination of rulers to govern him, are now face to face, and must meet in the strife of action, as they have met in the strife of opinion. It requires a wiser or a rasher man than I am to undertake to foretell when and how this great battle will be fought; but it is as

sure to come as is the sun to rise again which is now descending to the horizon. What the free Governments of the world may find it proper to do, when this great struggle truly begins, I leave to those upon whom will devolve the duty and the responsibility of decision.

It has been well said that the existing generation stands upon the shoulders of its predecessors. Its visual horizon is enlarged from this elevation. We have the experience of those who have gone before us, and our own, too. We are able to judge for ourselves, without blindly following in their footsteps. There is nothing stationary in the world. Moral and intellectual as well as physical sciences are in a state of progress; or, rather, we are marching onwards in the investigation of their true principles. It is presumptuous, at any time, to say that "*Now* is the best possible condition of human nature; let us sit still and be satisfied; there is nothing more to learn." I believe in no such doctrine. I believe we are always learning. We have a right to examine for ourselves. In fact, it is our duty to do so. Still, Sir, I would not rashly reject the experience of the world, any more than I would blindly follow it. I have no such idea. I have no wish to prostrate all the barriers raised by wisdom, and to let in upon us an inundation of many such opinions as have been promulgated in the present age. But far be it from me to adopt, as a principle of conduct, that nothing is to be done except what has been done before, and precisely as it was then done. So much for precedents!

198. INTERVENTION IN THE WARS OF EUROPE, 1852. — *Jeremiah Clemens.*

WASHINGTON has said: "There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon any real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, and which a just pride ought to discard." There is a deep wisdom in this; and he who disregards, or treats it lightly, wants the highest attribute of a statesman. We can expect nothing as a favor from other nations, and none have a right to expect favors from us. Our interference, if we interfere at all, must be dictated by interest; and, therefore, I ask, in what possible manner can we be benefited? Russia has done us no injury; we have, therefore, no wrongs to avenge. Russia has no territory of which we wish to deprive her, and from her there is no danger against which it is necessary to guard. Enlightened self-interest does not offer a single argument in favor of embroiling ourselves in a quarrel with her. So obvious, so indisputable, is this truth, that the advocates of "intervention" have based their speeches almost solely on the ground that we have a divine mission to perform, and that is, to strike the manacles from the hands of all mankind. It may be, Mr. President, that we have such a mission; but, if so, "the time of its fulfilment is not yet." And, for one, I prefer waiting for some clearer manifestation of the Divine will. By attempting to fulfil it now, we employ the surest means of disappointing that "manifest destiny" of

which we have heard so much. We have before us the certainty of inflicting deep injury upon ourselves, without the slightest prospect of benefiting others.

Misfortunes may come upon us all; dishonor attaches only to the unworthy. A nation may be conquered, trodden down, — her living sons in chains, her dead the prey of vultures, — and still leave a bright example, a glorious history, to after times. But when folly and wickedness have ruled the hour, — when disaster is the legitimate child of error and weakness, — the page that records it is but a record of infamy, and pity for misfortune becomes a crime against justice. Sir, I do not love that word "destiny," — "manifest" or not "manifest." Men and nations make their own destinies, —

> "Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill, —
> Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still."

The future of this Republic is in our hands; and it is for us to determine whether we will launch the ship of State upon a wild and stormy sea, above whose blackened waters no sunshine beams, no star shines out, and where not a ray is seen but what is caught from the lurid lightning in its fiery path. This, Senators, is the mighty question we have to solve; and, let me add, if the freedom of one continent, and the hopes of four, shall sink beneath that inky flood, ours will be the guilt, — ours the deep damnation.

Shall I be told these are idle fears? That, in a war with Russia, no matter for what cause waged, we must be the victors? That, in short, all Europe combined could not blot this Union from the map of nations? Ah, Sir, that is not all I fear. I fear success even more than defeat. The Senator from Michigan was right when he said that our fears were to be found at home. I do fear ourselves. Commit our people once to unnecessary foreign wars, — let victory encourage the military spirit, already too prevalent among them, — and Roman history will have no chapter bloody enough to be transmitted to posterity side by side with ours. In a brief period we shall have reënacted, on a grander scale, the same scenes which marked her decline. The veteran soldier, who has followed a victorious leader from clime to clime, will forget his love of country in his love for his commander; and the bayonets you send abroad to conquer a kingdom will be brought back to destroy the rights of the citizen, and prop the throne of an Emperor.

199. HAZARDS OF OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY, 1851. — *W. R. Smith, of Alabama.*

Everybody knows, Mr. Speaker, what has been the policy of this Government with respect to the concerns of Europe, up to the present time. And what, I ask, has been the result of that policy? Why, from the small beginning of three millions of inhabitants, we have grown to twenty-three millions; from a small number of States, we are

now over thirty. But Kossuth says that we may depart from that policy now; that it was wise when we were young, but that now we have grown up to be a giant, and may abandon it. Ah, Sir, we can all resist adversity! We know the uses — and sweet are they — of adversity. It is the crucible of fortune. It is the iron key that unlocks the golden gates of prosperity. I say, God bless adversity, when it is properly understood! But the rock upon which men and upon which Nations split is PROSPERITY. This man says that we have grown to be a giant, and that we may depart from the wisdom of our youth. But I say that now is the time to take care; we are great enough; let us be satisfied; prevent the growth of our ambition, to prevent our pride from swelling, and hold on to what we have got.

Do you remember the story of the old Governor, who had been raised from rags? His King discovered in him merit and integrity, and appointed him a Satrap, a ruler over many provinces. He came to be great, and it was his custom to be escorted throughout the country several times during the year, in order to see and be seen. He was received and acknowledged everywhere as a great man and a great Governor. But he carried about with him a mysterious chest, and every now and then he would look into it, and let nobody else see what it contained. There was a great deal of curiosity excited by this chest; and finally he was prevailed upon, by some of his friends, to let them look into it. Well, he permitted it, and what did they see? They saw an old, ragged and torn suit of clothes, — the clothes that he used to wear in his humility and in his poverty; and he said that he carried them about with him in order that, when his heart began to swell, and his ambition to rise, and his pride to dilate, he could look on the rags that reminded him of what he had been, and thereby be enabled to resist the temptations of prosperity. Let us see whether this can illustrate anything in our history. Raise the veil, if there is one, which conceals the poverty of this Union, when there were but thirteen States! Raise the veil that conceals the rags of our soldiers of the Revolution! Lift the lid of the chest which contains the poverty of our beginning, in order that you may be reminded, like this old Satrap, of the days of your poverty, and be enabled to resist the advice of this man, who tells you that you were wise in your youth, but that now you are a giant, and may depart from that wisdom. Remember the use of adversity, and let us take advantage of it, and be benefited by it; for great is the man, and greater is the Nation, that can resist the enchanting smiles of prosperity!

200. AGAINST FLOGGING IN THE NAVY, 1852. — *R. F. Stockton.*

THERE is one broad proposition upon which I stand. It is this: That an American sailor is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall, with my consent, be subjected to the infamous punishment of the lash. If, when a citizen enters into the service of his country, he is to forego the protection of those laws for the preservation of which he is willing to risk his life, he is entitled, in all justice,

humanity and gratitude, to all the protection that can be extended to him, in his peculiar circumstances. He ought, certainly, to be protected from the infliction of a punishment which stands condemned by the almost universal sentiment of his fellow-citizens; a punishment which is proscribed in the best prison-government, proscribed in the school-house, and proscribed in the best government on earth — that of parental domestic affection. Yes, Sir, expelled from the social circle, from the school-house, the prison-house, and the Army, it finds defenders and champions nowhere but in the Navy!

Look to your history, — that part of it which the world knows by heart, — and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him, and break his spirit, he has never disgraced *her;* he has always been ready to serve her; he always *has* served her faithfully and effectually. He has often been weighed in the balance, and never found wanting. The only fault ever found with him is, that he sometimes fights ahead of his orders. The world has no match for him, man for man; and he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity, or the glory of his country, calls him to fight. Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon, and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bon Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag,— which, for a hundred years, had been the terror of Christendom,— drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to extort? It was the American sailor. And the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass. In your war of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster, — when Winchester had been defeated, when the Army of the North-west had surrendered, and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land, — who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the Constitution will be remembered, as long as we have left anything worth remembering. That was no small event. The wand of Mexican prowess was broken on the Rio Grande. The wand of British invincibility was broken when the flag of the Guerrière came down. That one event was worth more to the Republic than all the money which has ever been expended for the Navy. Since that day, the Navy has had no stain upon its escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. And the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world, — in peace and in war, in storm and in battle, — for heroism and prowess unsurpassed. He shrinks from no danger, he dreads no foe, and yields to no superior. No shoals are too dangerous, no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous, for him. The burning sun of the tropics cannot make him

effeminate, nor can the eternal winter of the polar seas paralyze his energies. Foster, cherish, develop these characteristics, by a generous and paternal government. Excite his emulation, and stimulate his ambition, by rewards. But, above all, save him, save him from the brutalizing lash, and inspire him with love and confidence for your service! and then there is no achievement so arduous, no conflict so desperate, in which his actions will not shed glory upon his country. And, when the final struggle comes, as soon it will come, for the empire of the seas, you may rest with entire confidence in the persuasion that victory will be yours.

201. ON GOVERNMENT EXTRAVAGANCE, 1838.—*John J. Crittenden.*

THE bill under consideration is intended to authorize the Treasury Department to issue ten millions of Treasury Notes, to be applied to the discharge of the expenses of Government. Habits of extravagance, it seems, are hard to change. They constitute a disease; ay, Sir, a very dangerous one. That of the present Administration came to a crisis about eight months ago, and it cost the patient ten millions of Treasury Notes to get round the corner. And now it is as bad as ever! Another crisis has come, and the doctors ask for ten millions more. The disease is desperate. Money or death! They say, if the bill is rejected, Government must "stop." What must stop? The laws? The judicial tribunals? The Legislative bodies? The institutions of the country? No, no, Sir! all these will remain, and go on. What stops, then? Its own extravagance,—that must stop, and "there 's the rub!" Besides, Sir, I must really be permitted to say, that, if to keep this Administration on its feet is to cost ten millions of extraordinary supply, every six or eight months, why, Mr. President, the sooner its fate is recorded in the bills of mortality, the better. Let me know how this money is to be applied. I never will vote a dollar on the mere cry of "exigency!"—"crisis!" I will be behind no man in meeting the real necessities of my country, but I will not blindly, or heedlessly, vote away the money of the People, or involve them in debt. If the Government wants money, let it borrow it. If extravagance or necessity shall bring a national debt upon us, let it come openly, and not steal upon us in the disguise of Treasury Notes. "O! but it is no debt," say gentlemen; "it is only issuing a few notes, to meet a crisis." Well, Sir, whether it be a national debt, I will not say. This I know, it will be followed, whatever it is, with the serious and substantial consequence, that the people of the United States will have to pay it, every cent of it, and with interest. Sir, I desire to see this experimenting Administration forced to make some experiments in economy. It is almost the only sort of experiment to which it seems averse. Its cry is still for *money, money, money!* But, for one, I say to it, "Take physic, Pomp!" Lay aside your extravagance. Too much money has been your bane. And I do not feel myself required, by any duty, to grant you more, at present. If I did, it would not be in the form proposed by the bill.

PART FOURTH.

FORENSIC AND JUDICIAL.

1. THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, 1794. — *John Philpot Curran.*

What, then, remains? The liberty of the Press, *only*, — that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no Government, which nothing but the depravity or folly or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the People saved from, by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, Gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the Government is saved from; I will tell you, also, to what both are exposed, by shutting up that communication. In one case, sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad; the demagogue goes forth, — the public eye is upon him, — he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night, the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the torch.

In that awful moment of a Nation's travail, of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The Press extinguished, the People enslaved, and the Prince undone! As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the Press, that great sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture! Guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the Crown!

2. DESCRIPTION OF MR. ROWAN, 1794. — *John Philpot Curran.*

Gentlemen, if you still have any doubt as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, give me leave to suggest to you what circumstances you ought to consider, in order to found your verdict. You should consider the character of the person accused; and in this your task is easy. I will venture to say there is not a man in this Nation more known than the gentleman who is the subject of this prosecution; not only by the part he has taken in public concerns, and which he has taken in common with many, but still more so by that extraordinary sympathy for human affliction, which, I am sorry to think, he shares

with so small a number. There is not a day that you hear the cries of your starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings, — that you do not see his honest and manly figure, with uncovered head, soliciting for their relief, — searching the frozen heart of charity for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging the force of every argument and every motive, save that which his modesty suppresses, the authority of his own generous example.

Or, if you see him not there, you may trace his steps to the private abodes of disease, and famine, and despair, — the messenger of Heaven, bringing with him food, and medicine, and consolation. Are these the materials of which you suppose anarchy and public rapine to be formed? Is this the man on whom to fasten the abominable charge of goading on a frantic populace to mutiny and bloodshed? Is this the man likely to apostatize from every principle that can bind him to the State, — his birth, his property, his education, his character, and his children? Let me tell you, gentlemen of the jury, if you agree with his prosecutors, in thinking that there ought to be a sacrifice of such a man on such an occasion, and upon the credit of such evidence you are to convict him, never did you, never can you give a sentence, consigning any man to public punishment, with less danger to his person or to his fame; for where, to fling contumely or ingratitude at his head, could the hireling be found, whose private distresses he had not endeavored to alleviate, or whose public condition he had not labored to improve?

I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of my client's sufferings; and that, however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family, and the wishes of his country. But if (which Heaven forbid!) it hath still been unfortunately determined, that, because he has not bent to power and authority, — because he would not bow down before the golden calf, and worship it, — he is to be bound and cast into the furnace, I do trust in God that there is a redeeming spirit in the Constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration!

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3. THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT. — *John Philpot Curran, in the case of the King against Mr. Justice Johnson, Feb. 4th, 1805, before Chief Baron Lord Avonmore and the other Barons, in the Court of Exchequer.*

I NOW address you on a question the most vitally connected with the liberty and well-being of every man within the limits of the British empire; — which being decided one way, he may be a freeman; which being decided the other, he must be a slave. I refer to the maintenance of that sacred security for the freedom of Englishmen, — so justly called the second Magna Charta of British liberty, — the Habeas Corpus Act; the spirit and letter of which is, that the party arrested shall, without a moment's delay, be bailed, if the offence be bailable. What

was the occasion of the law? The arbitrary transportation of the subject beyond the realm; the base and malignant war which the odious and despicable minions of power are forever ready to wage against all those who are honest and bold enough to despise, to expose, and to resist them.

Such is the oscitancy of man, that he lies torpid for ages under these aggressions, until, at last, some signal abuse — the violation of Lucrece, the death of Virginia, the oppression of William Tell — shakes him from his slumber. For years had those drunken gambols of power been played in England; for years had the waters of bitterness been rising to the brim; at last, a single drop caused them to overflow, — the oppression of a single individual raised the people of England from their sleep. And what does that great statute do? It defines and asserts the right, it points out the abuse; and it endeavors to secure the right, and to guard against the abuse, by giving redress to the sufferer, and by punishing the offender. For years had it been the practice to transport obnoxious persons out of the realm into distant parts, under the pretext of punishment, or of safe custody. Well might they have been said, to be sent "to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns;" for of these wretched travellers how few ever did return!

But of that flagrant abuse this statute has laid the axe to the root. It prohibits the abuse; it declares such detention or removal illegal; it gives an action against all persons concerned in the offence, by contriving, writing, signing, countersigning, such warrant, or advising or assisting therein. Are bulwarks like these ever constructed to repel the incursions of a contemptible enemy? Was it a trivial and ordinary occasion which raised this storm of indignation in the Parliament of that day? Is the ocean ever lashed by the tempest, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly? By this act you have a solemn legislative declaration, "that it is incompatible with liberty to send any subject out of the realm, under pretence of any crime supposed or alleged to be committed in a foreign jurisdiction, except that crime be capital." Such were the bulwarks which our ancestors placed about the sacred temple of liberty, such the ramparts by which they sought to bar out the ever-toiling ocean of arbitrary power; and thought (generous credulity!) that they had barred it out from their posterity forever. Little did they foresee the future race of vermin that would work their way through those mounds, and let back the inundation!

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4. CURRAN'S APPEAL TO LORD AVONMORE. — *From the last-named speech.*

I AM not ignorant, my Lords, that the extraordinary construction of law against which I contend has received the sanction of another court, nor of the surprise and dismay with which it smote upon the general heart of the bar. I am aware that I may have the mortification of being told, in another country, of that unhappy decision; and I

foresee in what confusion I shall hang down my head, when I am told it.

But I cherish, too, the consolatory hope, that I shall be able to tell them that I had an old and learned friend, whom I would put above all the sweepings of their hall, who was of a different opinion; who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and of Rome; who had fed the youthful vigor of his studious mind with the theoretic knowledge of their wisest philosophers and statesmen; and who had refined that theory into the quick and exquisite sensibility of moral instinct, by contemplating the practice of their most illustrious examples, — by dwelling on the sweet-souled piety of Cimon, on the anticipated Christianity of Socrates, on the gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas, on that pure austerity of Fabricius, whom to move from his integrity would have been more difficult than to have pushed the sun from his course.

I would add, that, if he had seemed to hesitate, it was but for a moment; that his hesitation was like the passing cloud that floats across the morning sun, and hides it from the view, and does so for a moment hide it, by involving the spectator, without even approaching the face of the luminary. And this soothing hope I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life; from the remembrance of those attic nights and those refections of the gods which we have partaken with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions, who have gone before us, — over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed.*

Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them; I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory; I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, where the innocent enjoyment of social mirth became expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board became enlarged into the horizon of man; where the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose; where my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights, without any other regret than that they can never more return; for,

> "We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poesy;
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

* Here, according to the original report, Lord Avonmore could not refrain from bursting into tears. In the midst of Curran's legal argument, "this most beautiful episode," says Charles Phillips, "bloomed like a green spot amid the desert. Mr. Curran told me himself, that when the court rose, the tip-staff informed him he was wanted immediately in chamber by one of the judges of the Exchequer. He, of course, obeyed the judicial mandate; and the moment he entered, poor Lord Avonmore, whose cheeks were still wet with the tears extorted by this heart-touching appeal, clasped him to his bosom." A coolness caused by political differences, which had for some time existed between them, gave place to a renewal of friendship, which was not again interrupted.

5. ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON. — *Robert Emmett.*

On the 23d of June, 1803, a rebellion against the Government broke out in Dublin, in which Robert Emmett, at the time only twenty-three years of age, was a principal actor. It proved a failure. Emmett was arrested, having missed the opportunity of escape, it is said, by lingering to take leave of a daughter of Curran, the gifted orator, to whom he bore an attachment, which was reciprocated. On the 19th of September, 1803, Emmett was tried for high treason at the Sessions House, Dublin, before Lord Norbury, one of the Chief Judges of the King's Bench, and others; was found guilty, and executed the next day. Through his counsel, he had asked, at the trial, that the judgment of the Court might be postponed until the next morning. This request was not granted. The clerk of the Crown read the indictment, and announced the verdict found, in the usual form. He then concluded thus: "What have you, therefore, now to say, why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?" Standing forward in the dock, in front of the Bench, Emmett made the following impromptu address, which we give entire, dividing it only into passages of a suitable length for declamation. At his execution, Emmett displayed great fortitude. As he was passing out of his cell, on his way to the gallows, he met the turnkey, who had become much attached to him. Being fettered, Emmett could not give his hand; so he kissed the poor fellow on the cheek, who, overcome by the mingled condescension and tenderness of the act, fell senseless at the feet of the youthful victim, and did not recover till the latter was no longer among the living.

I.

What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored — as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country — to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your* tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my *character* to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere, — whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my Lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice: — the man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from *some* of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port, — when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their

blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue, — this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious Government which upholds its dominion by blasphemy of the Most High, — which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, — which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more, or a little less, than the Government standard, — a Government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.*

II.

I APPEAL to the immaculate God, — to the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, — to the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before, — that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my Lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my Lords; a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.†

Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your Lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy; — my expressions were for my countrymen; if there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction — ‡

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law; I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, opinions of the motives

* Here Lord Norbury said: "The weak and wicked enthusiasts who feel as you feel are unequal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."

† He was here interrupted by Lord Norbury, who said: "You proceed to unwarrantable lengths, in order to exasperate and delude the unwary, and circulate opinions of the most dangerous tendency, for the purposes of mischief."

‡ Lord Norbury here interrupted the speaker with, — "What you have hitherto said confirms and justifies the verdict of the jury."

by which he was actuated in the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, — where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, — if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated?

III.

My Lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind, by humiliation, to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this Court. You, my Lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man, — you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this Court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions. As a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my Lord, we must appear, on the great day, at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who are engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives, — my country's oppressors or —*

My Lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself, in the eyes of the community, of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my Lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes the right of answering! This, no doubt, may be dispensed with; and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was impanelled. Your Lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.†

* Here Lord Norbury exclaimed: "Listen, Sir, to the sentence of the law."

† Here Mr. Emmett paused, and the Court desired him to proceed.

IV.

I AM charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! — and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, — not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters? No; but for ambition! O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life! O God! No! my Lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

Connection with France was, indeed, intended; but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid of them; and we sought it, as we had assurance we should obtain it, — as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the People, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I would animate you to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil. If they succeeded in landing, and if we were forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I would leave in charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, more than death, is unprofitable, when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France, and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country! I wished to procure for my coun-

try the guarantee which Washington procured for America, — to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as by its valor, — allies disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would preserve the good and polish the rough points of our character; who would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only become Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.*

V.

I HAVE been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the *key-stone* of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this *conspiracy* who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord; — men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends, — who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand! †

What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life, — am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant of mortality? — by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it! ‡

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery, from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country,

* Here he was interrupted by the Court.

† Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury. ‡ Here the judge interfered.

— who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, — am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No! God forbid!*

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; — it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me, — and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world; — it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, — then, and not till then, — let my epitaph be written! I have done.

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6. GREAT MINDS IN THEIR RELATIONS TO CHRISTIANITY. — *Erskine, in the trial of Williams, for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason."*

Thomas Erskine was born in Scotland, in 1750, and made Lord Chancellor in 1806. He died in 1823. He was one of the greatest advocates who have graced the Bar; and, in serious forensic oratory, has never been surpassed. It has been said of him, that no man that ever lived so elevated and honored his calling.

In running the mind along the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light, poured upon the world by Mr. Thomas Paine. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! — Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions; — Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundations of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which,

* Here Lord Norbury told the prisoner that his principles were treasonable and subversive of government, and his language unbecoming a person in his situation; and that his father, the late Dr. Emmett, was a man who would not have countenanced such sentiments.

like figures, cannot lie; — Newton, who carried the line and rule to the uttermost barrier of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, what a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator. What, then, shall be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on? Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified, with Mr. Paine, to look up through nature to nature's God; yet the result of all his contemplation was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable and drivelling superstition.

But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, a Christian; — Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountains of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusions of ratiocination, putting a rein upon false opinions by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment. But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind.

Gentlemen, in the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never to be forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided, whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man, administering human justice with wisdom and purity, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was he less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No; they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order, as the illustration of real and exalted faith, — the unquestionable source of that fervid genius which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man. But it was the light of the BODY only that was extinguished; — "the celestial light shone inward, and enabled him to justify the ways of God to man."

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings, — all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author for the advancement and dignity

of the world, — though divided by distant ages, and by clashing opinions, distinguishing them from one another, yet joining, as it were, in one sublime chorus to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-failing offerings of their immortal wisdom.

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7. ATTEMPTS TO BIAS JUDGMENT IN CASE OF WILKES, 1768. — *Lord Mansfield.*

It is fit to take some notice of the various terrors being held out to the judges on this Bench; the numerous crowds which have attended and now attend in and about this hall, out of all reach of hearing what passes in Court; and the tumults which, in other places, have shamefully insulted all order and government. Audacious addresses in print dictate to us, from those they call the People, the judgment to be given now, and afterwards upon the conviction. Reasons of policy are urged, from danger to the kingdom by commotions and general confusion. Give me leave to take the opportunity of this great and respectable audience, to let the whole world know that all such attempts are vain. Unless we have been able to find an error which will bear us out to reverse the outlawry, it must be affirmed. The Constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgments. God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, how formidable soever they might be; if rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*" We are to say what we take the law to be; if we do not speak our real opinions, we prevaricate with God and our own consciences.

I pass over many anonymous letters I have received: those in print are public; and some of them have been brought judicially before the court. Whoever the writers are, they take the wrong way; I will do my duty unawed. What am I to fear? That *mendax infamia* from the Press, which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me. I trust that my temper of mind, and the color and conduct of my life, have given me a suit of armor against these arrows. If, during this King's reign, I have ever supported his Government, and assisted his measures, I have done it without any other reward than the consciousness of doing what I thought right. If I have ever opposed, I have done it upon the points themselves, without mixing in party or faction, and without any collateral views. I honor the King, and respect the People; but, many things acquired by the favor of either are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong, upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press; I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels, — all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow. I can say, with a great magistrate,

upon an occasion and under circumstances not unlike, "*Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam, non invidiam, putarem.*"

The threats go further than abuse; personal violence is denounced. I do not believe it; it is not the genius of the worst men of this country, in the worst of times. But I have set my mind at rest. The last end that can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he falls in support of the law and liberty of his country, — for liberty is synonymous with law and government. Such a shock, too, might be productive of public good; it might awake the better part of the kingdom out of that lethargy which seems to have benumbed them, and bring the mad back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety. Once for all, let it be understood that no endeavors of this kind will influence any man who at present sits here; no libels, no threats, nothing that has happened, nothing that can happen!

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8. DEFENCE OF M. PELTIER FOR A LIBEL ON NAPOLEON. — *Sir J. Mackintosh.*

Gentlemen, there is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilized world ever saw; the defendant is a defenceless, proscribed exile. I consider this case, therefore, as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world, and the ONLY FREE PRESS remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English Press is new, — it is a proud and melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French Revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the Continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the Press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and, since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent States, by one dash of the pen.

One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, — where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The Press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free Constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and, I trust I may venture to say, that, if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, Gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually raised by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire, — but it stands alone, and it stands amid ruins! Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle, — that this is only the first battle between reason and power, — that you have now in your hands, committed to your trust, the only

remains of free discussion in Europe, now confined to this kingdom; addressing you, therefore, as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind, — convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason depends more on your present verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury, — I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue; I trust that you will consider yourselves as the advanced guard of liberty; as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered!

9. THE INSTIGATORS OF TREASON, 1807. — *William Wirt.*

William Wirt, one of the brightest ornaments of the American bar, was born at Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8th, 1772. The most memorable case in which his talents as an advocate were exercised was the celebrated trial of Aaron Burr, in 1807, for treason, in which Wirt was retained as counsel for the Government. His exquisite description of the temptation of Blennerhassett by Burr is a most graceful and masterly specimen of forensic art. In 1817 Mr. Wirt was appointed Attorney General of the United States. He died February 18th, 1834.

The inquiry is, whether presence at the overt act be necessary to make a man a traitor? The Gentlemen say that it is necessary, — that he cannot be a principal in the treason, without actual presence. The framers of the Constitution, informed by the examples of Greece and Rome, and foreseeing that the liberties of this Republic might, one day or other, be seized by the daring ambition of some domestic usurper, have given peculiar importance and solemnity to the crime of treason, by ingrafting a provision against it upon the Constitution. But they have done this in vain, if the construction contended for on the other side is to prevail. If it require actual presence at the scene of the assemblage to involve a man in the guilt of treason, how easy will it be for the principal traitor to avoid this guilt, and escape punishment forever! He may go into distant States, from one State to another. He may secretly wander, like a demon of darkness, from one end of the Continent to the other. He may enter into the confidence of the simple and unsuspecting. He may prepare the whole mechanism of the stupendous and destructive engine, put it in motion, and let the rest be done by his agents. He may then go a hundred miles from the scene of action. Let him keep himself only from the scene of the assemblage, and the immediate spot of the battle, and he is innocent in law, while those he has deluded are to suffer the death of traitors! Who is the more guilty of this treason, the poor, weak, deluded instruments, or the artful and ambitious man, who corrupted and misled them?

There is no comparison between his guilt and theirs; and yet you secure impunity to *him*, while *they* are to suffer death! Is this reason? Is this moral right? No man, of a sound mind and heart, can doubt, for a moment, between the comparative guilt of Aaron Burr, the prime mover of the whole mischief, and of the poor men on Blennerhassett's Island, who called themselves "Burr's men." In the case of murder, who is the more guilty, the ignorant, deluded perpetrator, or the abominable instigator? Sir, give to the Constitution the construction contended for on the other side, and you might as well

expunge the crime of treason from your criminal code; nay, you had better do it, for by this construction you hold out the lure of impunity to the most dangerous men in the community, men of ambition and talents, while you loose the vengeance of the law on the comparatively innocent. If treason ought to be repressed, I ask you, who is the more dangerous and the more likely to commit it, the mere instrument, who applies the force, or the daring, aspiring, elevated genius, who devises the whole plot, but acts behind the scenes?

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10. BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT. — *William Wirt.*

A PLAIN man, who knew nothing of the curious transmutations which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack, as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhassett as principal, in this treason. Who, then, is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction? He is its author, its projector, its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action.

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. On his arrival in America, he retired, even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he brought with him taste, and science, and wealth; and "lo, the desert smiled!" Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him. And, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of several children. The *evidence* would convince you, Sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, — this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, — the destroyer comes. He comes to turn this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no designs itself, it suspects

none in others. It wears no guards before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers!

The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor, panting for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene: it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain — he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor, and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors, — of Cromwell, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," — we find her shivering, at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, — thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, — thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another, — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, — this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason!

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11. REPLY TO MR. WICKHAM IN BURR'S TRIAL, 1807. — *William Wirt.*

In proceeding to answer the argument of the Gentleman, I will treat him with candor. If I misrepresent him, it will not be intentionally. I will not follow the example which he has set me, on a very recent occasion. I will endeavor to meet the Gentleman's prop-

ositions in their full force, and to answer them fairly. I will not, as I am advancing towards them, with my mind's eye measure the height, breadth, and power of the proposition; if I find it beyond my strength, halve it; if still beyond my strength, quarter it; if still necessary, subdivide it into eighths; and when, by this process, I have reduced it to the proper standard, take one of these sections and toss it with an air of elephantine strength and superiority. If I find myself capable of conducting, by a fair course of reasoning, any one of his propositions to an absurd conclusion, I will not begin by stating that absurd conclusion as the proposition itself which I am going to encounter. I will not, in commenting on the Gentleman's authorities, thank the Gentleman, with sarcastic politeness, for introducing them, declare that they conclude directly against him, read just so much of the authority as serves the purpose of that declaration, omitting that which contains the true point of the case, which makes against me; nor, if forced by a direct call to read that part also, will I content myself by running over it as rapidly and inarticulately as I can, throw down the book with a theatrical air, and exclaim, "Just as I said!" when I know it is just as I had not said.

I know that, by adopting these arts, I might raise a laugh at the Gentleman's expense; but I should be very little pleased with myself, if I were capable of enjoying a laugh procured by such means. I know, too that, by adopting such arts, there will always be those standing around us, who have not comprehended the whole merits of the legal discussion, with whom I might shake the character of the Gentleman's science and judgment as a lawyer. I hope I shall never be capable of such a wish; and I had hoped that the Gentleman himself felt so strongly that proud, that high, aspiring, and ennobling magnanimity, which I had been told conscious talents rarely fail to inspire, that he would have disdained a poor and fleeting triumph, gained by means like these.

12. GUILT CANNOT KEEP ITS OWN SECRET. — *Daniel Webster, on the trial of J. F. Knapp*, 1830, *for murder.*

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work. He explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; — no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, — and it is safe!

Ah! Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to

speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from Heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles, with still greater violence, to burst forth. It *must* be confessed; — it *will* be confessed; — there is no refuge from confession but suicide — and suicide is confession!

13. MORAL POWER THE MOST FORMIDABLE. — *Judge McLean, 1838, on enterprises from the U. States against the British possessions in Canada.*

If there be any one line of policy in which all political parties agree, it is, that we should keep aloof from the agitations of other Governments; that we shall not intermingle our national concerns with theirs; and much more, that our citizens shall abstain from acts which lead the subjects of other Governments to violence and bloodshed. These violators of the Law show themselves to be enemies of their country, by trampling under foot its laws, compromising its honor, and involving it in the most serious embarrassment with a foreign and friendly Nation. It is, indeed, lamentable to reflect, that such men, under such circumstances, may hazard the peace of the country. If they were to come out in array against their own Government, the consequence to it would be far less serious. In such an effort, they could not involve it in much bloodshed, or in a heavy expenditure, nor

would its commerce and general business be materially injured. But a war with a powerful Nation, with whom we have the most extensive relations, commercial and social, would bring down upon our country the heaviest calamity. It would dry up the sources of its prosperity, and deluge it in blood.

The great principle of our Republican institutions cannot be propagated by the sword. This can be done by moral force, and not physical. If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed Nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur, and the freedom, of our own Government. We must recommend it to the intelligence and virtue of other Nations, by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice, and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if, in this respect, we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberate other Governments, and emancipate their subjects, than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets. This moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thoughts and the judgments of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and emperors. We should cherish this power as essential to the preservation of our own Government; and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism. But, if we trample under our feet the laws of our country, — if we disregard the faith of treaties, and our citizens engage without restraint in military enterprises against the peace of other Governments, — we shall be considered and treated, and justly, too, as a Nation of pirates.

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14. THE DEATH PENALTY. — *Original Translation from Victor Hugo.*

From Victor Hugo's speech at the trial of his son, Charles Hugo, in Paris, June 11th, 1851, charged with violating the respect due to the laws, in an article in the journal "L' Evenement," upon the execution of Montcharmont, a sentenced criminal. Notwithstanding the father's eloquent appeal, Charles Hugo was found "guilty" by the Jury, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of five hundred francs.

Gentlemen of the Jury, if there is a culprit here, it is not my son, — it is myself, — it is I! — I, who for these last twenty-five years have opposed capital punishment, — have contended for the inviolability of human life, — have committed this crime, for which my son is now arraigned. Here I denounce myself, Mr. Advocate General! I have committed it under all aggravated circumstances; deliberately, repeatedly, tenaciously. Yes, this old and absurd *lex taliōnis* — this law of blood for blood — I have combated all my life — all my life, Gentlemen of the Jury! And, while I have breath, I will continue to combat it, by all my efforts as a writer, by all my words and all my votes as a legislator! I declare it before the crucifix; before that victim of the penalty of death, who sees and hears us; before that gibbet, to which, two thousand years ago, for the eternal instruction of the generations, the human law nailed the Divine!

In all that my son has written on the subject of capital punishment, — and for writing and publishing which he is now before you on trial, — in all that he has written, he has merely proclaimed the sentiments with which, from his infancy, I have inspired him. Gentlemen Jurors, the right to criticize a law, and to criticize it severely, — especially a penal law, — is placed beside the duty of amelioration, like the torch beside the work under the artisan's hand. This right of the journalist is as sacred, as necessary, as imprescriptible, as the right of the legislator.

What are the circumstances? A man, a convict, a sentenced wretch, is dragged, on a certain morning, to one of our public squares. There he finds the scaffold! He shudders, he struggles, he refuses to die. He is young yet — only twenty-nine. Ah! I know what you will say, — "He is a murderer!" But hear me. Two officers seize him. His hands, his feet, are tied. He throws off the two officers. A frightful struggle ensues. His feet, bound as they are, become entangled in the ladder. He uses the scaffold against the scaffold! The struggle is prolonged. Horror seizes on the crowd. The officers, — sweat and shame on their brows, — pale, panting, terrified, despairing, — despairing with I know not what horrible despair, — shrinking under that public reprobation which ought to have visited the penalty, and spared the passive instrument, the executioner, — the officers strive savagely. The victim clings to the scaffold, and shrieks for pardon. His clothes are torn, — his shoulders bloody, — still he resists. At length, after three quarters of an hour of this monstrous effort, of this spectacle without a name, of this agony, — agony for all, be it understood, — agony for the assembled spectators as well as for the condemned man, — after this age of anguish, Gentlemen of the Jury, they take back the poor wretch to his prison. The People breathe again. The People, naturally merciful, hope that the man will be spared. But no, — the guillotine, though vanquished, remains standing. There it frowns all day, in the midst of a sickened population. And at night, the officers, reinforced, drag forth the wretch again, so bound that he is but an inert weight, — they drag him forth, haggard, bloody, weeping, pleading, howling for life, — calling upon God, calling upon his father and mother, — for like a very child had this man become in the prospect of death, — they drag him forth to execution. He is hoisted on to the scaffold, and his head falls! — And then through every conscience runs a shudder. Never had legal murder appeared with an aspect so indecent, so abominable. All feel jointly implicated in the deed. It is at this moment that from a young man's breast escapes a cry, wrung from his very heart, — a cry of pity and of anguish, — a cry of horror, — a cry of humanity. And this cry you would punish! And, in face of the appalling facts which I have narrated, you would say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and to Pity, saintly Pity, "Thou art wrong!" Gentlemen of the Jury, it cannot be! Gentlemen, I have finished.

PART FIFTH.

POLITICAL AND OCCASIONAL.

1. THE EXAMPLE OF AMERICA. — *Francis Jeffrey. Born*, 1773; *died*, 1850.

How absurd are the sophisms and predictions by which the advocates of existing abuses have, at all times, endeavored to create a jealousy and apprehension of reform! You cannot touch the most corrupt and imbecile Government, without involving society in disorders at once frightful and contemptible, and reducing all things to the level of an insecure, and ignoble, and bloody equality! Such are the reasonings by which we are now to be persuaded that liberty is incompatible with private happiness or national prosperity. To these we need not now answer in words, or by reference to past and questionable examples; but we put them down at once, and trample them contemptuously to the earth, by a short appeal to the *existence and condition of America!* What is the country of the universe, I would now ask, in which property is most sacred, or industry most sure of its reward? Where is the authority of law most omnipotent? Where is intelligence and wealth most widely diffused, and most rapidly progressive? Where, but in America? — in America, who laid the foundation of her Republican Constitution in a violent, radical, sanguinary Revolution; America, with her fundamental Democracy, made more unmanageable, and apparently more hazardous, by being broken up into I do not know how many confederated and independent Democracies; America, with universal suffrage, and yearly elections, with a free and unlicensed Press, without an established Priesthood, an hereditary Nobility, or a permanent Executive, — with all that is combustible, in short, and pregnant with danger, on the hypothesis of Tyranny, and without one of the checks or safeguards by which alone, they contend, the benefits or the very being of society can be maintained!

There is something at once audacious and ridiculous in maintaining such doctrines, in the face of such experience. Nor can anything be founded on the novelty of these institutions, on the pretence that they have not yet been put fairly to their trial. America has gone on prospering under them for forty years, and has exhibited a picture of uninterrupted, rapid, unprecedented advances in wealth, population, intelligence, and concord; while all the arbitrary Governments of the

Old World have been overrun with bankruptcies, conspiracies, rebellions, and Revolutions; and are at this moment trembling in the consciousness of their insecurity, and vainly endeavoring to repress irrepressible discontents, by confederated violence and terror.

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2. FALSE NOTIONS OF GOVERNMENT VIGOR.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

I CANNOT describe the horror and disgust which I felt at hearing Mr. Perceval call upon the then Ministry for measures of vigor in Ireland. If I lived at Hampstead upon stewed meats and claret,—if I walked to church, every Sunday, before eleven young gentlemen of my own begetting, with their faces washed, and their hair pleasingly combed,—if the Almighty had blessed me with every earthly comfort,—how awfully would I pause before I sent for the flame and the sword over the cabins of the poor, brave, generous, open-hearted peasants of Ireland!

How easy it is to shed human blood; how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so, and that the decision has cost us a severe struggle; how much, in all ages, have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind; how difficult and how noble it is to govern in kindness, and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and affection! But what do men call vigor? To let loose hussars, and to bring up artillery, to govern with lighted matches, and to cut, and push, and prime,—I call this, not vigor, but the sloth of cruelty and ignorance. The vigor I love consists in finding out wherein subjects are aggrieved, in relieving them, in studying the temper and genius of a People, in consulting their prejudices, in selecting proper persons to lead and manage them, in the laborious, watchful, and difficult task of increasing public happiness, by allaying each particular discontent. In this way only will Ireland ever be subdued. But this, in the eyes of Mr. Perceval, is imbecility and meanness;—houses are not broken open, women are not insulted, the People seem all to be happy,—they are not ridden over by horses, and cut by whips. Do you call this vigor? Is this Government?

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3. REJECTION OF THE REFORM BILL, 1831.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

MR. CHAIRMAN, I feel most deeply the rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords, because, by putting the two Houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I cannot but blush to see so many dignitaries of the Church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the People. I feel it, more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the People. The loss of the Bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons,—because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before

the expiration of the winter, that this Bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass; and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us there are but two things certain in this world, — death and taxes. As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing, ere long, a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful; but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean! The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Gentlemen, be at your ease, — be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

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4. ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY. — *Joseph Mazzini.*

The following extract, translated from the Italian, is from an impassioned Address, delivered by Mazzini, at Milan, on the 25th of July, 1848, at the request of a National Association, on the occasion of a solemn commemoration of the death of the brothers Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs, at Cosenza.

When I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words consecrated to the memory of the brothers Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some one of those who heard me might perhaps exclaim, with noble indignation, "Why thus lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun. Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved; Venice, the city of their birth, is begirt with strangers. Let us emancipate them; and, until that moment, let no words pass our lips, save those of war." But another thought arose, and suggested to me, Why have we not conquered? Why is it that, whilst our countrymen are fighting for independence in the North of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by the circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a People newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man, turning from side to side?

Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth

to battle; had we made of our every thought an action, and of our every action a thought; had we learned from them that liberty and independence are one; — we should not now have war, but victory! Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, here gathered together, might gladly invoke those sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny, or a cloud of sadness on our brows; and might say to those precursor souls, "*Rejoice, for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren*, and they are worthy of you." Could Attilio and Emilio Bandiéra, and their fellow-martyrs, now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that given to me, in counsel not unlike that which now I utter.

Love! Love is the flight of the soul towards God; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family; the partner of your life; those around you, ready to share your joys and sorrows; the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. Love your country. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the Peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; with a tradition of glory, the envy of the Nations of Europe; an immense future is before you,— your eyes are raised to the loveliest Heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that Heaven, which is not that of a free man. Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other Peoples, now fighting, or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other Peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal. Unite with them, — they will unite with you.

And love, young men, love and reverence the Ideal; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal natures. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the Peoples. Love enthusiasm, — the pure dreams of the virgin soul, and the lofty visions of early youth; for they are the perfume of Paradise, which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts; and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you. And here, where, perhaps, invoked

by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you; but which, with the name of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

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5. APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIANS, 1849. — *Louis Kossuth.*

Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to arms! Unless the whole Nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian knout will rule over an enslaved People! Be it known to all Hungary, that the Austrian Emperor has let loose upon us the barbarous hordes of Russia; that a Russian army of forty-six thousand men has broken into our country from Gallicia, and is on the march; that another has entered Transylvania; and that, finally, we can expect no foreign assistance, as the People that sympathize with us are kept down by their rulers, and gaze only in dumb silence on our struggle. We have nothing to rest our hopes upon, but a righteous God, and our own strength. If we do not put forth that strength, God will also forsake us.

Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. Our victory is the victory of freedom, — our fall is the fall of freedom. God has chosen us to free the Nations from bodily servitude. In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles, Vallachians, Sclavonians, Servians, and Croatians. With our fall goes down the star of freedom over all. People of Hungary! will you die under the exterminating sword of the savage Russians? If not, defend yourselves! Will you look on while the Cossacks of the far North tread under foot the bodies of your fathers, mothers, wives and children? If not, defend yourselves! Will you see a part of your fellow-citizens sent to the wilds of Siberia, made to serve in the wars of tyrants, or bleed under the murderous knout? If not, defend yourselves! Will you behold your villages in flames, and your harvests destroyed? Will you die of hunger on the land which your sweat has made fertile? If not, defend yourselves!

We call upon the People, in the name of God and the Country, to rise up in arms. In virtue of our powers and duty, we order a general crusade of the People against the enemy, to be declared from every pulpit and from every town-house of the country, and made known by the continual ringing of bells. One great effort, and the country is forever saved! We have, indeed, an army which numbers some two hundred thousand determined men; but the struggle is no longer one between two hostile camps; it is the struggle of tyranny against freedom, — of barbarism against all free Nations. Therefore

must all the People seize arms and support the army, that, thus united, the victory of freedom for Europe may be won. Fly, then, united with the army, to arms, every citizen of the land, and the victory is sure!

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6. THE CONTENTMENT OF EUROPE. — *Kossuth, Nov.* 12, 1851.

The question, the comprehensive question, is, whether Europe shall be ruled by the principle of freedom, or by the principle of despotism, — by the principle of centralization, or by the principle of self-government. Shall freedom die away for centuries, and mankind become nothing more than the blind instrument of the ambition of some few, — or shall the print of servitude be wiped out from the brow of humanity, and mankind become noble in itself, and a noble instrument to its own forward progress? Woe, a hundred-fold woe, to every Nation, which, confident in its proud position of to-day, would carelessly regard the comprehensive struggle of those great principles! It is the mythical struggle between Heaven and Hell. Woe, a thousand-fold woe, to every Nation which would not embrace, within its sorrows and its cares, the future, but only the present time! In the flashing of a moment the future becomes present, and the objects of our present labors have passed away. As the sun throws a mist before the sun rises, so the spirit of the future is seen in the events of the present.

A philosopher was once questioned, how could he prove the existence of God? "Why," answered he, "by opening my eyes. God is seen everywhere, — in the growth of the grass, and in the movement of the stars; in the warbling of the lark, and in the thunder of Heaven." Even so I prove that the decisive struggle in mankind's destiny draws near. I appeal to the sight of your eyes, to the pulsations of your hearts, and to the judgments of your minds. How blind are those who assert that the continent of Europe, but for the revolutionary acts of certain men, would be quiet and contented! Contented? With what? With oppression and servitude? France contented, with its Constitution subverted? Germany contented, with being but a fold of sheep, pent up to be shorn by some thirty petty tyrants? Switzerland contented, with the threatening ambition of encroaching despots? Italy contented, with the King of Naples? — or with the priestly Government of Rome, the worst of human invention? Austria, Rome, Prussia, Dalmatia, contented with having been driven to butchery, and, after having been deceived, plundered, oppressed, and laughed at as fools? Poland contented with being murdered? Hungary, my poor Hungary, contented with being more than murdered — buried alive? — for it is alive! Russia contented with slavery? Vienna contented? Lombardy, Pesth, Milan, Venice, Prague, contented? — contented with having been ignominiously branded, burned, plundered, sacked, and its population butchered?

Half of the European continent contented with the scaffold, with the hangman, with the prison, with having no political rights at all, but having to pay innumerable millions for the highly beneficial purpose of being kept in a state of serfdom? That is the condition of the continent, — and is it not ridiculous and absurd in men to prate about individuals disturbing the peace and tranquillity of Europe? Ah! Gentlemen, humanity has a nobler destiny than to be the footstool to the ambition of certain families. Let the House of Austria trust to its bayonets and its Czar. The People of Hungary and myself — we trust to God! I know that the light has spread, and even bayonets think; I know that all the Czars of the world are but mean dust in the hand of God; and so I firmly hope, — nay, I am certain, — I shall yet see Hungary independent and free!

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7. HEROISM OF THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE. — *Kossuth, Nov.* 12, 1851.

Gentlemen have said that it was I who inspired the Hungarian People. I cannot accept the praise. No, it was not I who inspired the Hungarian People. It was the Hungarian People who inspired me. Whatever I thought, and still think, — whatever I felt, and still feel, — is but the pulsation of that heart which in the breast of my People beats! The glory of battle is for the historic leaders. Theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet, in encountering the danger, they knew that, alive or dead, their names would, on the lips of the People, forever live. How different the fortune, — how nobler, how purer, the heroism, — of those children of the People, who went forth freely to meet death in their country's cause, knowing that where they fell they would lie, undistinguished and unknown, — their names unhonored and unsung! Animated, nevertheless, by the love of freedom and fatherland, they went forth calmly, singing their National anthems, till, rushing upon the batteries, whose cross-fire vomited upon them death and destruction, they took them without firing a shot, — those who fell falling with the shout, "Hurrah for Hungary!" And so they died by thousands — the unnamed demigods! Such is the People of Hungary. Still it is said, it is I who have inspired them. No! — a thousand times, no! It is they who have inspired me.

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8. "IN A JUST CAUSE." — *Kossuth, Dec.* 11, 1851.

To prove that Washington never attached to his doctrine of neutrality more than the sense of temporary policy, I refer to one of his letters, written to Lafayette, wherein he says: — "Let us only have twenty years of peace, and our country will come to such a degree of power and wealth that we will be able, in a just cause, to defy whatever power on earth."

"In a just cause!" Now, in the name of eternal truth, and by all that is sacred and dear to man, since the history of mankind is

recorded there has been no cause more just than the cause of Hungary! Never was there a People, without the slightest reason, more sacrilegiously, more treacherously, and by fouler means, attacked than Hungary! Never have crime, cursed ambition, despotism and violence, in a more wicked manner, united to crush down freedom, and the very life, than against Hungary! Never was a country more mortally outraged than Hungary. All your sufferings, all your complaints, which, with so much right, drove your forefathers to take up arms, are but slight grievances, compared with those immense, deep wounds, out of which the heart of Hungary bleeds! If the cause of my people in not sufficiently just to insure the protection of God, and the support of good-willing men, then there is no just cause, and no justice on Earth; then the blood of no new Abel will move towards Heaven; the genius of charity, Christian love and justice, will mourningly fly the Earth; a heavy curse will upon mortality fall, oppressed men despair, and only the Cains of humanity walk proudly, with impious brow, above the ruins of Liberty on Earth!

You have attained that degree of strength and consistency, when your less fortunate brethren of mankind may well claim your brotherly, protecting hand. And here I stand before you, to plead the cause of these, your less fortunate brethren — the cause of humanity. I may succeed, or I may fail. But I will go on, pleading with that faith of martyrs by which mountains were moved; and I may displease you, perhaps; still I will say, with Luther, "*May God help me — I can do no otherwise!*" Woe, a thousand-fold woe, to humanity, should there nobody on earth be to maintain the laws of humanity! Woe to humanity, should even those who are as mighty as they are free not feel interested in the maintenance of the laws of mankind, because they *are* laws, but only in so far as some scanty money interests would desire it! Woe to humanity, if every despot of the world may dare to trample down the laws of humanity, and no free Nation arise to make respected these laws! People of the United States, humanity expects that your glorious Republic will prove to the world that Republics are formed on virtue. It expects to see you the guardians of the law of humanity!

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9. PEACE INCONSISTENT WITH OPPRESSION. — *Kossuth, December* 18, 1851.

Is the present condition of Europe peace? Is the scaffold peace? — the scaffold, on which, in Lombardy, the blood of three thousand seven hundred and forty-two patriots was spilled during three short years! Is that peace? Are the prisons of Austria, filled with patriots, peace? Or is the murmur of discontent from all the Nations peace? I believe the Lord has not created the world to be in *such* a peaceful condition. I believe He has not created it to be the prison of humanity, or the dominion of the Austrian jailer. No! The present condition of the world is *not* peace! It is a condition of

oppression on the European Continent, and because there is this condition of oppression there cannot be peace; for so long as men and Nations are oppressed, and so long as men and Nations are discontented, there cannot be peace — there cannot be tranquillity. War, like a volcano, boiling everlastingly, will, at the slightest opportunity, break out again, and sweep away all the artificial props of peace, and of those interests which on peace depend. Europe is continually a great battle-field, — a great barrack. Such is its condition; and, therefore, let not those who call themselves men of peace say they will not help Europe because they love peace! Let them confess truly that they are not men of peace, but only the upholders of the oppression of Nations. With me and with my principles is peace, because I will always faithfully adhere to the principles of liberty; and only on the principles of liberty can Nations be contented, and only with the contentment of Nations can there be peace on the earth. With me and with my principles there is peace, — lasting peace, — consistent peace! With the tyrants of the world there is oppression, struggles, and war!

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10. THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER, 1620. — *Sir Henry Bulwer*, 1850.

THE history of that plain and simple sect, which has had so great an influence on the character of your People, stands forth as one of the loftiest among the many monuments which attest the truth of that great Christian moral, "The proud shall be abased, the humble exalted." It convinces us, if at this day we wanted to be convinced, that it is not the mere will of arbitrary Princes, nor the vain bull of arrogant Pontiffs, that can lay prostrate the independence of the human mind. All assumption only breeds resistance, as all persecution only makes martyrs. Who, indeed, at the period to which this day recalls us, were the mighty of the earth? On the throne of England then sat a prince justly proud — if pride could ever rest upon sound foundations — of the triple crown which had recently become his family inheritance. In France the sceptre was held in the hands of a still haughtier race, which ruled with supreme authority over the most gallant and chivalrous People in the world. What has become of the illustrious lines of these two royal houses, — of that of the sovereign who gloried in the "non-conformity bill," or that of those sovereigns amongst whose deeds are recorded the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the edict of Nantes? The crown of the Stuarts has melted into air in the one kingdom; the sceptre of the Bourbons has been shattered into atoms in the other. But here, on this spot, where I am speaking, still stands, erect and firm, the pilgrim's staff. From the bruised seed of the poor and persecuted Puritan has arisen one of the most powerful and prosperous empires in the world. Let that which is a warning unto others be a lesson unto you.

Remember that, when your Pilgrim Fathers first started for the American shores, they trusted themselves to two vessels; the one

boasted in the proud name of *Speedwell*, the other had the gentle appellation of the *Mayflower*. Which arrived first at its destination? The vaunting *Speedwell* was obliged to put into port, while the modest *Mayflower* dashed gallantly across the ocean. You were simple and unpretending in the day of your weakness; be never vain or arrogant in the day of your strength. You were superior to your adversity; you have only to be equal to your prosperity. And, if you ever wish to know the principal cause of the proud position you have already achieved, you may look for it confidently among the trials and difficulties through which you have passed. Yes, if you have made your country, believe me, it is no less true that your country has made you.

I grieve, whilst I rejoice, to say that it is amidst the general confusion of crude experiments, terrible uncertainties, mystic dreams, and ripening convulsions, that alone and singly is to be seen towering the common Genius of Albion, and of Albion's transatlantic children. No tempest, raised in the heated atmosphere of fantastic theory, clouds her brow; no blood, spilt in civil butchery, bedaubs her garments; no poisons, corroding the principles of public and domestic morality, tear her vitals. Serene and undisturbed, she moves onward firmly. Trade and agriculture strew her way with plenty; law and religion march in her van; order and freedom follow her footsteps. And here, at this solemn moment, whilst pouring out our libations to the sacred memory of our sainted fathers — here, I invoke that Genius to bless the union of our kindred races, to keep steadfast in our hearts the pleasant recollections of the past, to blend gratefully in our minds the noble aspirations of the future, to hallow in one breath the twin altars we will raise in common to Memory and Hope! — to "Old England and Young America!"

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11. BRITISH AGGRESSIONS, 1768. — *Josiah Quincy, Jr. Born*, 1743; *died*, 1775.

If there ever was a time, this is the hour for Americans to rouse themselves, and exert every ability. Their all is at hazard, and the die of fate spins doubtful. British taxations, suspensions of legislatures, and standing armies, are but some of the clouds which overshadow the northern world. Now is the time for this People to summon every aid, human and divine; to exhibit every moral virtue, and call forth every Christian grace. The wisdom of the serpent, the innocence of the dove, and the intrepidity of the lion, with the blessing of God, will yet save us from the jaws of destruction.

By the sweat of our brow we earn the little we possess; from nature we derive the common rights of man; — and by charter we claim the liberties of Britons! Shall we — dare we — pusillanimously surrender our birthright? Is the obligation to our fathers discharged? is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial! — if there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating thy dastard soul, think and tremble, thou miscreant! at the whips and stripes thy mas-

ter shall lash thee with on earth, and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter! O, my countrymen! what will our children say, when they read the history of these times, should they find we tamely gave away, without one noble struggle, the most invaluable of earthly blessings? As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred, any regard to the dearest treasure on earth, — if we have one tender sentiment for posterity, if we would not be despised by the whole world, — let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear we will die, if we cannot live, freemen!

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12. ELOQUENCE AND LOGIC. — *William C. Preston.*

Our popular institutions demand a talent for speaking, and create a taste for it. Liberty and eloquence are united, in all ages. Where the sovereign power is found in the public mind and the public heart, eloquence is the obvious approach to it. Power and honor, and all that can attract ardent and aspiring natures, attend it. The noblest instinct is to propagate the spirit, — "to make our mind the mind of other men," and wield the sceptre in the realms of passion. In the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil, — too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter; the other may exhaust attention, or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on is that of abundance, — as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape, than by the weariness of the desert.

It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic; but the subtleties of dialectics, and the forms of logic, may play as fantastic tricks with truth, as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truths is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason would alone be influential to convince; but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truth, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children before we are worthy to receive it. It is to this complex nature that the speaker addresses himself, and the degree of power with which all the elements are evoked is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade; and most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions. It is the

cant of criticism, in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, Eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is that between the *vis inertiæ* of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion, — the statue of Pygmalion inspired with vitality.

13. SENDING RELIEF TO IRELAND, 1847. — *S. S. Prentiss.*

We have assembled, not to respond to shouts of triumph from the West,* but to answer the cry of want and suffering which comes from the East. The Old World stretches out her arms to the New. The starving parent supplicates the young and vigorous child for bread. There lies, upon the other side of the wide Atlantic, a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. Its area is not so great as that of the State of Louisiana, while its population is almost half that of the Union. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal, while its harp, like its history, moves to tears, by its sweet but melancholy pathos. Into this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation in its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

O! it is terrible, in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is plenty for us all, that men should die of starvation! You, who see, each day, poured, into the lap of your city, food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine. In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. The blood recedes, the flesh deserts, the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last, the mind, which, at first, had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way, under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and, it may be, dies blaspheming!

Who will hesitate to give his mite to avert such awful results? Surely not the citizens of New Orleans, ever famed for deeds of benevolence and charity. Freely have your hearts and purses opened, here-

* An allusion to the victories in Mexico, the news of which had been recently received.

tofore, to the call of suffering humanity. Nobly did you respond to oppressed Greece and to struggling Poland. Within Erin's borders is an enemy more cruel than the Turk, more tyrannical than the Russian. Bread is the only weapon that can conquer him. Let us, then, load ships with this glorious munition, and, in the name of our common humanity, wage war against this despot Famine. Let us, in God's name, "cast our bread upon the waters," and if we are selfish enough to desire it back again, we may recollect the promise, that it shall return to us after many days.

14. A PLEA FOR THE SAILOR. — *William Mountford.*

O, THE difference between sea and land! The sailor lives a life of daily, hourly, momentary risk, and he reckons it by voyages. He goes on your errands, he dares dangers for you, he lives a strange life for you. Think of what winter is at sea. Think of what it is to have the waves discharge themselves on a ship, with a roar like artillery, and a force not much less. Think of what it is for a sailor to be aloft in the rigging, holding on by a rope, wet with the rain, or numbed with the cold, and with the mast of the ship swaying, with the wind, like a reed. Think of what it is when men drop from the yard-arms into the sea, or when they are washed from the deck like insects. Think of what it is, day and night, without rest and without sleep, to strive against a storm, — against the might of wind and waves, — every wave a mighty enemy to surmount. Think what it is to strike on a rock, — to shriek but once, and then, perhaps, be drowned. Think of the diseases that come of hardships at sea. Think of what it is to be sick in a lazaretto, — to lie dying in a foreign hospital. Think of all this, and then, perhaps, you will think rightly of what it is to be a sailor.

Think of what you yourselves owe to the sailor. It is through his intervention that you are possessed of those comforts that make of a house a home. Live comfortably you cannot, — live at all, perhaps, you cannot, — without seamen will expose themselves for you, risk themselves for you, and, alas! often, very often, drown, — drown in your service, — drown, and leave widows and orphans destitute. O! what a consideration it is, that, so often, my happiness is from suffering somewhere! My salvation is from a death upon a cross. The church I worship in has every one of its pillars deep founded in a martyr's grave. The philosophy that delights me for its truth is what some wise man had first to learn in bitterness. My comforts are mine, many of them, through other men's miseries. Commerce spreads the world about me with blessings, but not without there being shipwrecks from it on every coast, and deaths by drowning, — several every day, the year round.

Ah! yes; to beg with me, to plead with me, for the widow and orphan of the mariner, there comes, from many a place where seamen have died, a call, a prayer, a beseeching voice; — a cry from the coast

of Guinea, where there is fever evermore; a cry from Arctic seas, where icebergs are death; a cry from coral reefs, that ships are wrecked on horribly; a cry from many a foreign city, where the sailor, as he dies, speaks of his family, and is not understood; a cry from mid-ocean, where many a sailor drops into a sudden grave! They ask your help, your charity, for the widows and the orphans of those who, in times past, have gone down to the sea, — have gone down to the sea in ships!

15. OUR RELATIONS TO ENGLAND, 1824. — *Edward Everett.*

Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know, that, while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our ancestors, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity, with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the friends of liberty there? Who does not remember, that, when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget, that, in that eventful struggle which severed these youthful republics from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America than that of Burke, or of Chatham, within the walls of the British Parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No; for myself, I can truly say, that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat, — to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music, to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions, under which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us, — of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers. The pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land; rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the West.

I am not — I need not say I am not — the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre,

the mitre, and the coronet, — stars, garters, and blue ribbons, — seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the furthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birth-place of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; — it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow, without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

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16. IMPERISHABILITY OF GREAT EXAMPLES. — *Edward Everett.*

To be cold and breathless, — to feel not and speak not, — this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of Heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington, indeed, shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire:

> "These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

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17. CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA, 1832. — *Edward Everett.*

It is said that it is impossible to civilize Africa. Why? Why is it impossible to civilize man in one part of the earth more than in another? Consult history. Was Italy — was Greece — the cradle of civilization? No. As far back as the lights of tradition reach,

Africa was the cradle of science, while Syria, and Greece, and Italy, were yet covered with darkness. As far back as we can trace the first rudiments of improvement, they came from the very head waters of the Nile, far in the interior of Africa; and there are yet to be found, in shapeless ruins, the monuments of this primeval civilization. To come down to a much later period, while the West and North of Europe were yet barbarous, the Mediterranean coast of Africa was filled with cities, academies, museums, churches, and a highly civilized population. What has raised the Gaul, the Belgium, the Germany, the Scandinavia, the Britain, of ancient geography, to their present improved and improving condition? Africa is not now sunk lower than most of those countries were eighteen centuries ago; and the engines of social influence are increased a thousand-fold in numbers and efficacy. It is not eighteen hundred years ago since Scotland, whose metropolis has been called the Athens of modern Europe, — the country of Hume, of Smith, of Robertson, of Blair, of Stewart, of Brown, of Jeffrey, of Chalmers, of Scott, of Brougham, — was a wilderness, infested by painted savages. It is not a thousand years since the North of Germany, now filled with beautiful cities, learned universities, and the best educated population in the world, was a dreary, pathless forest.

Is it possible that, before an assembly like this, — an assembly of Americans, — it can be necessary to argue the possibility of civilizing Africa, through the instrumentality of a colonial establishment, and that in a comparatively short time? It is but about ten years since the foundations of the colony of Liberia were laid; and every one acquainted with the early history of New England knows that the colony at Liberia has made much greater progress than was made by the settlement at Plymouth in the same period. More than once were the first settlements in Virginia in a position vastly less encouraging than that of the American colony on the coast of Africa; and yet, from these feeble beginnings in New England and Virginia, what has not been brought about in two hundred years? Two hundred years ago, and the Continent of North America, for the barbarism of its native population, and its remoteness from the sources of improvement, was all that Africa is now. Impossible to civilize Africa! Sir, the work is already, in no small part, accomplished.

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18. WHAT GOOD WILL THE MONUMENT DO? 1833. — *Edward Everett.*

I AM met with the great objection, *What good will the Monument do?* I beg leave, Sir, to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more, to which I believe it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, What good will the monument do? And I ask, what good does anything do? What is good? Does anything do any good? The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of *good* explained, and analyzed, and run out to its

elements. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that anything else does, I shall consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things. Does a railroad or canal do good? Answer, yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end, — gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use, — are these a good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. But, as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life — feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox — entitled to be called good? Certainly not. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions, instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals? There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good) which flow from them. Now, Sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments, sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country, — feelings like those which carried Prescott and Warren and Putnam to the battle-field, are good, — good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings does as much right down practical good as filling up low grounds and building railroads. This is my demonstration.

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19. TO THE REVOLUTIONARY VETERANS. — *Daniel Webster, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June* 17, 1825.

We hold still among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, — I had almost said so overwhelming, — this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered. The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see now no mixed volumes of smoke

and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever.

But, alas! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! — our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty, you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"Another morn
Risen on mid-noon;"—

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! Look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to

your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

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20. SANCTITY OF STATE OBLIGATIONS, 1840. — *Webster.*

We have the good fortune, under the blessing of a benign Providence, to live in a country which we are proud of for many things, — for its independence, for its public liberty, for its free institutions, for its public spirit, for its enlightened patriotism; but we are proud also, — and it is among those things we should be the most proud of, — we are proud of its public justice, of its sound faith, of its substantially correct morals in the administration of the Government, and the general conduct of the country, since she took her place among the nations of the world. But among the events which most threaten our character and standing, and which so grossly attach on these moral principles that have hitherto distinguished us, are certain sentiments which have been broached among us, and, I am sorry to say, have more supporters than they ought, because they strike at the very foundation of the social system. I do not speak especially of those which have been promulgated by some person in my own State, but of others, which go yet deeper into our political condition. I refer to the doctrine that one generation of men, acting under the Constitution, cannot bind another generation, who are to be their successors; on which ground it is held, among other things, that State bonds are not obligatory.

What! one generation cannot bind another? Where is the link of separation? It changes hourly. The American community to-day is not the same with the American community to-morrow. The community in which I began this day to address you is not the same as it is at this moment. How abhorrent is such a doctrine to those great truths which teach us that, though individuals flourish and decay, States are immortal; that political communities are ever young, ever green, ever flourishing, ever identical! The individuals who compose them may change, as the atoms of our bodies change; but the political community still exists in its aggregate capacity, as do our bodies in their natural; with this only difference, — that we know that our natural frames must soon dissolve, and return to their original dust; but, for our country, she yet lives, — she ever dwells in our hearts, and it will, even at that solemn moment, go up as our last aspiration to Heaven, that she may be immortal!

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21. THE FOURTH OF JULY. — *Daniel Webster, at Washington, D. C., July 4, 1851, on laying the corner-stone of the new wing of the Capitol.*

This is that day of the year which announced to mankind the great fact of American Independence! This fresh and brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding of the birth-day of our nation;

and we see that nation, of recent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful, and spreading over the continent from sea to sea.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day, —
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

On the day of the Declaration of Independence, our illustrious fathers performed the first scene in the last great act of this drama; one, in real importance, infinitely exceeding that for which the great English poet invoked

"A muse of fire,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

The Muse inspiring our fathers was the Genius of Liberty, all on fire with a sense of oppression, and a resolution to throw it off; the whole world was the stage, and higher characters than princes trod it; and, instead of monarchs, countries, and nations, and the age, beheld the swelling scene. How well the characters were cast, and how well each acted his part, and what emotions the whole performance excited, let history, now and hereafter, tell.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of Heaven, — and yet made not without deep solicitude and anxiety, — has now stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers, and overcome them; it has had enemies, and conquered them; it has had detractors, and abashed them all; it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with hallowed love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed from it, with profound admiration.

This anniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites, all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, now cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him, every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

22. APOSTROPHE TO WASHINGTON. — *On the last-named occasion.*

Fellow-citizens: What contemplations are awakened in our minds, as we assemble here to reënact a scene like that performed by Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the glorious statue by Houdon, now in the Capitol of Virginia. He is dignified and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. Mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality, — if Washington actually were now amongst us, — and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us: "Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity!"

Great father of your country! we heed your words; we feel their force, as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us, your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor, as well as our happiness, is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds

the clouds in the Heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California!

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23. THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION, 1852. — *Webster.*

We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence, and the influence of public opinion, and the influence of principles to which great men, the lights of the world and of the age, have given their sanction. Who doubts that, in our own struggle for liberty and independence, the majestic eloquence of Chatham, the profound reasoning of Burke, the burning satire and irony of Col. Barré, had influences upon our fortunes here in America? They had influences both ways. They tended, in the first place, somewhat to diminish the confidence of the British Ministry in their hopes of success, in attempting to subjugate an injured People. They had influence another way, because, all along the coasts of the country, — and all our people in that day lived upon the coast, — there was not a reading man who did not feel stronger, bolder, and more determined in the assertion of his rights, when these exhilarating accounts from the two Houses of Parliament reached him from beyond the seas. He felt that those who held and controlled public opinion elsewhere were with us; that their words of eloquence might produce an effect in the region where they were uttered; and, above all, they assured them that, in the judgment of the just, and the wise, and the impartial, their cause was just, and they were right; and therefore they said, We will fight it out to the last.

Now, Gentlemen, another great mistake is sometimes made. We think that nothing is powerful enough to stand before autocratic, monarchical, or despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong enough, — and, if properly exerted, will prove itself so, — and that is the power of intelligent public opinion in all the Nations of the earth. There is not a monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress of opinion, and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the People. It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion, so far as we form it, have a free course. Let it go out; let it be pronounced in thunder tones; let it open the ears of the deaf; let it open the eyes of the blind; and let it everywhere be proclaimed what we of this great Republic think of the general principle of human liberty, and of that oppression which all abhor. Depend upon it, Gentlemen, that between these two rival powers, — the autocratic power, maintained by arms and force, and the popular power, maintained by opinion, — the former is constantly decreasing, and, thank God, the latter is constantly increasing! Real human liberty and human rights are gaining the ascendant; and the part which we have to act, in all this great drama, is to

show ourselves in favor of those rights, to uphold our ascendency, and to carry it on until we shall see it culminate in the highest Heaven over our heads.

24. THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES. — *President King.*

I HAVE faith in the future, because I have confidence in the present. With our growth in wealth and in power, I see no abatement in those qualities, moral and physical, to which so much of our success is owing; and, while thus true to ourselves, true to the instincts of freedom, and to those other instincts which, with our race, seem to go hand in hand with Freedom, — love of order and respect for law (*as* law, and not because it is upheld by force), — we must continue to prosper.

The sun shines not upon, has never shone upon, a land where human happiness is so widely disseminated, where human government is so little abused, so free from oppression, so invisible, intangible, and yet so strong. Nowhere else do the institutions which constitute a State rest upon so broad a base as here; and nowhere are men so powerless, and institutions so strong. In the wilderness of free minds, dissensions will occur; and, in the unlimited discussion in writing and in speech, in town-meetings, newspapers, and legislative bodies, angry and menacing language will be used; irritations will arise and be aggravated; and those immediately concerned in the strife, or breathing its atmosphere, may fear, or feign to fear, that danger is in such hot breath and passionate resolves. But outside, and above, and beyond all this, is the People, — steady, industrious, self-possessed, — caring little for abstractions, and less for abstractionists, but, with one deep, common sentiment, and with the consciousness, calm, but quite sure and earnest, that, in the Constitution and the Union, as they received them from their fathers, and as they themselves have observed and maintained them, is the sheet-anchor of their hope, the pledge of their prosperity, the palladium of their liberty; and with this, is that other consciousness, not less calm and not less earnest, that, in their own keeping exclusively, and not in that of any party leaders, or party demagogues, or political hacks, or speculators, is the integrity of that Union and that Constitution. It is in the strong arms and honest hearts of the great masses, who are not members of Congress, nor holders of office, nor spouters at town-meetings, that resides the safety of the State; and these masses, though slow to move, are irresistible, when the time and the occasion for moving come.

I have faith, therefore, in the Future; and when, at the close of this half-century, which so comparatively few of us are to see, the account shall again be taken, and the question be asked, What has New York done since 1850? I have faith that the answer will be given in a City still advancing in population, wealth, morals, and knowledge, — in a City free, and deserving, by her virtues, her benevolent institutions, her schools, her courts and her temples, to continue free, and still part and parcel of this great and glorious Union, — which may God preserve till Time shall be no more!

25. IMPORTANCE OF THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST. — *Caleb Cushing.*

These United States are, as a whole, and always have been, chiefly dependent, for their wealth and power, on the natural productions of the earth. It is the spontaneous products of our forests, our mines, and our seas, and the cultivated products of our soil, which have made, and continue to make, us what we are. Manufacture can but modify these, commerce only distribute or accumulate them, and exchange them for others, to gratify taste, or promote convenience. Land is the footstool of our power; land is the throne of our empire.

Generation after generation may give themselves up to slaughter, in civil or foreign war; dynasty follow dynasty, each with new varieties of oppression or misrule; the fratricidal rage of domestic factions rend the entrails of their common country; temples, and basilĭca, and capitols, crumble to dust; proud navies melt into the yeast of the sea; and all that Art fitfully does to perpetuate itself disappear like the phantasm of a troubled dream; — but Nature is everlasting; and, above the wreck and uproar of our vain devices and childish tumults, the tutelary stars continue to sparkle on us from their distant spheres; the sun to pour out his vivifying rays of light and heat over the earth; the elements to dissolve, in grateful rain; the majestic river to roll on his fertilizing waters unceasingly; and the ungrudging soil to yield up the plenteousness of its harvest, year after year, to the hand of the husbandman. He, the husbandman, is the servant of those divine elements of earth and air; he is the minister of that gracious, that benign, that bounteous, that fostering, that nourishing, that renovating, that inexhaustible, that adorable Nature; and, as such, the stewardship of our nationality is in him.

26. EUROPEAN STRUGGLES FOR FREEDOM, 1848. — *Reverdy Johnson.*

Amidst the agitating throes of the Old World, — amidst the fall of Thrones, the prostration of Dynasties, the flight of Kings, — what American, native or naturalized, lives, who does not admire and love his Government, and is not prepared to die in its defence? Our power, and our unexampled private and public prosperity, are to be referred altogether to our Constitutional liberty. Can it be wondered at, that, with such an example before them, the Nations of Europe should be striking for freedom? Sooner or later, the blow was inevitable. Absolute individual liberty, secured by the power of all; private rights of person and property held sacred, and maintained by the will and power of all; perfect equality of all; absence of degrading inferiority; each standing on a common platform; no selected Lords nor Sovereigns, by election or by birth, but every honest man a Lord and a Sovereign, — constitutes a proud and glorious contrast, challenging, and, sooner or later, certain to obtain, the applause, admiration, and adoption of the world.

Apparently sudden and unexpected as have been these great popular struggles, with which we are sympathizing, they were as certain

to occur as the revolution of the seasons. To be free, man needs only to know the value of freedom. To cast off the shackles of tyranny, he needs only to know his power. The result is inevitable. But the People of the Old World must also learn that liberty, unrestrained, is dangerous licentiousness. Of all conditions in which man may be placed, anarchy is the most direful. All history teaches that the tyranny of the many is more fatal than the tyranny of the few. The liberty suited to man's nature is liberty restrained by law. This, too, they may learn from our example. In sending, then, our sincere congratulations to the People of the Continent, we should advise them against every popular excess. In a fraternal spirit, we should invoke them to a reign of order, of their own creation, — a reign of just law, of their own enactment, — a reign of Constitutional freedom, of their own granting. Then will their liberty be as our own, full and perfect, securing all the blessings of human life, and giving to every People everything of power and true glory which should belong to a civilized and Christian Nation.

27. THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.—*Rufus Choate.*

The birth-day of the "Father of his Country"! May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reäwaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country which he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, Gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American Nation, as a Nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes! Others of our great men have been appreciated, — many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements, — no sectional prejudice nor bias, — no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes. When the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state? —
Yes — one — the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush, there was but one."*

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28. THE PROSPECTS OF CALIFORNIA, Nov. 2, 1850. — *Nathaniel Bennett.*

Judging from the past, what have we not a right to expect in the future. The world has never witnessed anything equal or similar to our career hitherto. Scarcely two years ago, California was almost an unoccupied wild. With the exception of a presidio, a mission, a pueblo, or a lonely ranch, scattered here and there, at tiresome distances, there was nothing to show that the uniform stillness had ever been broken by the footsteps of civilized man. The agricultural richness of her valleys remained unimproved; and the wealth of a world lay entombed in the bosom of her solitary mountains, and on the banks of her unexplored streams. Behold the contrast! The hand of agriculture is now busy in every fertile valley, and its toils are remunerated with rewards which in no other portion of the world can be credited. Enterprise has pierced every hill, for hidden treasure, and has heaped up enormous gains. Cities and villages dot the surface of the whole State. Steamers dart along our rivers, and innumerable vessels spread their white wings over our bays. Not Constantinople, upon which the wealth of imperial Rome was lavished, —not St. Petersburg, to found which the arbitrary Czar sacrificed thousands of his subjects, — would rival, in rapidity of growth, the fair city which lies before me. Our State is a marvel to ourselves, and a miracle to the rest of the world. Nor is the influence of California confined within her own borders. Mexico, and the islands nestled in the embrace of the Pacific, have felt the quickening breath of her enterprise. With her golden wand, she has touched the prostrate corpse of South American industry, and it has sprung up in the freshness of life. She has caused the hum of busy life to be heard in the

* Lord Byron.

wilderness "where rolls the Oregon," and but recently heard no sound, "save his own dashings." Even the wall of Chinese exclusiveness has been broken down, and the Children of the Sun have come forth to view the splendor of her achievements.

But, flattering as has been the past, satisfactory as is the present, it is but a foretaste of the future. It is a trite saying, that we live in an age of great events. Nothing can be more true. But the greatest of all events of the present age is at hand. It needs not the gift of prophecy to predict, that the course of the world's trade is destined soon to be changed. But a few years can elapse before the commerce of Asia and the Islands of the Pacific, instead of pursuing the ocean track, by way of Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or even taking the shorter route of the Isthmus of Darien or the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, will enter the Golden Gate of California, and deposit its riches in the lap of our own city. Hence, on bars of iron, and propelled by steam, it will ascend the mountains and traverse the desert; and, having again reached the confines of civilization, will be distributed, through a thousand channels, to every portion of the Union and of Europe. New York will then become what London now is, the great central point of exchange, the heart of trade, the force of whose contraction and expansion will be felt throughout every artery of the commercial world; and San Francisco will then stand the second city of America. Is this visionary? Twenty years will determine.

The world is interested in our success; for a fresh field is opened to its commerce, and a new avenue to the civilization and progress of the human race. Let us, then, endeavor to realize the hopes of Americans, and the expectations of the world. Let us not only be united amongst ourselves, for our own local welfare, but let us strive to cement the common bonds of brotherhood of the whole Union. In our relations to the Federal Government, let us know no South, no North, no East, no West. Wherever American liberty flourishes, let that be our common country! Wherever the American banner waves, let that be our home!

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29. THE STANDARD OF THE CONSTITUTION, *Feb.* 1852. — *Webster.*

If classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herodŏtus, another Thucydĭdes (only may his theme not be a Peloponnesian war), and another Livy! And, let me say, Gentlemen, that if we, and our posterity, shall be true to the Christian religion, — if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect His commandments, — if we and they shall maintain just moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life, — we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country. And, if we maintain those institutions of government, and that political Union, — exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former

examples of political associations, — we may be sure of one thing, that while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on, prospering and to prosper. But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political Constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how suddenly a catastrophe may overwhelm us that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. If that catastrophe shall happen, let it have no history! Let the horrible narrative never be written; let its fate be like that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read, or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more than that it is lost, and lost forever.

But, Gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, so long as we do not forsake ourselves. Are we of this generation so derelict — have we so little of the blood of our Revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins — that we cannot preserve what our ancestors achieved? The world will cry out "SHAME" upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity by the Constitution.

The Constitution has enemies, secret and professed; but they cannot disguise the fact that it secures us many benefits. These enemies are unlike in character, but they all have some fault to find. Some of them are enthusiasts, hot-headed, self-sufficient and headstrong. They fancy that they can make out for themselves a better path than that laid down for them. Phaëton, the son of Apollo, thought he could find a better course across the Heavens for the sun.

> "Thus Phaëton once, amidst the ethereal plains,
> Leaped on his father's car, and seized the reins;
> Far from his course impelled the glowing sun,
> 'Till Nature's laws to wild disorder run."

Other enemies there are, more cool, and with more calculation. These have a deeper and more traitorous purpose. They have spoken of forcible resistance to the provisions of the Constitution; they now speak of Secession! Let me say, Gentlemen, *secession* from us is *accession* elsewhere. He who renounces the protection of the Stars and Stripes shelters himself under the shadow of another flag, you may rest assured of that. Now, to counteract the efforts of these malecontents, the friends of the Constitution must rally. ALL its friends, of whatever section, whatever their sectional opinions may be, must unite for its preservation. To that standard we must adhere, and uphold it through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness — thick darkness,— if it come, till

> "Danger's troubled night is o'er,
> And the star of Peace return."

PART SIXTH.

NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL.

1. THE CRUCIFIXION. — *Rev. George Croly.*

City of God! Jerusalem,
Why rushes out thy living stream?
The turbaned priest, the hoary seer,
The Roman in his pride, are there!
And thousands, tens of thousands, still
Cluster round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide;
There rush the bridegroom and the bride, —
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee, —
The old, the young, the bond, the free;
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'T is glorious morn; from height to height
Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
And glorious, in their central shower,
Palace of holiness and power,
The temple on Moriah's brow
Looks a new-risen sun below.

But woe to hill, and woe to vale!
Against them shall come forth a wail;
And woe to bridegroom and to bride!
For death shall on the whirlwind ride;
And woe to thee, resplendent shrine, —
The sword is out for thee and thine!

Hide, hide thee in the Heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done!
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep;
They see destruction's funeral pall
Blackening o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Still pours along the multitude, —
Still rends the Heavens the shout of blood;
But, in the murderer's furious van,
Who totters on? A weary man;

A cross upon his shoulder bound, —
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary —
What slave upon that hill must die?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbrued,
Must be the mountain vulture's food?
There stand two victims gaunt and bare,
Two culprits, emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? The yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name.
Hands clenched, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting,
Are round thee now, thou thorn-crowned king!

Yet, cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned;
No vengeance flashes from the eye;
The Sufferer calmly waits to die;
The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven:
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee!
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee!
The cross is reared. The deed is done.
There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

This was the earth's consummate hour;
For this hath blazed the prophet's power;
For this hath swept the conqueror's sword;
Hath ravaged, raised, cast down, restored;
Persepŏlis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone!

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness — earth itself a dream,
Foreheads on which shall crowns be laid
Sublime, when sun and star shall fade:
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hung on thy anguish, King of Kings!

Still from his lip no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom!
No earthquake burst, no angel brand,
Crushes the black, blaspheming band:
What say those lips, by anguish riven?
"God, be my murderers forgiven!"

2. THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT. — *Rev. George Croly.*

'T was morn, — the rising splendor rolled
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court and gallery, below,
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
The bearers of the bow and spear;
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemmed and glittering page, —
Helm, turban and tiara, shone,
A dazzling ring, round Pharaoh's Throne.

There came a man, — the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride:
His cheek with storm and time was tanned;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand.
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark King what step was near;
On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.

He stooped not at the footstool stone,
He clasped not sandal, kissed not Throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words, — "Be just, O king!"
On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the Chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell:
All mute and moveless as the grave,
Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.

"Thou 'rt come," at length the Monarch spoke;
Haughty and high the words outbroke:
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band;
Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed!
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave?"

Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Upclashed to Heaven the golden spears.
"King! thou and thine are doomed! — Behold!"
The prophet spoke, — the thunder rolled!

Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said, —
He raised his staff, — the storm was stayed:
"King! be the word of freedom given;
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"

There came no word. — The thunder broke
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
"Speak, King! — the wrath is but begun, —
Still dumb? — Then, Heaven, thy will be done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore;
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled;
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The Monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague, — the flame grew pale;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.

Still swelled the plague, — uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave, —
Where are they? — ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years;
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of Earth's richest zone,
Gone! like a flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore;

Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn King,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"

To Heaven the sage upraised his wand:
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;
Broad burned again the joyous sun; —
The hour of wrath and death was done.

3. THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS. — *Original adaptation of a translation from Delavigne.*

On the deck stood Columbus; the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
"Back to Spain!" cry his men; "Put the vessel about!
We venture no further through danger and doubt." —
"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
"Bear up, my brave comrades; — three days shall decide."
He sails, — but no token of land is in sight;
He sails, — but the day shows no more than the night; —
On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder which creaks mid the billowy roar;
He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving blast,
And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the mast.
The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes;
But, at length, the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,
Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.
"Columbus! 't is day, and the darkness is o'er." —
"Day! and what dost thou see?" — "Sky and ocean. No more!"

The second day 's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping:
"Shall he perish?" — "Ay! death!" is the barbarous cry;
"He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!"
Ungrateful and blind! — shall the world-linking sea,
He traced for the Future, his sepulchre be?
Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye craves?
The corse of an humble adventurer, then;
One day later, — Columbus, the first among men!

But, hush! he is dreaming! — A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now, on his dreaming eye, — rapturous sight! —
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of night!
O, vision of glory! how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with smiles!
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is mine!" —
Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

But, lo! his dream changes; — a vision less bright
Comes to darken and banish that scene of delight.
The gold-seeking Spaniards, a merciless band,
Assail the meek natives, and ravage the land.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful Cazique 'mid their ashes expire;
He sees, too, — O, saddest! O, mournfullest sight! —
The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight.
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the up-lifted cross in the red hand of Zeal!

Again the dream changes. Columbus looks forth,
And a bright constellation beholds in the North.
'T is the herald of empire! A People appear,
Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear!
They level the forest, — they ransack the seas, —
Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the breeze.
"Hold!" Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, "Independence or death!"
The ploughshare they turn to a weapon of might,
And, defying all odds, they go forth to the fight.

They have conquered! The People, with grateful acclaim,
Look to Washington's guidance, from Washington's fame; —
Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind.
O, type of true manhood! What sceptre or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown?
And lo! by the side of the Hero, a Sage,
In Freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age;
Whom Science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from Heaven, the sceptre from kings!

At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness breaks, —
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!" — he awakes, —
He runs, — yes! behold it! — it blesseth his sight, —
The land! O, dear spectacle! transport! delight!
O, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and Spain?

He will lay this fair land at the foot of the Throne, —
His King will repay all the ills he has known, —
In exchange for a world what are honors and gains?
Or a crown? But how *is* he rewarded? — with chains!

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4. DESTRUCTION OF THE PHILISTINES. — *Milton.*

It has been said of the following passage, that "the poet seems to exert no less force of genius in describing, than Samson does strength of body in executing."

Occasions drew me early to the city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street; little I had despatched,
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the People
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games:
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit, in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes,
And timbrels, — on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, — before him and behind,
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts * and spears.
At sight of him, the People with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essayed,
To heave, pull, draw or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force;
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars

* That is, men and horses in armor.

That to the archéd roof gave main support.
He, unsuspicious, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud: —
"Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld;
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed:
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

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5. SATAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH. — *Milton.*

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not feared; God and His Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned.
And with disdainful look thus first began: —
"Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hellborn! not to contend with spirits of Heaven!"
To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied: —

"Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doomed! and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more
Thy king and lord! Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
So spake the grisly terror; and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a Foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

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6. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST. — *T. S. Hughes. Adaptation.*

Joy holds her court in great Belshazzar's hall,
Where his proud lords attend their monarch's call.
The rarest dainties of the teeming East
Provoke the revel and adorn the feast.
And now the monarch rises. — "Pour," he cries,
"To the great gods, the Assyrian deities!
Pour forth libations of the rosy wine

To Nebo, Bel, and all the powers divine!
Those golden vessels crown, which erewhile stood
Fast by the oracle of Judah's God,
Till that accurséd race —"

But why, O king!
Why dost thou start, with livid cheek? — why fling
The untasted goblet from thy trembling hand?
Why shake thy joints, thy feet forget to stand?
Why roams thine eye, which seems in wild amaze
To shun some object, yet returns to gaze, —
Then shrinks again appalled, as if the tomb
Had sent a spirit from its inmost gloom?

Awful the horror, when Belshazzar raised
His arm, and pointed where the vision blazed!
For see! enrobed in flame, a mystic shade,
As of a hand, a red right-hand, displayed!
And, slowly moving o'er the wall, appear
Letters of fate, and characters of fear.
In deathlike silence grouped, the revellers all
Fix their glazed eyeballs on the illumined wall.
See! now the vision brightens, — now 't is gone,
Like meteor flash, like Heaven's own lightning flown!
But, though the hand hath vanished, what it writ
Is uneffaced. Who will interpret it?
In vain the sages try their utmost skill;
The mystic letters are unconstrued still.

"Quick, bring the Prophet! — let his tongue proclaim
The mystery of that visionary flame."
The holy Prophet came, and stood upright,
With brow serene, before Belshazzar's sight.
The monarch pointed trembling to the wall:
"Behold the portents that our heart appall!
Interpret them, O Prophet! thou shalt know
What gifts Assyria's monarch can bestow."

Unutterably awful was the eye
Which met the monarch's; and the stern reply
Fell heavy on his soul: "Thy gifts withhold,
Nor tempt the Spirit of the Law, with gold.
Belshazzar, hear what these dread words reveal!
That lot on which the Eternal sets his seal.
Thy kingdom numbered, and thy glory flown,
The Mede and Persian revel on thy throne.
Weighed in the balance, thou hast kicked the beam;
See to yon Western sun the lances gleam,
Which, ere his Orient rays adorn the sky,
Thy blood shall sully with a crimson dye."

In the dire carnage of that night's dread hour,
Crushed mid the ruins of his crumbling power,
Belshazzar fell beneath an unknown blow —
His kingdom wasted, and its pride laid low!

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7. BERNARDO DEL CARPIO. — *Mrs. Hemans.*

The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned, by King Alphonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms, in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alphonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his strong-hold with all his captives; and, being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "'O, God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?' 'Look where he is,' replied the cruel king, 'and now go and greet him, whom you have so long desired to see.'" The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's history after this event.

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord! — O! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man, this day!
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took —
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold, — a frozen thing, — it dropped from his like lead!
He looked up to the face above, — the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, — the brow was fixed and white:
He met, at last, his father's eyes, — but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; — but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze: —
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then:
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown, —
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for, now;
My king is false, — my hope betrayed! My father — O! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet!
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then; — for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face, — the king before the dead: —

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
— Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought, — give answer, where are they?
— If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light; — be still! keep down thine ire! —
Bid these white lips a blessing speak, — this earth is not my sire: —
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed! —
Thou canst not? — and a king! — his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed, — his slack hand fell; — upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain: —
His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

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8. CASABIANCA. — *Mrs. Hemans.*

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned: and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck shone round him o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood, as born to rule the storm, —
A creature of heroic blood, a proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go, without his Father's word;
That Father, faint in death below, his voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: — "Say, Father, say, if yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay, unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried, "if I may yet be gone!
And" — but the booming shots replied, and fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath, and in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death, in still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud, "My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, the wreathing fires made way.
They wrapped the ship in splendor wild, they caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child, like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound, — the boy — O! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around with fragments strewed the sea,
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair, that well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing which perished there was that young, faithful heart!

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9. ROCKS OF MY COUNTRY. — *Mrs. Hemans.*

Rocks of my country! let the cloud your crested heights array,
And rise ye, like a fortress proud, above the surge and spray!
My spirit greets you as ye stand, breasting the billow's foam:
O! thus forever guard the land, the severed Land of Home!

I have left rich blue skies behind, lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind, and sunshine on the vines.
The breathings of the myrtle-flowers have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours, hath soothed me with its lay.

The Isles of Greece, the Hills of Spain, the purple Heavens of Rome,
Yes, all are glorious; — yet again I bless thee, Land of Home!
For thine the Sabbath peace, my land! and thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band, that make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze, their steps are on thy plains;
Their names by old majestic trees are whispered round thy fanes.
Their blood hath mingled with the tide of thine exulting sea;
O! be it still a joy, a pride, to live and die for thee!

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10. THE TWO HOMES. — *Mrs. Hemans.*

Seest thou my home? — 't is where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness, to the summer air;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hills, a vein of light, — 't is there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colored with the skies!
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;

From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved, — there prayed for, — there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother —
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending:
There laughs *my* home, — sad stranger! where is thine? —

Ask'st thou of mine? — In solemn peace 't is lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;
'T is where *I*, too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step. — But where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling:
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart that love unchanged is there.

And what is home and where, but with the loving?
Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine!
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I will believe — but dark seas roll between.

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11. INVOCATION. — *Mrs. Hemans.*

Answer me, burning stars of night! where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight as a swift breeze hath flown? —
And the stars answered me, "We roll in light and power on high;
But, of the never-dying soul, ask that which cannot die."

O! many-toned and chainless wind! thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if *thou* its place canst find, far over mount and sea? —
And the wind murmured, in reply, "The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high, but not what thou hast lost."

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those whose earthly race is run? —
The bright clouds answered, "We depart, we vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart for that which cannot die."

Speak, then, thou voice of God within, thou of the deep, low tone!
Answer me, through life's restless din, where is the spirit flown? —
And the voice answered, "Be thou still! Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds and stars, *their* part fulfil, — *thine* is to trust in Heaven."

12. LOCHINVAR. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none, —
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, — my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode, and they ran;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne 'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

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13. MARMION TAKING LEAVE OF DOUGLAS. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu: —
"Though something I might 'plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed, —
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
"My manors, halls and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone; —
The *hand* of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said;
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your Lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword!),
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;

Fierce he broke forth: — "And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den, —
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms! — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass, there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
A shout of loud defiance pours,
And shakes his gauntlet at the towers!

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14. THE DEATH OF MARMION. — *Scott.*

And soon straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen, drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand,
His arms were smeared with blood and sand;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone, —
Can that be haughty Marmion?
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said — "By Saint George, he 's gone!
The spear-wound has our master sped:
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion!"
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease;
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare;
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon! — charge again!
Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!

Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone — to die."

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And "Stanley!" was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory!"
"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

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15. THE DEATH OF BERTRAM. — *Sir Walter Scott.*

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,
Like horse's hoof on hardened ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near, —
The very death's-men paused to hear.
'T is in the churchyard now — the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,
Return the tramp in varied tone.
All eyes upon the gateway hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed —
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
The vaults unwonted clang returned! —
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddle-bow his pistol drew.
Grimly determined was his look!
His charger with the spurs he strook, —
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third he was at Wycliffe's side!
Full levelled at the Baron's head,
Rang the report, — the bullet sped, —
And to his long account, and last,
Without a groan, dark Oswald past.

All was so quick, that it might seem
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But floundered on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'T was while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows
Hailed upon Bertram as he rose;
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinned him to the ground;
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears;
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gained his feet, and twice his knee.
By ten-fold odds oppressed, at length,
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took a hundred mortal wounds,
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;
And when he died, his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan!
They gazed, as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain,
Lest the grim king should rouse again!
Then blow and insult some renewed,
And from the trunk the head had hewed,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid:—
"Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind:
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding-sheet."

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16. THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

17. THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET. — *Albert G. Greene.*

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay, —
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er, —
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I — ha! ha! — must die.

"And what is death? I 've dared him oft, before the Paynim spear;
Think ye he 's entered at my gate — has come to seek me here?
I 've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging hot; —
I 'll try his might, I 'll brave his power! — defy, and fear him not!

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in.
Up with my banner on the wall, — the banquet-board prepare, —
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume and spear, o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men! — pour forth the cheering wine!
There 's life and strength in every drop, — thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true? — mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"Ye 're there, but yet I see you not! — draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly; — louder yet! What clogs my heavy breath?
Up, all! — and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:
"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

"But I defy him! — let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat — dead!

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18. "HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX," 16—.
— *Robert Browning.*

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit, —
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'T was moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokēren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
We 'll remember at Aix" * — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongrés, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they 'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

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19. THE SOLDIER FROM BINGEN. — *Mrs. Norton.*

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glance to hear each word he had to say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own — my native land!
Take a message and a token to the distant friends of mine,
For I was born at BINGEN — at Bingen on the Rhine!

* The *x* in this word is not sounded.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, — the last of many scars!
But some were young, and suddenly beheld Life's morn decline, —
And *one* had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child,
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword!
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sisters not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For their brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die!
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret and shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place — (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There 's another, — not a sister, — in happy days gone by,
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning, —
O! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life — (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), —
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in mine, —
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his gasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled —
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn!
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

20. THE TORCH OF LIBERTY. — *Thomas Moore.*

I saw it all in Fancy's glass —
Herself the fair, the wild magician,
Who bade this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gliding apparition.
'T was like a torch-race — such as they
Of Greece performed, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw the expectant Nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn; —
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.
And, O, their joy, as it came near,
'T was, in itself, a joy to see; —
While Fancy whispered in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.
From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the fire already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchanté, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!
Thus, kindling wild, so fierce and high
Her altar blazed into the air,
That Albion, to that fire too nigh,
Shrank back, and shuddered at its glare!

Next, Spain, — so new was light to her,
Leaped at the torch; but, ere the spark

That fell upon her shrine could stir,
'T was quenched, and all again was dark!
Yet, no — *not* quenched, — a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies:
Again her living light looked forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

Who next received the flame? Alas!
Unworthy Naples. — Shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!
Scarce had her fingers touched the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropped it to the earth — and fled!

And fallen it might have long remained;
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stained,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.
And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair laurelled spirits seemed to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:

"Shine, shine forever, glorious Flame,
Divinest gift of gods to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendor came,
To Greece thy ray returns again.
Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round;
When dimmed, revive, — when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!"

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21. THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM. — *Dimond.*

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood side-wise, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight, —
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse — all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest —
"O God! thou hast blest me, — I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye!
Ah! what is that sound that now 'larums his ear?
'T is the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'T is the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire; —
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters — the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save; —
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his dark wings o'er the wave.

O, sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss; —
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall love, home or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye —
O, sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

22 DAMON AND PYTHIAS. — *Adaptation of a translation from Schiller, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

"Now, Dionysius, — tyrant, — die!"
Stern Damon with his poniard crept:
The watchful guards upon him swept;
The grim king marked his bearing high.
"What wouldst thou with thy knife? Reply!" —
"The city from the tyrant free!" —
"The death-cross shall thy guerdon be."

"I am prepared for death, nor pray,"
Haughtily Damon said, "to live;
Enough, if thou one grace wilt give:
For three brief suns the death delay!
A sister's nuptial rites now stay
My promised coming, leagues away;
I boast a friend, whose life for mine,
If I should fail the cross, is thine."

The tyrant mused, and smiled, and said,
With gloomy craft, "So let it be;
Three days I will vouchsafe to thee.
But, mark: if, when the time be sped,
Thou fail'st, thy surety dies instead.
His life shall buy thine own release;
Thy guilt atoned, my wrath shall cease."

And Damon sought his friend: "The king
Ordains, my life, the cross upon,
Shall pay the deed I would have done;
Yet grants three days' delay to me,
My sister's marriage-rites to see,
If thou, my Pythias, wilt remain
Hostage till I return again!"

One clasp of hands — and Pythias said
No word, but to the tyrant strode,
While Damon went upon his road.
Ere the third sun in Heaven was red,
The rite was o'er, the sister wed;
And back, with anxious heart unquailing,
He hastes to keep the pledge unfailing.

Down the great rains unending bore!
Down from the hills the torrents rushed!
In one broad stream, the brooklets gushed!
And Damon halts beside the shore.
The bridge was swept the tides before!
And the tumultuous waves, in thunder,
Rushed o'er the shattered arch and under.

Frantic, dismayed, he takes his stand —
  Dismayed, he strays and shouts around;
  His voice awakes no answering sound.
No boat will leave the sheltering strand,
To bear him to the wished-for land;
No boatman will Death's pilot be;
The wild stream gathers to a sea!

Prostrate a while he raves — he weeps;
  Then raised his arms to Jove, and cried
  "Stay thou, O, stay the maddening tide!
Midway, behold, the swift sun sweeps,
And ere he sink adown the deeps,
If I should fail, his beams will see
My friend's last anguish — slain for me!"

Fierce runs the stream; — more broad it flows,
  And wave on wave succeeds, and dies;
  And hour on hour, remorseless, flies;
Despair at last to daring grows:
Amid the flood his form he throws,
With vigorous arm the roaring waves
Cleaves, and a God that pities saves!

He wins the bank, his path pursues,
  The anxious terrors hound him on —
  Lo! reddening in the evening sun,
From far, the domes of Syracuse!
When towards him comes Philostrătus
(His leal and trusty herdsman he),
And to the master bends his knee.

"Back! — thou canst aid thy friend no more;
  The niggard time already 's flown —
  His life is forfeit — save thine own!
Hour after hour in hope he bore,
Nor might his soul its faith give o'er;
Nor could the tyrant's scorn, deriding,
Steal from that faith one thought confiding!"

"Too late! what horrors hast thou spoken!
  Vain life, since it cannot requite him!
  But death can yet with me unite him;
No boast the tyrant's scorn shall make
How friend to friend can faith forsake;
But, from the double-death, shall know
That Truth and Love yet live below!"

The sun sinks down: the gate 's in view,
  The cross looms dismal on the ground;

The eager crowd gape murmuring round.
Lo! Pythias bound the cross unto! —
When, crowd — guards — all — bursts Damon through;
"Me, doomsman!" shouts he, — "me, — alone!
His life is rescued — lo! mine own!"

Amazement seized the circling ring.
Linked in each other's arms the pair
Stood, thrilled with joy — yet anguish — there!
Moist every eye that gazed; they bring
The wondrous tidings to the king:
His breast man's heart at length has known,
And the friends stand before his throne.

Long silent he, — and wondering, long
Gazed on the pair, then said: "Depart,
Victors; ye have subdued *my* heart!
Truth is no dream! its power is strong!
Give grace to him who owns his wrong!
'T is mine *your* suppliant now to be, —
Ah, let the bond of Love hold THREE!"

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23 THE BATTLE. — *Translated from Schiller, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat loud with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breasts that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front; —
"Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt!

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?" —
"We see the foeman's banners waving!" —
"God be with ye, children and wife!"
Hark to the music, — the trump and the fife, —
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to the strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone, —
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke how the lightning is cleaving asunder!
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!
From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round;
Ay, shout it forth to life or death, —
Freer already breathes the breath!
The war is waging, slaughter raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall!
Nearer they close, — foes upon foes.
"Ready!" — from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man, from flank to flank,
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.
Many a soldier to earth is sent,
Many a gap by the balls is rent;
O'er the corse before springs the hinder man,
That the line may not fail to the fearless van.
To the right, to the left, and around and around,
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.
God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,
Over the host falls a brooding night!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood,
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corses that sleep below.
"What! Francis!" — "Give Charlotte my last farewell."
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell. —
"I'll give — O God! are their guns so near?
Ho! comrades! — yon volley! — look sharp to the rear! —
I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell;
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night;
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying, —
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms, in dying —
Victory!
Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall!
Victory!

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight;
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!

24. THE GLOVE. — *Schiller. Born*, 1759; *died*, 1805.

Before his lion-garden gate,
The wild-beast combat to await,
King Francis sate:
Around him were his nobles placed,
The balcony above was graced
By ladies of the court, in gorgeous state:
And as with his finger a sign he made,
The iron grating was open laid,
And with stately step and mien
A lion to enter was seen.
With fearful look
His mane he shook,
And yawning wide,
Stared around him on every side;
And stretched his giant limbs of strength,
And laid himself down at his fearful length

And the king a second signal made, —
And instant was opened wide
A second gate, on the other side,
From which, with fiery bound,
A tiger sprung.
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue.
And, with glittering eye,
Crept round the lion slow and shy
Then, horribly howling,
And grimly growling,
Down by his side himself he laid.

And the king another signal made:
The opened grating vomited then
Two leopards forth from their dreadful den, —
They rush on the tiger, with signs of rage,
Eager the deadly fight to wage,
Who, fierce, with paws uplifted stood,

And the lion sprang up with an awful roar,
Then were still the fearful four:
And the monsters on the ground
Crouched in a circle round,
Greedy to taste of blood.

Now, from the balcony above,
A snowy hand let fall a glove:
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger, — there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

And the Lady Kunigund, in bantering mood,
Spoke to Knight Delorges, who by her stood: —
"If the flame which but now to me you swore
Burns as strong as it did before,
Go pick up my glove, Sir Knight."
And he, with action quick as sight,
In the horrible place did stand;
And with dauntless mien,
From the beasts between
Took up the glove, with fearless hand;
And as ladies and nobles the bold deed saw,
Their breath they held, through fear and awe.
The glove he brings back, composed and light.
His praise was announced by voice and look,
And Kunigund rose to receive the knight
With a smile that promised the deed to requite;
But straight in her face he flung the glove, —
"I neither desire your thanks nor love;"
And from that same hour the lady forsook.

25. THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.*

"Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?"
"Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here from her home:
On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight;
The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right.
O, shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more clear?
But, look! the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius here!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide.
Hard by a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down, —
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.

* In order to render the commencement less abrupt, six lines of introduction have been added to this extract from the fine ballad by Macaulay.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice, he spake, "Farewell, sweet child!
Farewell!
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls, —
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls, —
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And, for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems, that, in this hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow, —
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, — which thou shalt never
know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!"
With that, he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall;
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high.
"O, dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child; then, where the body lay,
Pausing, he cast one haggard glance, and turned and went his way.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
He looked upon his clients, — but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors, — but they trembled and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

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26. HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE. — *Adapted from Macaulay.*

The Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the town?"

Then out spoke brave Horatius, the Captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late.
Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.

"In yon strait path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge with me?"
Then out spake Spurius Lartius, — a Ramnian proud was he, —
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius, — of Titian blood was he, —
"I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with thee."
"Horatius," quoth the Consul, "as thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array, forth went the dauntless Three.

Soon all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless Three.
And from the ghastly entrance, where those bold Romans stood,
The bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old bear in the wood.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers all:
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces, and on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder, fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
And battlement, and plank, and pier, whirled headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsĕna, "now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsĕna, to Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatīnus the white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O, Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing; and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking, — but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing-place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsĕna, "and bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom; — now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands.
And now, with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

27. THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE, 1645. — *Aytoun.*

There is no ingredient of fiction in the historical incidents recorded in the following ballad. The perfect serenity of Montrose, the "Great Marquis," as he was called, in the hour of trial and death, — the courage and magnanimity which he displayed to the last, — have been dwelt upon, with admiration, by writers of every class. The following has been slightly abridged from the original.

Come hither, Evan Cameron; come, stand beside my knee, —
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.
There 's shouting on the mountain-side, there 's war within the blast;
Old faces look upon me, — old forms go trooping past.
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again, upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I 've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I 've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes; — O, deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name,
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd men, —
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not a 'fenceless man.
But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath;
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.

Had I been there, with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day, through high Dunēdin's streets, had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailéd men,
Not all the rebels in the South, had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warriston, to read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there, —
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, — and O, that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me, —
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I on my dying day to win the martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye 've named for me than by my fathers' grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, this hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still in the eye of earth and Heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower, — give every town a limb, —
And God who made shall gather them: I go from you to Him!"

The morning dawned full darkly; like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly man!

Then radiant and serene he stood, and cast his cloak away :
For he had ta'en his latest look of earth and sun and day.
He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people, — so he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the Heavens, and they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through :

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder as it were the path to Heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder-roll ;
And no man dared to look aloft ; fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, — a hush, and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky, — the work of death was done !

28. PEACE AND WAR. — *Percy Bysshe Shelley. Born*, 1792 ; *died*, 1822.

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
Above the sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace ; — all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still !

Ah ! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of Heaven ? — that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne !
Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb ;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men

Inebriate with rage! — Loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud!

The sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the out-sallying victors: far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen; —
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb!

29. AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN. — *Washington Allston. Born*, 1779; *died*, 1843.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright,
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine! —
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam, —
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host; —
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast; —

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a Nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts, —
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"

30. OLD IRONSIDES. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Written when it was proposed to break up the frigate Constitution, or to convert her into a receiving ship, as unfit for service.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down! Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky; —
Beneath it rang the battle-shout, and burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood, where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, and waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread, or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck the eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep, and there should be her grave!
Nail to the mast her holy flag, set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms, — the lightning and the gale!

31. THE BALL AT BRUSSELS, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, June 17, 1815. — *Lord Byron.*

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when

Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet!
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain. He did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips — "The foe! They come! They come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve, in Beauty's circle, proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife
The morn, the marshalling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover — heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, — foe, — in one red burial blent!

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32. THE DYING GLADIATOR. — *Lord Byron.*

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low, —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday, —
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

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33. DEGENERACY OF GREECE. — *Lord Byron.*

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A King sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men and Nations — all were his!
He counted them at break of day, —
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel, at least, a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks, a blush, — for Greece, a tear!

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no: — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

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34. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB. — *Lord Byron.*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

35. THE TEMPEST STILLED. — *Rev. J. Gilborne Lyons.*

The strong winds burst on Judah's sea,
Far pealed the raging billow,
The fires of Heaven flashed wrathfully,
When Jesus pressed his pillow;
The light frail bark was fiercely tossed,
From surge to dark surge leaping,
For sails were torn and oars were lost,
Yet Jesus still lay sleeping.

When o'er that bark the loud waves roared,
And blasts went howling round her,
Those Hebrews roused their wearied Lord, —
"Lord! help us, or we founder!"
He said, "Ye waters, Peace, be still!"
The chafed waves sank reposing,
As wild herds rest on field and hill,
When clear calm days are closing.

And turning to the startled men,
Who watched the surge subsiding,
He spake in mournful accents, then,
These words of righteous chiding:
"O ye, who thus fear wreck and death,
As if by Heaven forsaken,
How is it that ye have no faith,
Or faith so quickly shaken?"

Then, then, those doubters saw with dread
The wondrous scene before them;
Their limbs waxed faint, their boldness fled,
Strange awe stole creeping o'er them: —
"This, this," they said, "is Judah's Lord,
For powers divine array him;
Behold! He does but speak the word,
And winds and waves obey him!"

36. EXCELSIOR.—*H. W. Longfellow.*

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;

And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

37. TO THE RAINBOW. — *Thomas Campbell.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art: —

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and Heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When, o'er the green, undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young, thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

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38. GLENARA. — *Thomas Campbell.*

O! HEARD you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly, with weeping and wail?
'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence, — they looked to the ground.

In silence they passed over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
"Now here let us place the gray-stone of her cairn; —
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! 'pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen:
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn —
'T was the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn:

"I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On the rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found:
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the House of fair Ellen of Lorn!

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39. THE O'KAVANAGH. — *J. A. Shea.*

The Saxons had met, and the banquet was spread,
And the wine in fleet circles the jubilee led;
And the banners that hung round the festal that night
Seemed brighter by far than when lifted in fight.

In came the O'Kavanagh, fair as the morn,
When earth to new beauty and vigor is born;
They shrank from his glance like the waves from the prow,
For nature's nobility sat on his brow.

Attended alone by his vassal and bard, —
No trumpet to herald, no clansmen to guard, —
He came not attended by steed or by steel:
No danger he knew, for no fear did he feel.

In eye, and on lip, his high confidence smiled, —
So proud, yet so knightly — so gallant, yet mild;
He moved like a god through the light of that hall,
And a smile, full of courtliness, proffered to all.

"Come pledge us, lord chieftain! come pledge us!" they cried:
Unsuspectingly free to the pledge he replied;
And this was the peace-branch O'Kavanagh bore, —
"The friendships to come, not the feuds that are o'er!"

But, minstrel, why cometh a change o'er thy theme?
Why sing of red battle — what dream dost thou dream?
Ha! "Treason!" 's the cry, and "Revenge!" is the call,
As the swords of the Saxons surrounded the hall!

A kingdom for Angelo's mind, to portray
Green Erin's undaunted avenger that day;
The far-flashing sword, and the death-darting eye,
Like some comet commissioned with wrath from the sky.

Through the ranks of the Saxon he hewed his red way, —
Through lances, and sabres, and hostile array;
And, mounting his charger, he left them to tell
The tale of that feast, and its bloody farewell.

And now on the Saxons his clansmen advance,
With a shout from each heart, and a soul in each lance
He rushed, like a storm, o'er the night-covered heath,
And swept through their ranks like the angel of death.

Then hurrah! for thy glory, young chieftain, hurrah!
O! had we such lightning-souled heroes to-day,
Again would our "sunburst" expand in the gale
And Freedom exult o'er the green Innisfail!

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40. ODE ON THE PASSIONS. — *William Collins.*

When Music, Heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each — for Madness ruled the hour —
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds! — his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'T was sad, by fits, — by starts, 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called on Echo still through all her song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat.
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
And now it courted Love — now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole:
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay —
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing —
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O! how altered was its sprightly tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung, —
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown, advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempé's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round —
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

41. THE GREEK AND TURKMAN. — *Rev. George Croly.*

Description of a night attack, by Constantine Palæologus, on a detached camp of Mohammed II., during the siege of Constantinople.

The Turkman lay beside the river;
The wind played loose through bow and quiver;
The charger on the bank fed free,
The shield hung glittering from the tree,
The trumpet, shawn, and atabal,
Lay screened from dew by cloak and pall,
For long and weary was the way
The hordes had marched that burning day.

Above them, on the sky of June,
Broad as a buckler glowed the moon,
Flooding with glory vale and hill.
In silver sprang the mountain rill;
The weeping shrub in silver bent;
A pile of silver stood the tent;
All soundless, sweet tranquillity;
All beauty,— hill, brook, tent, and tree.

There came a sound — 't was like the gush
When night-winds shake the rose's bush!
There came a sound — 't was like the tread
Of wolves along the valley's bed!
There came a sound — 't was like the flow
Of rivers swoln with melting snow!
There came a sound — 't was like the roar
Of Ocean on its winter shore!

"Death to the Turk!" up rose the yell —
On rolled the charge — a thunder peal!

The Tartar arrows fell like rain, —
They clanked on helm, and mail, and chain:
In blood, in hate, in death, were twined
Savage and Greek, — mad, — bleeding, — blind, —
And still, on flank, and front, and rear,
Raged, Constantine, thy thirsting spear!

Brassy and pale, — a type of doom, —
Labored the moon through deepening gloom.
Down plunged her orb — 't was pitchy night!
Now, Turkman, turn thy reins for flight!
On rushed their thousands in the dark!
But in their camp a ruddy spark
Like an uncertain meteor reeled, —
Thy hand, brave king, that fire-brand wheeled!

Wild burst the burning element
O'er man and courser, flood and tent!
And through the blaze the Greeks outsprang,
Like tigers, — bloody, foot and fang! —
With dagger-stab, and falchion-sweep,
Delving the stunned and staggering heap,
Till lay the slave by chief and khan,
And all was gone that once was man!

There 's wailing on the Euxine shore —
Her chivalry shall ride no more!
There 's wailing on thy hills, Altai,
For chiefs the Grecian vulture's prey!
But, Bosphorus, thy silver wave
Hears shouts for the returning brave;
For, kingliest of a kingly line,
Lo! there comes glorious Constantine!

42. THE CURSE OF CAIN. — *Knox.*

O, THE wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing! —
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And, lo! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Nod, —
A vagabond, smote by the vengeance of God!

All nature, to him, has been blasted and banned,
And the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand;
And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom — the faithful and fair —
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,
But stir in his soul the hot embers of death.

And his offering may blaze unregarded by Heaven;
And his spirit may pray, yet remain unforgiven;
And his grave may be closed, yet no rest to him bring; —
O, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!

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43. AMERICA, 1750. — *Bishop Berkeley. Born*, 1684; *died*, 1753.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun,
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where Nature guides, and Virtue rules, —
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay, —
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay, —
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

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44. THE WORLD FOR SALE. — *Rev. Ralph Hoyt.*

The world for sale! Hang out the sign;
Call every traveller here to me;
Who 'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set this weary spirit free?

'T is going! yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I 'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring:
The world at auction here, to-day!

It is a glorious sight to see, —
But, ah! it has deceived me sore;
It is not what it seems to be.
For sale! it shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear.
'T is going! going! I must sell!
Who bids? who 'll buy the splendid tear?

Here 's wealth, in glittering heaps of gold;
Who bids? But let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold!
Who 'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And, here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace,
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain; —
Who 'll buy himself a burial place?

Here 's Love, the dreamy potent spell
That Beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;
'T is going! Love and I must part!
Must part? What can I more with Love?
All over 's the enchanter's reign.
Who 'll buy the plumeless, dying dove, —
A breath of bliss, a storm of pain?

And, Friendship, rarest gem of earth;
Who e'er hath found the jewel his?
Frail, fickle, false and little worth,
Who bids for Friendship — as it is?
'Tis going! going! hear the call;
Once, twice and thrice, 't is very low!
'T was once my hope, my stay, my all,
But now the broken staff must go!

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions! now 's the time to buy.
How much for Fame? how much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders! Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned,
Now purchase, and a world command! —
And be with a world's curses crowned.

Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,

Save this desponding one of mine, —
Who bids for man's last friend, and best?
Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain!
But Hope and Care are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

Ambition, fashion, show and pride,
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
By Death, stern sheriff! all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left, —
My Faith, my Bible, and my God!

45. ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL TAYLOR. — *Robert T. Conrad.*

Weep not for him! The Thracians wisely gave
Tears to the birth-couch, triumph to the grave.
Weep not for him! Go, mark his high career;
It knew no shame, no folly, and no fear.
Nurtured to peril, lo! the peril came,
To lead him on, from field to field, to fame.
Weep not for him whose lustrous life has known
No field of fame he has not made his own!
In many a fainting clime, in many a war,
Still bright-browed Victory drew the patriot's car.
Whether he met the dusk and prowling foe
By oceanic Mississippi's flow;
Or where the Southern swamps, with steamy breath,
Smite the worn warrior with no warrior's death!
Or where, like surges on the rolling main,
Squadron on squadron sweep the prairie plain, —
Dawn — and the field the haughty foe o'erspread;
Sunset — and Rio Grandé's waves ran red!
Or where, from rock-ribbed safety, Monterey
Frowns death, and dares him to the unequal fray;
Till crashing walls and slippery streets bespeak
How frail the fortress where the heart is weak;
How vainly numbers menace, rocks defy,
Men sternly knit, and firm to do or die; —
Or where on thousands thousands crowding rush
(Rome knew not such a day) his ranks to crush,
The long day paused on Buena Vista's height,
Above the cloud with flashing volleys bright,
Till angry Freedom, hovering o'er the fray,
Swooped down, and made a new Thermopylæ; —

In every scene of peril and of pain,
His were the toils, his country's was the gain.
From field to field — and all were nobly won —
He bore, with eagle flight, her standard on;
New stars rose there — but never star grew dim
While in *his* patriot grasp. Weep not for him!
His was a spirit simple, grand and pure;
Great to conceive, to do, and to endure;
Yet the rough warrior was, in heart, a child,
Rich in love's affluence, merciful and mild.
His sterner traits, majestic and antique,
Rivalled the stoic Roman or the Greek;
Excelling both, he adds the Christian name,
And Christian virtues make it more than fame.
To country, youth, age, love, life — all were given!
In death, she lingered between him and Heaven;
Thus spake the patriot, in his latest sigh, —
"My duty done — I do not fear to die!"

46. THE PASSAGE. — *Uhland. Translated by Miss Austen.*

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in science wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore —
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, twice thy fee! —
Take, — I give it willingly —
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

47. COURAGE. — *Barry Cornwall.*

COURAGE! — Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land,
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty!
O, no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land!

Courage! — Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good;
Armed with all their father's fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the Gods of old Greek story,
Raised to Heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage! — There is none so poor
(None of all who wrong endure),
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be his sun?
There are stars when day is done!

Courage! — Who will be a slave,
That hath strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage! — Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can *never* die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Courage! To the fight again!

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48. THE MOOR'S REVENGE. — *Original Paraphrase from the Polish of Mickiewicz.*

BEFORE Grenada's fated walls, encamped in proud array,
And flushed with many a victory, the Spanish army lay.
Of all Grenada's fortresses but one defies their might:
On Alphuara's minarets the crescent still is bright.
Almanzor! King Almanzor! all vainly you resist:
Your little band is fading fast away like morning mist,
A direr foe than ever yet they met on battle-plain
Assaults life's inmost citadel, and heaps the ground with slain.

One onset more of Spanish ranks, — and soon it will be made, —
And Alphuāra's towers must reel, and in the dust be laid.
"And shall the haughty infidel pollute this sacred land?"
Almanzor said, as mournfully he marked his dwindling band.
"Upon our glorious crescent shall the Spaniard set his heel?
And is there not one lingering hope? Can Heaven no aid reveal?
Ay, by our holy Prophet, now, one ally still remains!
And I will bind him close to me, — for better death than chains!"

The victors at the banquet sat, and music lent its cheer,
When suddenly a sentry's voice announced a stranger near.
From Alphuāra had he come, with fierce, unwonted speed,
And much it would import to Spain the news he bore to heed.
"Admit him!" cry the revellers; and in the pilgrim strode,
And, throwing off his mantle loose, a Moorish habit showed!
"Almanzor! King Almanzor!" they cried, with one acclaim:
"Almanzor!" said the Moslem chief; "Almanzor is my name.

"To serve your prophet and your king, O Spaniards, I am here:
Believe, reject me, if you will, — this breast has outlived fear!
No longer in his creed or cause Almanzor can confide;
For all the Powers above, 't is clear, are fighting on your side."
"Now, welcome, welcome, gallant Moor!" the Spanish chieftain said:
"Grenada's last intrenchment now we speedily shall tread.
Approach, embrace; our waning feast thy coming shall renew;
And in this cup of foaming wine we 'll drink to yours and you."

Right eagerly, to grasp the hands outstretched on every side,
Almanzor rushed, and greeted each as bridegroom might his bride:
He glued his fevered lips to theirs, — he kissed them on the cheek,
And breathed on all as if his heart would all its passion wreak.
But suddenly his limbs relax, a flush comes o'er his face,
He reels, as, with a pressure faint, he gives a last embrace;
And livid, purple grows his skin, and wild his eyeballs roll,
And some great torture seems to heave the life-roots of his soul.

"Look, Giaours!* miscreants in race, and infidels in creed!
Look on this pale, distorted face, and tell me what ye read!
These limbs convulsed, these fiery pangs, these eyeballs hot and blear
Ha! know ye not what they portend? The plague, the plague, is here!
And it has sealed you for its own; ay, every Judas kiss
I gave shall bring anon to you an agony like this!
All art is vain: your poisoned blood all leechcraft will defy,
Like me ye shall in anguish writhe — like me in torture die!"

Once more he stepped their chief to reach, and blast him with his breath;
But sank, as if Revenge itself were striving hard with Death.

* Pronounced *Gowers* — the *ow* as in *power*.

And through the group a horrid thrill his words and aspect woke,
When, with a proud, undaunted mien, their chief Alphonzo spoke:
"And deem'st thou, treacherous renegade, whatever may befall,
These warriors true, these hearts of proof, Death ever can appall?
Ay, writhe and toss, no taint of fear the sight to them can bring;
Their souls are shrived, and Death himself for them has lost his sting.

"Then let him come as gory War, with life-wounds deep and red,
Or let him strike as fell Disease, with racking pains instead,
Still in these spirits he shall find a power that shall defy
All woe and pain that can but make the mortal body die.
So, brethren, leave this carrion here, — nay, choke not with thy gall! —
And through our camps a note of cheer let every bugle call.
We 'll tear yon crescent from its tower ere stars are out to-night:
And let Death come, — we 'll heed him not! — so, forward! to the fight!"

A groan of rage upon his lips, Almanzor hid his head
Beneath his mantle's ample fold, and soon was with the dead.
But, roused by those intrepid words to death-defying zeal,
The chieftains armed as if they longed to hear the clash of steel.
The trumpets sounded merrily, while, dazzlingly arrayed,
On Alphuara's walls they rushed, and low the crescent laid.
And of the gallant, gallant hearts who thus grim Death defied,
'Mid pestilence and carnage, none of plague or battle died.

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49. CHARADE ON THE NAME OF CAMPBELL, THE POET. — *W. M. Praed. Born*, 1807; *died*, 1845.

Come from my First, — ay, come! the battle dawn is nigh,
And the screaming trump and thundering drum are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought, fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought, — so forward, and farewell!

Toll ye my Second, toll! Fill high the flambeau's light,
And sing the hymn of a parted soul, beneath the silent night.
The wreath upon his head, the cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed, — so, take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, — ay, call the lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall with a noble song to-day!
Go, call him by his name! — no fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame, on the turf of a soldier's grave.

PART SEVENTH.

SCRIPTURAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

1. BALAAM'S PROPHECY IN BEHALF OF ISRAEL. — *Numbers.*

And Balaam lifted up his eyes, and he saw Israel abiding in his tents according to their tribes; and the spirit of God came upon him. And he took up his parable, and said:

Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said, and the man whose eyes are open, hath said; — *he* hath said, which heard the words of God, which saw the vision of the Almighty, — falling into a trance, but having his eyes open: — How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar-trees beside the waters. His king shall be higher than Agag, and his kingdom shall be exalted.

God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent. Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Or, hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good? Behold, I have received commandment to bless; and He hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it. How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? Or, how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied? He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel: the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a King is among them. God brought him forth out of Egypt; he hath, as it were, the strength of an unicorn: he shall eat up the nations, his enemies, and shall break their bones, and pierce them through with his arrows. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought! Behold, the People shall rise up as a great lion, and lift up himself as a young lion: he shall not lie down until he eat of the prey, and drink the blood of the slain.

For, from the top of the rocks I see him; and from the hills I behold him: lo, the People shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations. Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!

2. PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA.

I THINK myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews; especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews; wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own Nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth; which thing I also did in Jerusalem; and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O King! I saw in the way a light from Heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goads." And I said, "Who art thou, Lord?" And he said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest; but rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the People, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

Whereupon, O King Agrippa! I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say

should come, — that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the People, and to the Gentiles.

3. OMNIPOTENCE OF JEHOVAH. — *Job, translated by Rev. G. R. Noyes.*

THEN spake Jehovah to Jŏb out of the whirlwind, and said:
Who is this, that darkeneth my counsels by words without knowledge?
Gird up thy loins like a man!
I will ask thee, and answer thou me!
Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, since thou hast such knowledge!
Who fixed its dimensions? since thou knowest!
Or who stretched out the line upon it?
Upon what were its foundations fixed?
And who laid its corner-stone,
When the morning-stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
Hast thou penetrated to the springs of the sea,
And walked through the recesses of the deep?
Have the gates of death been disclosed to thee,
And hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death?
Hast thou surveyed the breadth of the earth?
Declare, since thou knowest it all! —
Where is the way by which light is distributed,
And the East wind let loose upon the earth?
Who hath prepared channels for the rain,
And a path for the glittering thunderbolt,
To give rain to the land without an inhabitant,
To the wilderness, where is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground,
And cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?
Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades,
Or loosen the bands of Orion?
Canst thou lead forth Mazzaroth in its season,
Or guide Arctūrus with his sons?
Knowest thou the ordinances of the Heavens?
Hast thou appointed their dominion over the earth?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
So that abundance of waters will cover thee?
Canst thou send forth lightnings, so that they will go,
And say to thee, "Here we are"?
Who hath imparted understanding to thy reins,
And given intelligence to thy mind?
Who numbereth the clouds in wisdom?
Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Hast thou taught him to bound like the locust?

How majestic his snorting! how terrible!
He paweth in the valley; he exulteth in his strength,
And rusheth into the midst of arms.
He laugheth at fear; he trembleth not,
And turneth not back from the sword.
Against him rattleth the quiver,
The flaming spear, and the lance.
With rage and fury he devoureth the ground;
He standeth not still when the trumpet soundeth.
He saith among the trumpets, Aha! aha!
And snuffeth the battle afar off;
The thunder of the captains, and the war-shout.

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4. TRUE WISDOM. — *Job, translated by Rev. G. R. Noyes.*

WHERE shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Nor can it be found in the land of the living.
The deep saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price thereof.
It cannot be purchased with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
Gold and crystal are not to be compared with it;
Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold.
No mention shall be made of coral, or of crystal,
For wisdom is more precious than pearls.
The topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal it,
Nor can it be purchased with the purest gold.

Whence, then, cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
Since it is hidden from the eyes of all the living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
The realms of Death say,
We have heard only a rumor of it with our ears.
God alone knoweth the way to it;
He alone knoweth its dwelling-place.
For He seeth to the ends of the earth,
And surveyeth all things under the whole Heaven.
When He gave the winds their weight,
And adjusted the waters by measure, —
When He prescribed laws to the rain,
And a path to the glittering thunderbolt, —
Then did He see it, and make it known;

He established it, and searched it out;
But he said unto man,
Behold! the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil, that is understanding.

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5. A NATION'S STRENGTH. — *Psalm 33, translated by Rev. G. R. Noyes.*

Happy the Nation whose God is Jehovah;
The People whom He hath chosen for His inheritance.
The Lord looketh down from Heaven;
He beholdeth all the children of men;
From His dwelling-place He beholdeth all the inhabitants of the earth;
He, that formed the hearts of all,
And observeth all their works.
A King is not saved by the number of his forces,
Nor a hero by the greatness of his strength.
The horse is a vain thing for safety,
Nor can he deliver his master by his great strength.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him;
Upon them that trust in His goodness;
To save them from the power of death,
And keep them alive in famine.
The hope of our souls is in the Lord;
He is our help and our shield.
Yea, in Him doth our heart rejoice;
In His holy name we have confidence.

May Thy goodness be upon us, O Lord,
According as we trust in Thee!

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6. EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD. — *Psalms.*

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps: fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word: mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl; kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth; both young men, and maidens; old men, and children; let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in

the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

7. THE JOYFUL MESSENGER. — *Isaiah, translated by Bishop Lowth.*

How beautiful appear on the mountains
The feet of the joyful messenger, — of him that announceth peace!
Of the joyful messenger of good tidings, — of him that announceth salvation!
Of him, that sayeth unto Sion, Thy God reigneth!
All thy watchmen lift up their voice: they shout together;
For, face to face shall they see, when Jehovah returneth to Sion.
Burst forth into joy, shout together, ye ruins of Jerusalem!
For Jehovah hath comforted His people; He hath redeemed Israel.
Jehovah hath made bare His holy arm, in the sight of all the Nations;
And all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Depart, depart ye, go ye out from thence; touch no polluted thing:
Go ye out from the midst of her; be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of Jehovah!
Verily not in haste shall ye go forth;
And not by flight shall ye march along:
For Jehovah shall march in your front;
And the God of Israel shall bring up your rear.

8. HYMN OF OUR FIRST PARENTS. — *Milton.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous, then,
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the Orient sun, now fly'st
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise;
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.

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9. THE UNIVERSAL HYMN OF NATURE. — *Thomson.*

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun

Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join, every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;
O, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,

Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.

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10. CHAMOUNY. — *S. T. Coleridge.*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? — so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful front, O sovereign Blanc;
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark; substantial black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought, —
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy, —
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
Thou owest; not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake,
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink —

Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jaggéd rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded,— and the silence came,—
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest"?
Ye ice-falls! ye, that, from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! —
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet? —
"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of Nations,
Answer: and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder, "God!"
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise.

Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast —
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That — as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears —
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me — rise, O ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun,
"Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

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11. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL. — *Alexander Pope.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away;
What is this absorbs me quite, —
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes, — it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

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12. LIFE BEYOND THE TOMB. — *James Beattie. Born*, 1735; *died*, 1803.

Such is the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic Man; —
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye Heavens, serene! Ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift though silent wings of Time,
Old Age comes on apace, to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the Orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left, forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to Man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

13. FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant sandal-tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death
Dying she breathed her sweetest breath,
As if to token, in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit not to earth is given, —
One had it, but he came from Heaven.
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No curse he breathed, no 'plaint he made,
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers, and died.

14. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. — *Philip Doddridge. Born*, 1702; *died*, 1751.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
"Live while you live," the Christian preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord! in my view, let both united be; —
I live to pleasure, while I live to thee.

PART EIGHTH.

RHETORICAL AND DRAMATIC.

1. ROME AND CARTHAGE.—*Victor Hugo. Original Translation.*

Rome and Carthage! — behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of Nations; a magnificent city, burthened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to make. All is before her, — nothing behind. For a time, these two Nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity they impend. With their contact must come the thunder-shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races, — that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two Nations, — the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two Republics, — the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich and crafty, — Rome, young, poor, and robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds, — the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two Nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle

for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish — *Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies, — collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort, — throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth!

2. THE DRONES OF THE COMMUNITY. — *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Those gilded flies
That, basking in the sunshine of a Court,
Fatten on its corruption — what are they?
The drones of the community! they feed
On the mechanic's labor; the starved hind
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvests; and yon squalid form,
Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes
A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,
Drags out in labor a protracted death,
To glut *their* grandeur. Many faint with toil,
That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.
Whence, think'st thou, kings and parasites arose?
Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap
Toil and unvanquishable penury
On those who build their palaces, and bring
Their daily bread? — From vice, black, loathsome vice;
From rapine, madness, treachery, and wrong;
From all that genders misery, and makes
Of earth this thorny wilderness; from lust,
Revenge, and murder. — And, when Reason's voice,
Loud as the voice of nature, shall have waked
The Nations; and mankind perceive that vice
Is discord, war, and misery, — that virtue
Is peace, and happiness, and harmony;
When man's maturer nature shall disdain
The playthings of its childhood; — kingly glare
Will lose its power to dazzle; its authority
Will silently pass by; the gorgeous throne
Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,
Fast falling to decay; whilst falsehood's trade
Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
As that of truth is now.
Where is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternize? O! the faintest sound
From time's light foot-fall, the minutest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
The unsubstantial bubble. Ay! to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, — red the gaze
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes!

That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past; that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed; and on that arm
The worm has made his meal.

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3. CÆSAR'S PASSAGE OF THE RUBICON. — *James Sheridan Knowles.*

A GENTLEMAN, Mr. Chairman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? O! but he paused upon the brink. He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'T was that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused, — no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But no! — he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged! — he crossed! — and Rome was free no more!

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4. ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS. — *Sheridan.*

My brave associates, — partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! — can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! You have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They,

by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love — a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes: they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs — covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have enhanced and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: — The throne we honor is the People's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them, too, we seek no change, — and, least of all, such change as they would bring us!

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5. RICHELIEU AND FRANCE. — *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers; but my name, — my deeds, —
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
Pass sentence on me, if you will; — from Kings,
Lo, I appeal to time! Be just, my liege.
I found your Kingdom rent with heresies,
And bristling with rebellion; — lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord;
Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain
Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armèd thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead;
Trade rotted in your marts; your Armies mutinous,
Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the Icebergs. Look without, —
No foe not humbled! Look within, — the Arts
Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of Nations! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel; —
I am not; — I am *just!* I found France rent asunder,
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti;
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;

Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove! What was my art?
Genius, some say; — some, Fortune; — Witchcraft, some.
Not so; — my art was JUSTICE!

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6. CROMWELL ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE FIRST. — *Original adaptation from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

BY what law fell King Charles? By all the laws
He left us! And I, Cromwell, here proclaim it.
Sirs, let us, with a calm and sober eye,
Look on the spectre of this ghastly deed.
Who spills man's blood, his shall by man be shed!
'T is Heaven's first law; to that law we had come, —
None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife
That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's moor?
It was the Stuart; — so the Stuart fell!
A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, Sirs, as hated Kings have died,
In secret and in shade, — no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall;
He died i' the eyes of Europe, — in the face
Of the broad Heaven; amidst the sons of England,
Whom he had outraged; by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn Court. Does this seem guilt?
You pity Charles! 't is well; but pity more
The tens of thousand honest humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field!
Good Lord! when one man dies who wears a Crown,
How the earth trembles, — how the Nations gape,
Amazed and awed! — but when that one man's victims,
Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die,
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes!
He would have stretched his will
O'er the unlimited empire of men's souls,
Fettered the Earth's pure air, — for freedom is
That air, to honest lips, — and here he lies,
In dust most eloquent, to after time
A never-silent oracle for Kings!
Was this the hand that strained within its grasp
So haught a sceptre? — this the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment? Spurn that clay, —

It can resent not; speak of royal crimes,
And it can frown not; — schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful deeds.
What things are we, O Lord, when, at thy will,
A worm like this could shake the mighty world!
A few years since, and in the port was moored
A bark to far Columbia's forests bound;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom.
Then, that pale clay (poor clay, that was a King!)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless King!
He thralled my fate, — I have prepared his doom; —
He made me captive, — lo! his narrow cell!
So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth
Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns;
So, walking dream-led in Life's sleep, our steps
Move blindfold to the scaffold or the Throne!

7. PROCREATIVE VIRTUE OF GREAT EXAMPLES. — *Lord Byron.*

We will not strike for private wrongs alone:
Such are for selfish passions and rash men,
But are unworthy a tyrannicide.
We must forget all feelings save the *one;*
We must resign all passions save our purpose;
We must behold no object save our country, —
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven,
And draw down freedom on her evermore.
"But if we fail — ?" They never fail who die
In a great cause! The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls; —
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world, at last, to freedom? What were we,
If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson, —
A name which is a virtue, and a soul
Which multiplies itself throughout all time,
When wicked men wax mighty, and a State

Turns servile. He and his high friends were styled
"The last of Romans!" Let us be the first
Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman sires;

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8. MARINO FALIERO TO THE VENETIAN CONSPIRATORS. — *Lord Byron.*

You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed,
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters, the Patricians.
Why I was there, you know, or think you know;
Why I am *here*, he who hath been most wronged,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged, and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart, — what brought him here!
You know my recent story; all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital, — it is here,
Here, at my heart, the outrage! — but my words,
Already spent in unavailing 'plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the more;
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to *deeds*, and not to war
With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices
In this — I cannot call it commonwealth,
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor People,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state,
Without its virtues, temperance, and valor.
The lords of Lacedemon were true soldiers;
But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved,
Although dressed out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves, to form
A pastime for their children. You are met
To overthrow this monster of a State,
This mockery of a Government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood, and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing, in a fair, free commonwealth,
Not rash equality, but equal rights,
Proportioned like the columns to the temple,

Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement on the general symmetry.
In operating this great change, I claim
To be one of you, if you trust in me;
If not, strike home; — my life is compromised,
And I would rather fall by freemen's hands,
Than live another day to act the tyrant,
As delegate of tyrants. Such I am not,
And never have been. Read it in our annals.
I can appeal to my past government
In many lands and cities; they can tell you
If I were an oppressor, or a man
Feeling and thinking for my fellow-men.
Haply, had I been what the Senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets, dizened out
To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture, —
A popular scourge, a ready sentence-signer,
A stickler for the Senate and "the Forty,"
A sceptic of all measures which had not
The sanction of "the Ten," — a council-fawner,
A tool, a fool, a puppet, — they had ne'er
Fostered the wretch who stung me! What I suffer
Has reached me through my pity for the People;
That many know, and they who know not yet
Will one day learn; meantime, I do devote,
Whate'er the issue, my last days of life, —
My present power, such as it is; not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind; —
I stake my fame (and I had fame), — my breath
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh), —
My heart, my hope, my soul, upon this cast!
Such as I am, I offer me to you,
And to your chiefs. Accept me or reject me, —
A prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so!

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9. DYING SPEECH OF MARINO FALIERO. — *Lord Byron.*

I SPEAK to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner;
Ye winds! which fluttered o'er as if you loved it,

And filled my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I have bled for; and thou foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it!
Thou sun! which shinest on these things; and Thou,
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns! — Attest!
I am not innocent, — but, are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city; and I leave my curse
On her and hers forever! — Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield,
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drained in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice. She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her! She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire; petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for Senates,
Beggars for Nobles, panders for a People!
Then, when the Hebrew 's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his, —
When thy Patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity, —
When all the ills of conquered States shall cling thee,
Vice without splendor, sin without relief, —
When these, and more, are heavy on thee, — when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honor, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe,
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts, —
Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine!*
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal Gods!
Thee, and thy serpent seed! —
Slave, do thine office.

Strike, as I struck the foe! Strike, as I would
Have struck these tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike, and but once!

10. CATILINE TO HIS FRIENDS, AFTER FAILING IN HIS ELECTION TO THE CONSULSHIP. — *Rev. George Croly.*

Are there not times, Patricians, when great States
Rush to their ruin? Rome is no more like Rome,
Than a foul dungeon 's like the glorious sky.
What is she now? Degenerate, gross, defiled;
The tainted haunt, the gorged receptacle,
Of every slave and vagabond of earth:
A mighty grave that Luxury has dug,
To rid the other realms of pestilence!
Ye wait to hail me Consul?
Consul! Look on me, — on this brow, — these hands;
Look on this bosom, black with early wounds;
Have I not served the State from boyhood up,
Scattered my blood for her, labored for, loved her?
I had no chance; wherefore should *I* be Consul?
No. Cicero still is master of the crowd.
Why not? He 's made for them, and they for him;
They want a sycophant, and *he* wants slaves.
Well, let him have them!
Patricians! They have pushed me to the gulf;
I have worn down my heart, wasted my means,
Humbled my birth, bartered my ancient name,
For the rank favor of the senseless mass,
That frets and festers in your Commonwealth, —
And now —
The very men with whom I walked through life,
Nay, till within this hour, in all the bonds
Of courtesy and high companionship,
This day, as if the Heavens had stamped me black,
Turned on their heel, just at the point of fate,
Left me a mockery in the rabble's midst,
And followed their Plebeian Consul, Cicero!
This was the day to which I looked through life,
And it has failed me — vanished from my grasp,
Like air!
Roman no more! The rabble of the streets
Have seen me humbled; slaves may gibe at me!
For all the ills
That chance or nature lays upon our heads,
In chance or nature there is found a cure!
But *self*-abasement is beyond all cure!

The brand is here, burned in the living flesh,
That bears its mark to the grave; that dagger 's plunged
Into the central pulses of the heart;
The act is the mind's suicide, for which
There is no after-health, no hope, no pardon!

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11. CATILINE'S DEFIANCE. — *Rev. George Croly.*

The scene, in Croly's tragedy of "Catiline," from which the following is taken, represents the Roman Senate in session, Lictors present, a Consul in the chair, and Cicero on the floor as the prosecutor of Catiline and his fellow-conspirators. Catiline enters, and takes his seat on the Senatorial bench, whereupon the Senators go over to the other side. Cicero repeats his charges in Catiline's presence; and the latter rises and replies, "Conscript Fathers, I do not rise," &c. Cicero, in his rejoinder, produces proofs, and exclaims: —

"Tried and convicted traitor! Go from Rome!"

Catiline haughtily tells the Senate to make the murder as they make the law. Cicero directs an officer to give up the record of Catiline's banishment. Catiline then utters those words: — "Banished from Rome," &c.; but when he tells the Consul,

"He dares not touch a hair of Catiline,"

the Consul reads the decree of his banishment, and orders the Lictors to drive the "traitor" from the temple. Catiline, furious at being thus baffled, catches at the word "traitor," and terminates the scene with his audacious denunciation, — "Here I devote your Senate," &c. At the close, he rushes through the portal, as the Lictors and Senators crowd upon him.

Conscript Fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk; 't is not *my* trade;
But *here* I stand for right, — let him show *proofs*, —
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, *slaves!*
His charge is false; — I dare him to his *proofs*.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!
But this I will avow, that I *have* scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me, — turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
[*Looking round him.*
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top,
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
[*To the Senate.*
Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law!
Banished from Rome! What 's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?

"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who 'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But *now* my sword 's my own. Smile on, my Lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul 's merciful. — For this, all thanks.
He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I *return*. This — trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I 've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day 's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus! — all shames and crimes!
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing Thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.
I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go; but, when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake, — rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! [*To the Lictors.*] I will return!

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12. PRIDE OF ANCESTRY. — *Adaptation from Rev. George Croly.*

My lack of noble blood! Then that 's the bar
Disqualifies my suit! — makes perjury
Of slight account against me! I'm untitled!
Parchments and money-bags have precedence
In Cupid's Court, as elsewhere! Sir, your daughter —
But I'll not stoop my free, recovered heart,
To play the mendicant! Farewell to love:
Henceforth, let venerable oaths of men,
And women's vows, though all the stars of Heaven
Were listening, be forgotten, — light as dust!

True, true, — I should have learnt humility :
True, I am nothing : nothing have — but hope !
I have no ancient birth, — no heraldry ; —
No motley coat is daubed upon my shield ;
I cheat no rabble, like your charlatans,
By flinging dead men's dust in idiots' eyes ;
I work no miracles with buried bones ;
I belt no broken and distempered shape
With shrivelled parchments plucked from mouldy shelves ;
Yet, if I stooped to talk of ancestry,
I had an ancestor, as old and noble
As all their quarterings reckon, — mine was Adam !
The man who gave me being, though no *Lord*,
Was nature's nobleman, — an honest man !
And prouder am I, at this hour, to stand,
Unpedestalled, but on his lowly grave,
Than if I towered upon a monument
High as the clouds with rotten infamy !

13. LOCHIEL'S WARNING. — *Thomas Campbell.*

Lochiel, a Highland chieftain, while on his march to join the Pretender, is met by one of the Highland seers, or prophets, who warns him to return, and not incur the certain ruin which awaits the unfortunate prince and his followers, on the field of Culloden.

Seer. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :
They rally, they bleed, for their country and Crown ;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'T is thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair !
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
O ! weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave —
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave !

Lochiel. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

Seer. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth

From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.
O, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood !

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan :
Their swords are a thousand, — their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws !
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

Seer. Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive King.
Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight ;
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight ! —
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors ;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah ! no ; for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling ; O ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,

And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —
Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame!

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14. PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE'S DEFENCE OF HIS REBELLION. — *Henry Taylor.*

You speak of insurrections: bear in mind
Against what rule my father and myself
Have been insurgent; whom did we supplant? —
There was a time, so ancient records tell,
There were communities, scarce known by name
In these degenerate days, but once far-famed,
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,
Ordered the common weal; where great men grew
Up to their natural eminence, and none,
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great.
Whom may we *now* call free? whom great? whom wise?
Whom innocent? — the free are only they
Whom power makes free to execute all ills
Their hearts imagine; they are only great
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up
In luxury and lewdness, — whom to see
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of Heaven
Shall break upon the land, and give them light
Whereby to walk; the innocent, alas!
Poor Innocency lies where four roads meet,
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her, —
For who is innocent that cares to live?
The hand of power doth press the very life
Of Innocency out!
What, then, remains,
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,
And turn this frame of things the right side up?

For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,
And tell your masters vainly they resist.
Nature, that slept beneath their poisonous drugs,
Is up and stirring, and from north and south,
From east and west, from England and from France,
From Germany, and Flanders, and Navarre,
Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.
The blood that they have shed will hide no longer
In the blood-sloken soil, but cries to Heaven.
Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,
And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,
That ceases then from hissings and from groans,
Rises the song — How are the mighty fallen!
And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!
And smitten with the weapons of the poor —
The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe!
Their tale is told; and for that they were rich,
And robbed the poor; and for that they were strong,
And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws
Which turned the sweat of labor's brow to blood, —
For these their sins the nations cast them out!
These things come to pass
From small beginnings, because God is just.

15. DUTY TO ONE'S COUNTRY. — *Hannah More. Born*, 1744; *died*, 1833.

Our country is a whole, my Publius,
Of which we all are parts; nor should a citizen
Regard his interests as distinct from hers;
No hopes or fears should touch his patriot soul,
But what affect her honor or her shame.
E'en when in hostile fields he bleeds to save her,
'T is not *his* blood he loses, 't is his country's;
He only pays her back a debt he owes.
To her he 's bound for birth and education;
Her laws secure him from domestic feuds,
And from the foreign foe her arms protect him.
She lends him honors, dignity, and rank,
His wrongs revenges, and his merit pays;
And, like a tender and indulgent mother,
Loads him with comforts, and would make his state
As blessed as nature and the gods designed it.
Such gifts, my son, have their alloy of pain,
And let the unworthy wretch, who will not bear
His portion of the public burthen, lose
The advantages it yields; — let him retire
From the dear blessings of a social life,

And from the sacred laws which guard those blessings,
Renounce the civilized abodes of man,
With kindred brutes one common shelter seek
In horrid wilds, and dens, and dreary caves,
And with their shaggy tenants share the spoil;
Or, if the shaggy hunters miss their prey,
From scattered acorns pick a scanty meal; —
Far from the sweet civilities of life,
There let him live, and vaunt his wretched freedom,
While we, obedient to the laws that guard us,
Guard them, and live or die, as they decree.

16. ST. PIERRE TO FERRARDO. — *James Sheridan Knowles.*

St. Pierre, having possessed himself of Ferrardo's dagger, compels him to sign a confession from his own lips, of his villany.

KNOW you me, Duke? Know you the peasant boy,
Whom, fifteen years ago, in evil hour,
You chanced to cross upon his native hills, —
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit,
Which suited you, and tempted it? He took
Your hint, and followed you to Mantua
Without his father's knowledge, — his old father,
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
Man could not rob him of, and Heaven would spare,
Blessed him one night, ere he lay down to sleep,
And, waking in the morning, found him gone!
[*Ferrardo tries to rise.*
Move not, or I shall move! You know me.
O, yes! you trained me like a cavalier, —
You did, indeed! You gave me masters, Duke,
And their instructions quickly I took up,
As they did lay them down! I got the start
Of my cotemporaries! — not a youth
Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon,
Or rule a horse, with me! You gave me all, —
All the equipments of a man of honor, —
But you did find a use for me, and made
A slave, a profligate, a pander, of me! [*Ferrardo rising.*
I charge you keep your seat! —
Ten thousand ducats?
What, Duke! Is such your offer? Give me, Duke,
The eyes that looked upon my father's face,
The hands that helped my father to his wish,
The feet that flew to do my father's will,
The heart that bounded at my father's voice, —
And say that Mantua were built of ducats,
And I could be its Duke at cost of these,

I would not give them for it! Mark me, Duke!
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua,
And on the head-stone read my father's name! —
To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come; —
To seek the child that had deserted him, —
And died here, ere he found me.
Heaven can tell how far he wandered else!
Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And, rising thence, I fled from Mantua; — nor had returned,
But tyrant hunger drove me back again
To thee — to thee! — my body to relieve,
At cost of my dear soul! I have done thy work, —
Do mine! and sign me that confession straight.
I 'm in thy power, and I 'll have thee in mine!
There is the dial, and the sun shines on it, —
The shadow on the very point of twelve, —
My case is desperate! Your signature
Of vital moment is unto my peace!
My eye is on the dial! Pass the shadow
The point of noon, the breadth of but a hair,
As can my eye discern — and, that unsigned,
The steel is in thy heart! — I speak no more!

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17. WILLIAM TELL ON SWITZERLAND. — *Adaptation from J. S. Knowles.*

Once Switzerland was free! With what a pride
I used to walk these hills, — look up to Heaven,
And bless God that it was so! It was free
From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free!
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it, then! I loved
Its very storms. Ay, often have I sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring, — I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I 've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,

And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there; — the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

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18. WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. — *J. S. Knowles.*

Ye crags and peaks, I 'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! — O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, — whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I 'm with you once again! — I call to you
With all my voice! — I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!
—— Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss: — his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot! —
'T was liberty! — I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

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19. THE FRACTIOUS MAN. — *Original Translation from Brueys.*

Monsieur Grichard. Blockhead! Would you keep me knocking two hours at the door?

Lolive. I was at work, Sir, in the garden. At the first sound of the knocker, I ran to answer it with such haste, as to fall down on the way.

M. Gri. A great pity it was you did n't break your neck, booby! Why did n't you leave the door open?

Lol. Why, Sir, you scolded me, yesterday, because I did so. When it is open, you storm about it. When it is shut, you storm about it just the same. I should like to know what to do.

M. Gri. What to do, sirrah? What to do, did you say?

Lol. O, come now, master, how would you have it? Do you wish me to leave the door open?

M. Gri. No.

Lol. Do you wish me to keep it shut?

M. Gri. No!

Lol. But, Sir, it must be either open or —

M. Gri. What, rascal, what! Do you presume to argue the point?

Lol. But does n't it hold to reason —

M. Gri. Silence!

Lol. I say, Sir, that a door must be either open or shut. Now, how will you have it?

M. Gri. I have told you, a thousand times, you scoundrel, — I have told you, I wished it — wished it — but confound your impudence, Sir! Is it for you to ask questions? Let me only lay hands on you, I 'll show you how I wish it! Have you swept the staircase?

Lol. Yes, Sir, from top to bottom.

M. Gri. And the yard?

Lol. If you find a bit of dirt there big as a filbert, I 'll forfeit my wages.

M. Gri. You have n't watered the mule?

Lol. Ask the neighbors, who saw me pass, if I have n't.

M. Gri. Have you given him his oats?

Lol. Yes, Sir. Ask William if I have n't. He saw me do it.

M. Gri. But you have n't taken those bottles of Peruvian bark where I ordered you?

Lol. Pardon me, Sir; I took them, and brought back the empty bottles.

M. Gri. And my letters? Did you take them to the Post Office? Hah?

Lol. Did n't I, though? I took good care to do that!

M. Gri. You villain, you! A hundred times I have forbidden you to scrape your infernal violin. Now, I heard you, this morning —

Lol. This morning? Don't you remember you smashed it all to pieces, for me, yesterday?

M. Gri. Humph! I 'll lay a wager that those two cords of wood —

Lol. The wood is all sawed, split, and housed, Sir; and since putting it in, I have helped William get a load of hay into the barn, I have watered all the trees in the garden, dug over three of the beds, and was digging another when you knocked.

M. Gri. O, I must get rid of this fellow! Was there ever such a provoking scamp? He will kill me with vexation. Away with you, Sir! Out of my sight!

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20. BALTHAZAR AND THE QUACK. — *John Tobin. Born*, 1770; *died*, 1804.

Balthazar. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing, that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born
Of Death on Famine! thou anatomy
Of a starved pilchard! —
Quack. I do confess my leanness. I am *spare*,
And therefore *spare* me! Man, you know, must live!
Balt. Yes; he must die, too.
Quack. For my patients' sake!
Balt. I 'll send you to the major part of them.
The window, Sir, is open; — come, prepare.
Quack. Pray, consider, Sir,
I may hurt some one in the street.
Balt. Why, then,
I 'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box.
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder:
For thou must sup with Pluto; — so, make ready!
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out, — for blood thou hast none, —
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.
Quack. Consider my poor wife!
Balt. Thy wife!
Quack. My wife, Sir.
Balt. Hast thou dared to think of matrimony, too?
No conscience, and take a wife!
Quack. I have a wife, and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks, are well-nigh fatherless!
Balt. Well, well, your wife and children shall plead for you.
Come, come, the pills! where are the pills? produce them.
Quack. Here is the box.
Balt. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.
Quack. What, all?
Balt. Ay, all; and quickly, too; — come, Sir, begin!
That 's well; — another.
Quack. One 's a dose!
Balt. Proceed, Sir.
Quack. What will become of me?
I do beseech you let me have some drink,
Some cooling liquid, Sir, to wash them down!

Balt. O, yes — produce the vial!
Quack. Mercy on me!
Balt. Come, Sir, your new invented patent draught:
You 've tried it on a dog; so there 's no danger.
Quack. If you have any mercy, think of me!
Balt. Nay, no demur!
Quack. May I entreat to make my will first?
Balt. No; you have naught but physic to bequeath;
And that no one will take, though you should leave it.
Quack. Just to step home, and see my wife and children?
Balt. No, Sir.
Quack. Let me go home and set my shop to rights,
And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency!
Balt. Away, and thank thy lucky star I have not
Brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.
Quack. Would I *were* one! for they can feed on air.
Balt. Home, Sir, and be more honest! [*Exit.*]
Quack. If I am not,
I 'll be more wise, at least! [*Exit.*]

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21. BRUTUS AND TITUS. — *Nathaniel Lee.*

There are some noble touches in the following dialogue, from Lee's tragedy of "Lucius Junius Brutus," although from the pen of a poet who mingled the extravagance of a madman with the inspirations of genius. Lee was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1651, and died in 1692. He was for some time confined in a mad-house, being for nearly four years a raving maniac.

Brutus. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend a while this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I might take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee:
So hushed a stillness, as if all the gods
Looked down and listened to what we were saying:
Speak, then, and tell me, O my best beloved,
My son, my Titus! is all well again?
Titus. So well, that saying how must make it nothing:
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart, with powerful throbs, persuades me:
That were indeed to make you reparation;
That were, my Lord, to thank you home — to die!
And that, for Titus, too, would be most happy.
Brutus. How 's that, my son? would death for thee be happy?
Titus. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I, in life, must look for;
All those reproaches which the eyes, the fingers,
And tongues of Rome, will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,

Each single scorn would be far worse than dying.
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will forever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honor in the way,
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.
Brutus. But, is not death a very dreadful thing?
Titus. Not to a mind resolved. No, Sir; to me
It seems as natural as to be born.
Groans and convulsions, and discolored faces,
Friends weeping round us, crapes, and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, Sir; I call the powers of Heaven to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honor Brutus.
Brutus. Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible; —
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child!
For thou must die, my Titus; die, my son!
I swear, the gods have doomed thee to the grave.
The violated genius of thy country
Bares his sad head, and passes sentence on thee.
This morning sun, that lights thy sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more!
Titus. Alas! my Lord,
Why art thou moved thus? Why am I worth thy sorrow?
Why should the godlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.
Brutus. They will, my Titus;
Nor Heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark! the deeper that I search,
My harassed soul returns the more confirmed.
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair, —
Like a machine, they whirl thee to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had preördained it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the People,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'T is fixed; O, therefore, let not fancy dupe thee!
So fixed thy death, that 't is not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.
Titus. The axe! O, Heaven! must I, then, fall so basely?
What! Shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brutus. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take the advantage
Of thy important fate; cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood.
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my son — on thee, my Titus:
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then, with thy hopes and all thy youth upon the
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear
(If that the gods can hold me to my purpose),
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Titus. Scourged like a bondman! Ha! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all; yet, here I fail;
The image of this suffering quite unmans me.
O, Sir! O, Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What! not bate me that?
Can you resolve on all the extremity
Of cruel rigor? To behold me, too;
To sit, unmoved, and see me whipped to death!
Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brutus. Think that I love thee, by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here;
These sighs, that twitch the very strings of life;
Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death. O, do not call it shameful
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy suffering ought to unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates
That force a father thus to kill his child!

Titus. O, rise, thou violated majesty!
I now submit to all your threatened vengeance.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice!
Nay, all ye lictors, slaves, and common hangmen,
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed! Whip me, like furies!
And, when you 've scourged me till I foam and fall,

For want of spirits, grovelling in the dust,
Then, take my head, and give it to his justice: —
By all the gods, I greedily resign it!

22. CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY. — *Addison. Born*, 1672; *died*, 1719.

It must be so. — Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us,
'T is Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there 's a Power above us, —
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works, — He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I 'm weary of conjectures, — this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This * in a moment brings me to my end;
But this † informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

23. QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS. — *Shakspeare.*

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.
Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

* The dagger. † Plato's Treatise.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? — What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspéd thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!
Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I 'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not!
Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further!
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break!
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor?
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, — yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish!
Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not!
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace: you durst not so have tempted him!
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life, you durst not!
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me; —
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: — he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius!

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus! —

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

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24. REGRETS OF DRUNKENNESS. — *Shakspeare.*

Iago. What! be you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cassio. Past all surgery!

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cassio. Reputation! reputation! reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself; and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man! There are ways to recover the General again. Sue to him, and he is yours.

Cassio. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? — O, thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — Devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cassio. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cassio. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cassio. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath: one imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come: you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it, for your own good.

Cassio. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O, strange! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come! good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it; — and, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you?

Cassio. I have well approved it, Sir: — I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk some time, man! I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our General's *wife* is now the General; confess yourself freely to her: importune her; she 'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cassio. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night, Lieutenant. I must to watch.

Cassio. Good-night, honest Iago.

25. SPEECH OF CASSIUS, INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO JOIN THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CÆSAR. — *Shakspeare.*

WELL, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you, and other men,
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did, from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder,
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone!
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar; what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus, once, that would have brooked
The infernal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king!

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26. CARDINAL WOLSEY, ON BEING CAST OFF BY KING HENRY VIII. — *Id.*

Nay, then, farewell,
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, — good, easy man, — full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again!
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, — say, then, I taught thee, —
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. —
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me!
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee, —
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blesséd martyr! Serve the King;
And, —— Prithee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the King's; my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

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27. HAMLET'S INSTRUCTION TO THE PLAYERS. — *Shakspeare.*

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor, do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently; for, in the very torrent, *tempest*, and, as I may say, WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, tear a passion to tatters, — to very *rags*, — to split the ears of the GROUNDLINGS; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too *tame*, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, — whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to

Nature; to show virtue her own feature; scorn, her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which *one* must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's *journeymen* had made men, and not made men *well*, they imitated humanity so abominably!

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28. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH. — *Shakspeare.*

To be — or not to be — that is the question!
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to *suffer*
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, —
Or, to take *arms* against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them. — To die, — to sleep; —
No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To die; — to sleep; —
To sleep? perchance to *dream;* — ay, there 's the rub:
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause! There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?
Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

29. NOT ASHAMED OF HIS OCCUPATION. — *Original adaptation from Morton.*

Jasper. Now, there 's a nice looking young man for a wedding party!

Stephen. Ah, dad! How are you, dad?

Jas. Not dressed yet? What are you thinking of, you idle dog?

Ste. Idle! Excuse me, dad; I was at work afore daylight.

Jas. Work! daylight! what have you to do with daylight, such a day as this? Don't you know that Lady Leatherbridge, and her niece, Lady Valeria, will be here presently? Go to that glass, Sir! gaze upon that coat, waistcoat and trousers, including boots, and then tell me, is that figure Stephen Plum, or a common cotton-spinner, out of the hundreds in his employ?

Ste. Well, and what 's Stephen Plum, after all 's said and done, but a common spinner, too? A common spinner growed rich, like his father before him? Was n't his father,— bless the old face of him! — was n't *he* a common spinner, too? No, he was n't; Jasper Plum was *no* common spinner; he was one in a thousand, he was! Did n't he use to make the bobbins fly; and did n't he card and comb till his face was as shiny red as a bran new penny bit? Ah! dad, you was something like a man, then, you was!

Jas. Well, I believe I was rather a good hand. But those mechanical times are gone; we are now gentlemen!

Ste. Speak for yourself, dad; *I 'm* no gentleman. I was, and am, and always shall be, a cotton-spinner. Now, don't be unreasonable, dad! have n't you made brother Freddy a gentleman? Surely, *one* gentleman in a family 's quite enough.

Jas. Yes, Frederick William 's a pretty fellow, — a very pretty fellow.

Ste. Freddy 's been wound on a different bobbin to me. Freddy 's been to Oxford College, and larnt no end of larning; and Freddy 's been to London, and seen no end of London life.

Jas. And, if you had n't preferred living like a bear, you might have accompanied him, and seen how all the mothers, who had daughters to marry, tried to get him to marry their daughters. Even the head of the illustrious house of Leatherbridge graciously condescended to accept his proposals for her niece, Lady Valeria Westendleigh. The whole affair was moved, debated and carried, in a week; only it was arranged that the wedding should take place here at Bristol during the family's visit to Clifton, to avoid what we call *éclat! éclat*, Sir! [*dignified.*]

Ste. Well, I don't wonder at Freddy; Freddy 's a handsome chap, and a thorough good fellow; and Jasper Plum is the warmest man in our parts, and can put one hundred thousand yellow-boys into Freddy's breeches-pocket.

Jas. Yellow-boys! breeches-pocket! Stephen Plum, I hope you don't mean to discharge such fearful expressions in the hearing of Lady Leatherbridge!

Ste. Bless you, no; before them female nobs, my grammar 'll be as right as a trivet.

Jas. Female nobs! right as a trivet! Stephen, Stephen, the sad truth is, you 've got no elevation of soul! You 'll live and die in cotton!

Ste. I hope so; I mean to stick to cotton as long as cotton sticks to me.

Jas. [*taking cotton off his coat*]. Cotton sticks to you too much, Stephen Plum —

Ste. I wish you 'd stick to cotton, dad, and get rid of all these fine, new, silk-and-satin notions of yours! The idea of your idling away your time, studying parlez vou Fransy! and then getting that whacking looking-glass, where I seed you making great ugly faces at yourself! Don't say you did n't, 'cause Toby and I catched you at it, t' other morning. How we did laugh, surely! Ho, ho, ho!

Jas. What you are pleased to call great ugly faces, Sir, were postures and smiles to receive my guests, — and look at the result! Behold the transmogrified Jasper Plum! Passed into the state of butterfly, out of the state of grub!

Ste. A butterfly, you? I say, dad, don't you feel a little stiffish about the wings? Ho, ho! butterfly and grub! [*Suddenly serious.*] Look you, dad; winter and summer, *in* work and *out* of work, I can manage to keep five hundred cotton spinners, — families and all, a matter of two thousand poor creatures, — and every man, woman and child, among 'em, has helped to make us rich. For my part, I can't lift a bit to my mouth, but I ask myself if any of theirs be empty. No, no! I must live and die among 'em; but what need to tell *you* so? Don't they love you, and you love them, as dear as dear can be? Bless your old heart, I know you do! And now, dad, I 'll tell you a secret. I 'm in love.

Jas. In what?

Ste. In love! and I don't mind to tell you *another* secret, — it 's with a woman!

Jas. In love with a woman!

Ste. Yes; and, now you 're in for it, I 'll tell you a *third* secret, — I want to marry her off-hand, directly.

Jas. The boy 's mad! His brother's marriage has got into his head, and turned it! You marry? and marry a woman, too? What next, I wonder?

Ste. Don't be angry, dad; I only want a wife of my own, like my father before me; so you 'd very much oblige me, if you 'd just name the time and keep it.

Jas. Indeed! before I name the *time*, Sir, perhaps you 'll condescend to name the woman.

Ste. Ah! now comes the tug. I say, dad, you see that hook atop of the ceiling, — that 's just where you 'll jump to, when you hear who 't is. Well, then, the woman I love, and want to marry, is the

poor factory girl, Martha Gibbs. Now, don't jump! [*Holding Jasper down.*]

Jas. Martha Gibbs! Ha, ha, ha! Come, I like this. There 's some character about such abominable audacity! It tickles one to have one's hair stand on end! Degenerate offspring! do you want to be the death of the house of Plum? And do you think I 'll ever sanction such an alliance for a son of mine? Never, never! The voice of all your ancestors exclaims, Never! never!

Ste. Then I wish my ancestors would just speak when they 're spoke to.

Jas. Reflect, rash youth, what was this creature, Martha? A beggar, asking charity!

Ste. No, she asked for wages, and paid you with hard work.

Jas. And *who* was she? I ask for her ancestry; she never had any. I ask for her parents; I don't believe she ever had any.

Ste. Never had a father and mother? Then warn't she a clever girl to manage to do without? Ho, ho, ho!

Jas. Reflect like a man, Sir, and don't laugh like a horse! I 'll turn that intriguing hussy, Martha Gibbs, out of the house, this very day!

Ste. Stop, dad; you *don't*, you can't mean that?

Jas. I *do* mean that, and I 'll do it!

Ste. No, you won't; you may save yourself the trouble *now*, and the pain *afterwards*. Martha has given notice; she means to quit the factory to-morrow morning.

Jas. A pleasant journey to her!

Ste. I hope so, 'cause I go along with her.

Jas. What did you say, Sir?

Ste. I go along with her.

Jas. You, Stephen! go and leave — O, Stephen!

Ste. Perhaps it 's best it should be so; long 's the day I 've seen my father and brother are ashamed of me.

Jas. Stephen Plum!

Ste. And you 'd have me marry a fine lady, who 'd be ashamed of me, too; but I won't. So, if you won't have us near you, why Martha and I must love you far away.

Jas. Well, I 'll reflect, — let me have time to reflect.

Ste. That 's but fair; I 'll give you lots of time. [*Looking at his watch.*] I 'll give you five-and-twenty minutes.

Jas. Eh?

Ste. Well, I don't mind making it half an hour; now, mind, in thirty minutes I 'll return for your yes or no. If it 's "No," I must pack up my carpet-bag, 'cause I can't go into the wide world without a change of linen. [*Exit.*]

Jas. I shall run distracted! Stephen Plum, if you 've any lingering love for your half-expiring father — Stephen, I say! Half an hour, indeed! that the house of Plum should come to this! [*Exit.*]

30. THE UNION AND ITS GOVERNMENT. — *Wm. Gilmore Simms.*

GOVERNMENT

We hold to be the creature of our need,
Having no power but where necessity
Still, under guidance of the Charter, gives it.
Our taxes raised to meet our exigence,
And not for waste or favorites. Our People
Left free to share the commerce of the world,
Without one needless barrier on their prows.
Our industry at liberty for venture,
Neither abridged nor pampered; and no calling
Preferred before another, to the ruin
Or wrong of either. These, Sir, are my doctrines!
They are the only doctrines which shall keep us
From anarchy, and that worst peril yet,
That threatens to dissever, in the tempest,
That married harmony of hope with power
That keeps our starry Union o'er the storm,
And, in the sacred bond that links our fortunes,
Makes us defy its thunders! Thus in one,
The foreign despot threatens us in vain.
Guizot and Palmerston may fret to see us
Grasping the empires which they vainly covet,
And stretching forth our trident o'er the seas,
In rivalry with Britain. They may confine,
But cannot chain us. Balances of power,
Framed by corrupt and cunning monarchists,
Weigh none of our possessions; and the seasons
That mark our mighty progress East and West,
Show Europe's struggling millions fondly seeking
The better shores and shelters that are ours.

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31. COLONNA TO THE KING. — *Richard Lalor Shiel.*

THE favor that I ask is one, my liege,
That princes often find it hard to grant.
'T is simply this: that you will hear the truth.
I see your courtiers here do stand amazed:
Of them I first would speak. There is not one,
Of this wide troop of glittering parasites,
That circle you, as priests surround their god,
With sycophantic incense, but in soul
Is your base foe! These smilers here, my liege,
Whose dimples seem a sort of honey-comb,
Filled and o'erflowing with their suavity, —
These soft, melodious flatterers, my liege,
That flourish on the flexibility

Of their soft countenances, — are the vermin
That haunt a prince's ear with the false buzz
Of villanous assentation. These are they
Who from your mind have flouted every thought
Of the great weal of the People. These are they
Who from your ears have shut the public cry. —
"Who dares complain of you?" All dare complain
Behind you; I, before you! Do not think,
Because you load your People with the weight
Of camels, they possess the camel's patience.
A deep groan labors in the nation's heart;
The very calm and stillness of the day
Gives augury of the earthquake. All without
Is as the marble smooth; and all within
Is rotten as the carcass it contains.
Though ruin knock not at the palace gate,
Yet will the palace gate unfold itself
To ruin's felt-shod tread.
Your gorgeous banquets, your high feasts of gold,
Which the four quarters of the rifled world
Heap with their ravished luxuries; your pomps,
Your palaces, and all the sumptuousness
Of painted royalty, will melt away,
As in a theatre the glittering scene
Doth vanish with the shifter's magic hand,
And the mock pageant perishes. My liege,
A single virtuous action hath more worth
Than all the pyramids; and glory writes
A more enduring epitaph upon
One generous deed, than the sarcophăgus
In which Sesostris meant to sleep.

32. ADDRESS TO THE SWISS. — *Adaptation from Schiller's play of William Tell.*

CONFEDERATES, listen to the words which God
Inspires my heart withal. Here we are met
To represent the general weal. In us
Are all the People of the land convened.
Then let us hold the Diet, as of old,
And as we 're wont in peaceful times to do.
The time's necessity be our excuse,
If there be aught informal in this meeting.
Still, wheresoe'er men strike for justice, there
Is God; and now beneath His Heaven we stand.
The Nations round us bear a foreign yoke;
For they have yielded to the conqueror.
Nay, e'en within our frontiers may be found
Some that owe villein service to a lord, —

A race of bonded serfs from sire to son.
But we, the genuine race of ancient Swiss,
Have kept our freedom, from the first, till now.
Never to princes have we bowed the knee.
What said our fathers when the Emperor
Pronounced a judgment in the Abbey's favor,
Awarding lands beyond his jurisdiction?
What was their answer? This: — "The grant is void;
No Emperor can bestow what is our own;
And if the Empire shall deny us justice,
We can, within our mountains, right ourselves."
Thus spake our fathers; and, shall we endure
The shame and infamy of this new yoke;
And, from the vassal, brook what never king
Dared, in the fulness of his power, attempt?
This soil we have created for ourselves,
By the hard labor of our hands; we 've changed
The giant forest, that was erst the haunt
Of savage bears, into a home for man;
Blasted the solid rock; o'er the abyss
Thrown the firm bridge for the way-faring man.
By the possession of a thousand years,
The soil is ours. And, shall an alien lord,
Himself a vassal, dare to venture here,
On our own hearths insult us, and attempt
To forge the chains of bondage for our hands,
And do us shame on our own proper soil?
Is there no help against such wrong as this?
Yes! there 's a limit to the despot's power.
When the oppressed looks round in vain for justice,
When his sore burden may no more be borne,
With fearless heart, he makes appeal to Heaven,
And thence brings down his everlasting rights,
Which there abide, inalienably his,
And indestructible as are the stars.
Nature's primeval state returns again,
Where man stands hostile to his fellow-man;
And, if all other means shall fail his need,
One last resource remains — his own good sword!
Our dearest treasures call to us for aid
Against the oppressor's violence; we stand
For country, home, for wives, for children, here!

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33. WILLIAM TELL IN WAIT FOR GESSLER. — *Schiller.*

Here through this deep defile he needs must pass;
There leads no other road to Küssnacht: — here
I 'll do it: — the opportunity is good.
Yon alder-tree stands well for my concealment, —

Thence my avenging shaft will surely reach him;
The straitness of the path forbids pursuit.
Now, Gessler, balance thine account with Heaven!
Thou must away from earth, — thy sand is run.
I led a peaceful, inoffensive life; —
My bow was bent on forest game alone,
And my pure soul was free from thoughts of murder, —
But thou hast scared me from my dream of peace;
The milk of human kindness thou hast turned
To rankling poison in my breast; and made
Appalling deeds familiar to my soul.
He who could make his own child's head his mark
Can speed his arrow to his foeman's heart.
My children dear, my loved and faithful wife,
Must be protected, tyrant, from thy fury! —
When last I drew my bow, with trembling hand,
And thou, with murderous joy, a father forced
To level at his child, — when, all in vain,
Writhing before thee, I implored thy mercy, —
Then, in the agony of my soul, I vowed
A fearful oath, which met God's ear alone,
That when my bow next winged an arrow's flight,
Its aim should be thy heart. The vow I made,
Amid the hellish torments of that moment,
I hold a sacred debt, and I will pay it.
Thou art my lord, my Emperor's delegate;
Yet would the Emperor not have stretched his power
So far as thou. He sent thee to these Cantons
To deal forth law, — stern law, — for he is angered;
But not to wanton with unbridled will
In every cruelty, with fiend-like joy: —
There is a God to punish and avenge.
Well, I am watching for a noble prey!
Does not the huntsman, with severest toil,
Roam for whole days amid the winter's cold,
Leap with a daring bound from rock to rock,
And climb the jagged, slippery steeps, to which
His limbs are glued by his own streaming blood, —
And all this but to gain a wretched chamois?
A far more precious prize is now my aim,
The heart of that dire foe who would destroy me.
From my first years of boyhood I have used
The bow, — been practised in the archer's feats;
The bull's eye many a time my shafts have hit,
And many a goodly prize have I brought home,
Won in the games of skill. This day I 'll make
My master-shot, and win the highest prize
Within the whole circumference of the mountains.

Come forth, thou bringer once of bitter pangs,
[*Draws an arrow from his belt.*
My precious jewel now, — my chiefest treasure, —
A mark I 'll set thee, which the cry of grief
Could never penetrate, — but thou shalt pierce it; —
And thou, my trusty bow-string, that so oft
Has served me faithfully in sportive scenes,
Desert me not in this most serious hour!
Only be true this once, my own good cord,
That hast so often winged the biting shaft; —
For shouldst thou fly successless from my hand,
I have no second to send after thee.

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34. WILLIAM TELL DESCRIBES HIS ESCAPE. — *Schiller.*

I LAY on deck, fast bound with cords, disarmed,
In utter hopelessness. I did not think
Again to see the gladsome light of day,
Nor the dear faces of my wife and children,
And eyed disconsolate the waste of waters.
Then we put forth upon the lake, — the Viceroy,
Rudolph der Harras, and their suite. My bow
And quiver lay astern beside the helm;
And just as we had reached the corner, near
The Little Axen, Heaven ordained it so,
That from the Gotthardt's gorge a hurricane
Swept down upon us with such headlong force,
That every rower's heart within him sank,
And all on board looked for a watery grave.
Then heard I one of the attendant train,
Turning to Gessler, in this strain accost him:
"You see our danger, and your own, my lord,
And that we hover on the verge of death.
The boatmen there are powerless from fear,
Nor are they confident what course to take; —
Now, here is William Tell, a fearless man,
And knows to steer with more than common skill.
How if we should avail ourselves of him,
In this emergency?" The Viceroy then
Addressed me thus: "If thou wilt undertake
To bring us through this tempest safely, Tell,
I might consent to free thee from thy bonds."
I answered, "Yes, my lord, with God's assistance
I 'll see what can be done, and help us Heaven!"
On this they loosed me from my bonds, and I
Stood by the helm and fairly steered along;
Yet ever eyed my shooting gear askance,
And kept a watchful eye upon the shore,

To find some point where I might leap to land:
And when I had descried a shelving crag,
That jutted, smooth atop, into the lake, —
I bade the men put forth their utmost might,
Until we came before the shelving crag.
For there, I said, the danger will be past!
Stoutly they pulled, and soon we neared the point;
One prayer to God for His assisting grace,
And, straining every muscle, I brought round
The vessel's stern close to the rocky wall;
Then, snatching up my weapons, with a bound
I swung myself upon the flattened shelf,
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the hell of waters.
There let it drift about, as Heaven ordains!
Thus am I here, delivered from the might
Of the dread storm, and man, more dreadful still.

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35. WALLENSTEIN'S SOLILOQUY. — *Schiller. Coleridge's Translation.*

Is it possible?
Is 't so? I *can* no longer what I *would*?
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must *do* the deed because I *thought* of it,
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,
Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
And only kept the road, the access, open?
I but amused myself with thinking of it.
The free-will tempted me, the power to do
Or not to do it. Was it criminal
To make the fancy minister to hope,
To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
And clutch fantastic sceptres moving toward me!
Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
The road of duty close beside me, — but
One little step, and once more I was in it!
Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
Impenetrable, insurmountable,
Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
And meant not, — my own doings tower behind me.
What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
Power seated on a quiet throne thou 'dst shake, —
Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
Strong in possession, founded in all custom;

Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
Who, full himself of courage, kindles courage
In me, too. 'T is a foe invisible
The which I fear, — a fearful enemy,
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
Makes known its present being; that is not
The true, the perilously formidable.
O no! it is the common, the quite common,
The thing of an eternal yesterday.
What ever was, and evermore returns,
Sterling to-morrow, for to-day 't was sterling!
For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe, then, to them
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

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36. THE BELIEF IN ASTROLOGY. — *Schiller. Coleridge's Translation.*

O NEVER rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels. 'T is not merely
The human being's Pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms, and watery depths, — all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!

But still the heart doth need a language, — still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that 's fair!

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37. THE GRIEF OF BEREAVEMENT. — *Wallenstein's Reflections on hearing of the death of young Piccolomini. Translated from Schiller by Coleridge.*

He is gone, — is dust!
He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
For him there is no longer any future.
His life is bright, — bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O! 't is well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour,
Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us?
This anguish will be wearied down, I know; —
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For O! he stood beside me, like my youth, —
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn!
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished, and returns not.

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38. PRIULI AND JAFFIER. — *Thomas Otway.*

Thomas Otway, from whose tragedy of "Venice Preserved" the following extract is taken, was born in Sussex, England, in 1651, and died, in a state of almost incredible destitution and wretchedness, in 1685. He was the author of several plays, of which his "Venice Preserved" is the most deservedly celebrated.

Priuli. No more! I 'll hear no more! Begone, and leave me!
Jaffier. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall!
My Lord, my Lord! I 'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where 's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wronged me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wronged you?
Pri. Yes, wronged me! In the nicest point,
The honor of my house, you 've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness), when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on,
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits:
My house, my table, nay, my fortune, too,
My very self, was yours; — you might have used me
To your best service. Like an open friend,
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine,
When, in requital of my best endeavors,
You treacherously practised to undo me:
Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
O, Belvidera!
Jaf. 'T is to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct, — no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since, in your brigantine, you sailed to see
The Adriatic wedded by our Duke;
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
Dashed us upon a rock, when to your boat
You made for safety: entered first yourself;
The affrighted Belvidera following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was, by a wave, washed off into the deep;
When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, — gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul; for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.
Pri. You stole her from me! — like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that curséd hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.

May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both! continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous! still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till, at last, you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion!
Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain; —
Heaven has already crowned our outcast lot
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty.
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!
Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want!
Jaf. You talk as if 't would please you.
Pri. 'T would, by Heaven!
Jaf. Would I were in my grave!
Pri. And she, too, with thee!
For, living here, you 're but my cursed remembrancers
I was once happy!
Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder?
Pri. You dare not do 't!
Jaf. Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master.
Three years are past, since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I 've treated Belvidera as your daughter, —
The daughter of a Senator of Venice; —
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded.
Out of my little fortune I 've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself,
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
Pri. No more!
Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu forever.
There 's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But 's happier than I; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; — every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,

And never waked but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet 's withered in the ripening!
Pri. Home, and be humble! Study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly;
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state;
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life! Hence, hence, and starve!
Home, home, I say!

39. NOTHING IN IT. — *Charles Mathews.*

Leech. But you don't laugh, Coldstream! Come, man, be amused, for once in your life! — you don't laugh.

Sir Charles. O, yes, I do. You mistake; I laughed twice, distinctly, — only, the fact is, I am bored to death!

Leech. Bored? What! after such a feast as that you have given us? Look at me, — I 'm inspired! I 'm a King at this moment, and all the world is at my feet!

Sir C. My dear Leech, you began life late. You are a young fellow, — forty-five, — and have the world yet before you. I started at thirteen, lived quick, and exhausted the whole round of pleasure before I was thirty. I 've tried everything, heard everything, done everything, know everything; and here I am, a man of thirty-three, literally used up — completely *blasé!*

Leech. Nonsense, man! — used up, indeed! — with your wealth, with your twenty estates in the sunniest spots in England, — not to mention that Utopia, within four walls, in the *Rue de Provence*, in Paris.

Sir C. I 'm dead with *ennui!*

Leech. Ennui! poor Crœsus!

Sir C. Crœsus! — no, I 'm no Crœsus! My father, — you 've seen his portrait, good old fellow! — he certainly did leave me a little matter of twelve thousand pounds a year; but, after all —

Leech. O, come! —

Sir C. O, I don't complain of it.

Leech. I should think not.

Sir C. O, no; there are some people who can manage to do on less, — on credit.

Leech. I know several. My dear Coldstream, you should try change of scene.

Sir C. I have tried it; — what 's the use?

Leech. But I 'd gallop all over Europe.

Sir C. I have; — there 's nothing in it.

Leech. Nothing in all Europe?

Sir C. Nothing! — O, dear, yes! I remember, at one time, I did, somehow, go about a good deal.

Leech. You should go to Switzerland.

Sir C. I have been. — Nothing there, — people say so much about everything. There certainly were a few glaciers, some monks, and large dogs, and thick ankles, and bad wine, and Mont Blanc; yes, and there was ice on the top, too; but I prefer the ice at Gunter's, — less trouble, and more in it.

Leech. Then, if Switzerland would n't do, I 'd try Italy.

Sir C. My dear Leech, I 've tried it over and over again, — and what then?

Leech. Did not Rome inspire you?

Sir C. O, believe me, Tom, a most horrible hole! People talk so much about these things. There 's the Coloseum, now; — round, very round, — a goodish ruin enough; but I was disappointed with it. Capitol, — tolerable high; and St. Peter's, — marble, and mosaics, and fountains, — dome certainly not badly scooped; but there was nothing in it.

Leech. Come, Coldstream, you must admit we have nothing like St. Peter's in London.

Sir C. No, because we don't want it; but, if we wanted such a thing, of course we should have it. A dozen gentlemen meet, pass resolutions, institute, and in twelve months it would be run up; nay, if that were all, we 'd buy St. Peter's itself, and have it sent over.

Leech. Ha, ha! well said, — you 're quite right. What say you to beautiful Naples?

Sir C. Not bad, — excellent water-melons, and goodish opera; they took me up Vesuvius, — a horrid bore! It smoked a good deal, certainly, but altogether a wretched mountain; — saw the crater — looked down, but there was nothing in it.

Leech. But the bay?

Sir C. Inferior to Dublin!

Leech. The Campagna?

Sir C. A swamp!

Leech. Greece?

Sir C. A morass!

Leech. Athens?

Sir C. A bad Edinburgh!

Leech. Egypt?

Sir C. A desert!

Leech. The Pyramids?

Sir C. Humbugs! — nothing in any of them! You bore me. Is it possible that you cannot invent something that would make my blood boil in my veins, — my hair stand on end, — my heart beat, — my pulse rise; — that would produce an excitement — an emotion — a sensation — a palpitation — but, no! —

Leech. I 've an idea!

Sir C. You? What is it?

Leech. Marry!

Sir C. Hum! — well, not bad. There 's novelty about the notion; it never did strike me to — O, but, no: I should be bored with the exertion of choosing. If a wife, now, could be had like a dinner — for ordering.

Leech. She can, by you. Take the first woman that comes: on my life, she 'll not refuse twelve thousand pounds a year.

Sir C. Come, I don't dislike the project; I almost feel something like a sensation coming. I have n't felt so excited for some time; it 's a novel enjoyment — a surprise! I 'll try it.

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40. MOSES AT THE FAIR. — *J. S. Coyne.*

Jenkinson, having thrown aside his disguise as a quack doctor, enters with a box under his arm, encounters Moses, and sets down his box.

Jenkinson. A wonderful man! A wonderful man!

Moses. Ah, a patient of that impudent quack doctor.

Jen. Quack doctor, Sir? Would there were more such! One draught of his aqua soliginus has cured me of a sweating sickness, that was on me now these six years; and carried a large impósthume off my throat, that scarce let me eat, drink or sleep, except in an upright posture, and now it has gone as clean, saving your presence, as — [*picks his pocket*] — that, Sir! O, a wonderful man! I came here, at full length, in a cart; but I shall ride back as upright as a gate-post, if I can but come by a horse.

Moses [*aside*]. A customer for the colt; he seems a simple fellow. I have a horse to sell, Sir.

Jen. O! I warrant me you are one of those cozening horse-jockeys that take in poor honest folk. I know no more of horses than you do of Greek.

Moses. Nay — [*aside*] — but I must appear simple. — I assure you, Sir, that you need not fear being cozened by me. I have a good stout colt for sale, that has been worked in the plough these two years; you can but step aside and look at him.

Jen. Well, as for that, I don't care if I do; but, bless me! I was forgetting my wares. [*Takes up his box.*

Moses. What have you there?

Jen. [*mysteriously*]. Ah! that 's a secret. They 're my wares. There 's a good twelve pounds' worth under the lid of that box. But you 'll not talk about it, or I might be robbed; the fair 's full of rogues; perhaps you 're one of 'em, — you look mighty sharp!

Moses. Nay, my good man, I am as honest as thyself; [*aside*] — though perhaps not quite such a simpleton!

Jen. Well, I don't care if I do look at thy horse; [*aside*] — and you may say good-by to him. — But you 're sure he 's quiet to ride and drive?

Moses. I 've driven him myself, and I am not one that driveth furiously; and you may believe he 's quiet to ride, when I tell you he 's carried my mother, an old lady, and never thrown her. [*Aside.*] It 's

true, she tumbled off once; but that was her fault, and not the colt's.

Jen. Then, I don't care if I say a bargain. How much is it to be? I don't like paying more than ten guineas.

Moses [*aside*]. He 's not worth half the money! You shall name your own price; [*aside*] — and then nobody can say I cheated him.

Jen. What say you to nine guineas, and the odd half-guinea for saddle and bridle?

Moses. Nay, I would not drive a hard bargain, — I 'm content.

Jen. Stop a bit, and I 'll give the money. [*Pretends to search his pockets.*] Eh? — O, nay, 't is t' other pocket; no, O! I 'm a ruined man! — I be robbed — thieves! I be robbed —

Moses. Robbed? This comes of carrying money. "Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator," as Juvenal says. But I will lend thee enough to take thee home again. [*Going to put his hand into his pocket.*

Jen. [*prevents him*]. Nay, good young man, I have friends enow in this place who will do that for me. It is the loss of the horse that vexes me. Hold! — perhaps, though I can no longer buy, you may be willing to make a barter?

Moses. Why, the practice of barter was much used among the ancients; and, indeed, the Lacedemonians had no coined money until after the time of Lycurgus, as you are aware.

Jen. No — I can't say I know the family. But will you exchange your horse against my wares? There 's a good twelve pounds' worth of 'em.

Moses. What are they? Deprome — that is, bring them forth.

Jen. [*opens his box*]. A gross of green spectacles, fine pebbles and silver rims. [*Taking a pair out of case.*

Moses. A gross of green spectacles. [*Taking a pair.*

Jen. A dozen dozen.

Moses. Let's see; [*aside, calculates*] — twelve times twelve is — and twenty-one 's into — go — yes, a capital bargain! — I accept; you take the colt, and I 'll take the spectacles. [*Offering to take the box.*

Jen. Nay, nay! I 'll give you the box when you 've given me the colt; — so, come!

Moses. A gross of green spectacles! Huzza! [*Aside.*] I 'll retail them for twice the money. "Nocte pluit totâ redeunt spectacula mane" — "There come back spectacles many." Ha, ha! the silly fellow! Well, it 's not my fault, he will cheat himself, — ha, ha! O, Moses is a simpleton, is he? Moses can't make a bargain, can't he? [*Exit.*

Jen. Of all the green spectacles I ever sold, I must say you 're the greenest.

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41. VAN DEN BOSCH AND VAN ARTEVELDE. — *Henry Taylor.*

Artevelde. This is a mighty matter, Van den Bosch,
And much to be revolved ere it be answered.

Van den Bosch. The people shall elect thee with one voice.

I will insure the White-Hoods, and the rest
Will eagerly accept thy nomination,
So to be rid of some that they like less.
Thy name is honored both of rich and poor;
For all are mindful of the glorious rule
Thy father bore, when Flanders, prosperous then,
From end to end obeyed him as one town.

Art. They may remember it; and, Van den Bosch,
May I not, too, bethink me of the end
To which this People brought my noble father?
They gorged the fruits of his good husbandry,
Till, drunk with long prosperity, and blind
With too much fatness, they tore up the root
From which their common weal had sprung and flourished.

Van den B. Nay, Master Philip, let the past be past.

Art. Here, on the doorstead of my father's house,
The blood of his they spilt is seen no more.
But when I was a child I saw it there;
For so long as my widow-mother lived
Water came never near the sanguine stain.
She loved to show it me; and then, with awe,
But hoarding still the purpose of revenge,
I heard the tale; which, like a daily prayer
Repeated, to a rooted feeling grew, —
How long he fought; how falsely came like friends
The villains Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette;
All the base murder of the one by many!
Even such a brutal multitude as they
Who slew my father; yea, who slew their own
(For like one had he ruled the parricides),
Even such a multitude thou 'dst have me govern.

Van den B. Why, what if Jacques Artevelde was killed?
He had his reign, and that for many a year,
And a great glory did he gain thereby.
And as for Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,
Their breath is in their nostrils as was his.
If you be as stout-hearted as your father,
And mindful of the villanous trick they played him,
Their hour of reckoning is well-nigh come.
Of that, and of this base, false-hearted league
They 're making with the earl, these two to us
Shall give account.

Art. They cannot render back
The golden bowl that 's broken at the fountain,
Or mend the wheel that 's broken at the cistern,
Or twist again the silver cord that 's loosed.
Yea, life for life, vile bankrupts as they are, —

Their worthless lives, for his of countless price, —
Is their whole wherewithal to pay their debt.
Yet, retribution is a goodly thing,
And it were well to wring the payment from them
Even to the utmost drop of their heart's blood!

Van den B. Then will I call the People to the square,
And speak for your election.

Art. Not so fast.
Your vessel, Van den Bosch, hath felt the storm:
She rolls dismasted in an ugly swell,
And you would make a jury-mast of me,
Whereon to spread the tatters of your canvas.
And what am I? Why, I am as the oak
Which stood apart, far down the vale of life,
Growing retired, beneath a quiet sky.
Wherefore should this be added to the wreck?

Van den B. I pray you, speak it in the Burgher's tongue;
I lack the scholarship to talk in tropes.

Art. The question, to be plain, is briefly this: —
Shall I, who, chary of tranquillity,
Not busy in this factious city's broils,
Nor frequent in the market-place, eschewed
The even battle, — shall I join the rout?

Van den B. Times are sore changed, I see; there 's none in Ghent
That answers to the name of Artevelde.
Thy father did not carp nor question thus,
When Ghent invoked his aid. The days have been
When not a citizen drew breath in Ghent
But freely would have died in Freedom's cause.

Art. The cause, I grant thee, Van den Bosch, is good;
And, were I linked to earth no otherwise
But that my whole heart centred in myself,
I could have tossed you this poor life to play with,
Taking no second thought. But as things are,
I will revolve the matter warily,
And send thee word betimes of my conclusion.

Van den B. Betimes it must be, for the White-Hood chiefs
Meet two hours hence; and ere we separate
Our course must be determined.

Art. In two hours,
If I be for you, I will send this ring
In token I have so resolved. Farewell!

Van den B. Philip Van Artevelde, a greater man
Than ever Ghent beheld, we 'll make of thee,
If thou be bold enough to try this venture.
God give thee heart to do so! Fare thee well!

[*Exit Van den Bosch.*]

Art. [*after a long pause*]. Is it vain glory that thus whispers me,
That 't is ignoble to have led my life
In idle meditations? — that the times
Demand me, that they call my father's name?
O, what a fiery heart was his! such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. O, my father!
Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
Unto dominion than thy death deters!

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42. THE WEATHERCOCK. — *J. T. Allingham.*

Old Fickle. What reputation, what honor, what profit, can accrue to you from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tristram Fickle. I am clear out of that scrape now, Sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and, for the noise of drums, trumpets and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, Sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barrelling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him anything, Sir; for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, Sir! this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, Sir! Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to anything but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, Sir,— one thing more.

Old F. What is that, Sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and, from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy, — well said! You make me happy, indeed! [*Patting him on the shoulder.*] Now, then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law —

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better! I am overjoyed. Why, 't is the very thing I wished. Now I am happy! [*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*] See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the Jury —

Old F. Why, Tristram!

Tri. This is a cause —

Old F. O, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend on. [*Tristram continues making gestures.*]

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause —

Old F. Bravo! bravo! Excellent boy! I 'll go and order your books, directly!

Tri. 'T is done, Sir.

Old F. What, already!

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books, when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, Sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning! Well —

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber —

Old F. A barber! What, is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one-half of my head, Sir.

Old F. You will excuse me if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, Sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah, he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen, — lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice; he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force; the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant, — they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance, — their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry! One soul animates a ıation, and that soul is the soul of the orator!

Old F. O, what a figure he will make on the King's Bench! But, ıe, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how

happily this determination of yours will further it. You have [*Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking*] often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister —

Tri. Who is against me in this cause —

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer —

Tri. But, as I have justice on my side —

Old F. Zounds! he does n't hear a word I say! Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, Sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now, attend —

Tri. As my learned friend observes — Go on, Sir; I am all attention.

Old F. Well, my friend the counsellor —

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please, Sir. We gentlemen of the law always —

Old F. Well, well, — my learned friend —

Tri. A black patch!

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action —

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity —

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are grown serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together; you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows, of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry and sit down, happy for life,

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! Ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study — run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I 'll go and call upon the counsellor.

Tri. I remove by *habeas corpus*.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then. [*Hurrying him off.*]

Tri. Gentlemen of the Jury, this is a cause — [*Exit.*]

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He 'll be lord chancellor, one day or other, I dare be sworn. I am sure he has talents! O, how I long to see him at the bar!

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43. SALADIN, MALEK ADHEL, ATTENDANT. — *New Monthly Magazine.*

Attendant. A stranger craves admittance to your highness.

Saladin. Whence comes he?

Atten. That I know not.

Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim — if that I dare pronounce it —
Sal. Whom?
Atten. Thy royal brother!
Sal. Bring him instantly. [*Exit Attendant.*]
Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!
[*Enter Attendant and Malek Adhel.*]
Leave us together. [*Exit Attendant.*] [*Aside.*] I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.
Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!
Sal. I see a traitor's visage.
Mal. Ad. A brother's!
Sal. No!
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
Mal. Ad. O, patience, Heaven! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.
Sal. And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
O, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:
The smiles of friendship, and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void, —
His brother has betrayed him!
Mal. Ad. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst —
My tongue can never utter the base title!
Sal. Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!
Villain? 'T is just; the title is appropriate!
Dissembler? 'T is not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;

But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!
Thinkest thou I 'm softened? By Mohammed! these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O, monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
O, what a wretch art thou! O! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

Mal. Ad. Go on! go on!
'T is but a little while to hear thee, Saladin;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.

Sal. That were an end
Too noble for a traitor! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish! Thou shalt die!

Mal. Ad. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.

Sal. O, doubt it not!
They 're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

Mal. Ad. Defer not, then, their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer: — O, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing!
Let me die speedily!

Sal. This very hour!
[*Aside.*] For, O! the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt, —
Such vile ingratitude, — it calls for vengeance;
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits there?
[*Enter Attendant.*]

Atten. Did your highness call?

Sal. Assemble quickly
My forces in the court. Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor.
And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [*Exit Attendant.*]

Mal. Ad. Now, Saladin,
The word is given; I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justice of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue, —
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture, — will it, then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?

Sal. Speak, then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.

Mal. Ad. I have not!
Yet will I ask for it. We part forever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that omniscient power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of forces once my own, I 'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling; then,
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.
But now I ask — nay, turn not, Saladin! —
I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
From that stern eye one solitary tear —
O, torturing recollection! — one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness.
Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports! — are they forgotten? —
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
Yet, yet thou wilt! O, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face, — thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him —

Sal. [*seizing his hand*]. Brother! brother!

Mal. Ad. [*breaking away*]. Now call thy follower

Death has not now
A single pang in store. Proceed! I 'm ready.
Sal. O, art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities —
Mal. Ad. O, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life. I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain
Should expiate his offences with his life.
Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go!
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*]
Sal. Thou shalt not. [*Enter Attendant.*]
Atten. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.
Mal. Ad. O, faithful friends! [*To Atten.*] Thine shalt.
Atten. Mine? Never!
The other first shall lop it from the body.
Sal. They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.
Atten. O joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visiter. [*Exit.*]
Sal. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth, — by war, by nature,
Hardened, and rendered callous, — these, who claim
No kindred with thee, — who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips, —
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction! While I,
I, who cannot, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,

Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter, —
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered — "Brother!"
And seen that form like lightning rush between
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own, — I could forget
That 't was to thee I owed the very breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 't is shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me!

Mal. Ad. By these tears, I can!
O, brother! from this very hour, a new,
A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

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44. DAMON TO THE SYRACUSANS. — *John Banim.*

Are all content?
A nation's rights betrayed, and all content?
What! with your own free willing hands yield up
The ancient fabric of your constitution,
To be a garrison for common cut-throats!
What! will ye all combine to tie a stone,
Each to each other's neck, and drown like dogs?
Are you so bound in fetters of the mind
That there you sit, as if you were yourselves
Incorporate with the marble? Syracusans! —
But no! I will not rail, nor chide, nor curse you
I will implore you, fellow-countrymen,
With blinded eyes, and weak and broken speech,
I will implore you — O! I am weak in words,
But I could bring such advocates before you!
Your fathers' sacred images; old men,
That have been grandsires; women with their children,
Caught up in fear and hurry, in their arms; —
And those old men should lift their shivering voices
And palsied hands, and those affrighted mothers
Should hold their innocent infants forth, and ask,
Can you make slaves of *them*?

PART NINTH.

COMIC AND SATIRICAL.

1. SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ IN THE CASE OF BARDELL AGAINST PICKWICK. — *Charles Dickens.*

You heard from my learned friend, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, Gentlemen, is a widow; yes, Gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, Gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written placard, bearing this inscription, — "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, Gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, — she had no distrust, — all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor, — Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, — Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, — Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and consolation; — in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, Gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days, — three days, Gentlemen, — a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick, — Pickwick, the defendant!

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, Gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, Gentlemen,

the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany. I say systematic villany, Gentlemen; and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in Court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in his discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, Gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage: previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends, — most unwilling witnesses, Gentlemen, — most unwilling witnesses, — that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, Gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, — letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye, — letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: — "Garraway's, twelve o'clock. — Dear Mrs. B. — Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious Heavens! And Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. — "Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression, — "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." The warming-pan! Why, Gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire — a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference

to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, Gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, Gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down — but there is no tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass — but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without! All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, when his mother weeps. But Pickwick, Gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oäsis in the desert of Goswell-street, — Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward, — Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pans, — Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, Gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him, — the only recompense you can award to my client! And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative Jury of her civilized countrymen!

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2. THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING. — *Thomas Hood.* *Born*, 1798; *died*, 1845.

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books,
Are snared by anglers, — folks that fish with literary Hooks, —
Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it through; —
They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken;
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon;"
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go;
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."
While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 't was mine to lose, — a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor," too, must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," O! where was my "Leigh Hunt"?
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle" touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle," — and surely Mickle 's much.

'T is quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my "Hughes;"
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there 's gray upon my locks;
I 'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly;
And when they ask about my ail, 't is "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide;
For O! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Akenside."
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me "Sterne."

3. THE MAGPIE AND THE MONKEY. — *Yriarte.* *Born*, 1760; *died*, 1791.

"Dear Madam, I pray," quoth a Magpie, one day,
To a Monkey, who happened to come in her way, —
"If you 'll but come with me
To my snug little home in the trunk of a tree,
I 'll show you such treasures of art and vertu,
Such articles, old, mediæval, and new,
As a lady of taste and discernment like you
Will be equally pleased and astonished to view; —
In an oak-tree hard by I have stowed all these rarities;
And if you 'll come with me, I 'll soon you show where it is."

The Monkey agreed at once to proceed,
And, hopping along at the top of her speed,
To keep up with the guide, who flew by her side,
As eager to show as the other to see,
Presently came to the old oak-tree;
When, from a hole in its mighty bole,
In which she had cunningly hidden the whole,
One by one the Magpie drew,
And displayed her hoard to the Monkey's view:
A buckle of brass, some bits of glass,
A ribbon dropped by a gypsy lass;

A tattered handkerchief edged with lace,
The haft of a knife, and a tooth-pick case;
An inch or so of Cordelier's rope,
A very small cake of Castilian soap,
And a medal blessed by the holy Pope;
Half a cigar, the neck of a jar,
A couple of pegs from a cracked guitar;
Beads, buttons and rings, and other odd things,
And such as my hearers would think me an ass, if I
Tried to enumerate fully or classify.

At last, having gone, one by one, through the whole,
And carefully packed them again in the hole,
Alarmed at the pause, and not without *caws*,
The Magpie looked anxiously down for applause.
The monkey, meanwhile, with a shrug and a smile,
Having silently eyed the contents of the pile,
And found them, in fact, one and all, very vile,
Resolved to depart; and was making a start,
When, observing the movement with rage and dismay,
The Magpie addressed her, and pressed her to stay:
"What, sister, I pray, have you nothing to say,
In return for the sight that I 've shown you to-day?
Not a syllable? — hey? I 'm surprised! — well I may, —
That so fine a collection, with nothing to pay,
Should be treated in such a contemptuous way.
I looked for applause, as a matter of right,
And certainly thought that you 'd prove more polite."

At length, when the Magpie had ceased to revile,
The Monkey replied, with a cynical smile:
"Well, Ma'am, since my silence offends you," said she,
"I 'll frankly confess that such trifles possess,
Though much to your taste, no attraction for me;
For though, like yourself, a collector of pelf,
Such trash, ere I 'd touch it, might rot on a shelf;
And I 'd not, by Saint Jago, out of my way go
A moment to pick up so vile a farrago.
To the digging of roots, and the prigging of fruits,
I strictly confine my industrial pursuits;
And whenever I happen to find or to steal
More than will serve for a moderate meal, —
For my appetite 's small, and I don't eat a deal, —
In the pouches or craws which hang from my jaws,
And which I contract or distend at my pleasure,
I safely deposit the rest of my treasure,
And carry it home, to be eaten at leisure.
In short, Ma'am, while you collect rubbish and rags, —
A mass of *chiffonerie* not worth possessing, —

I gather for use, and replenish my bags
With things that are really a comfort and blessing, —
A reserve, if I need them, for future subsistence,
Adapted to lengthen and sweeten existence."

The Monkey's reply — for I must, if I 'm able,
Elicit some practical hint from the fable —
Suited the Magpie, and suits just as well any
Quarterly, monthly, or weekly miscellany,
Whose contents exhibit so often a hash,
Oddly compounded, of all kinds of trash,
That I wonder, whenever I chance to inspect them,
How editors have the bad taste to select them.

4. THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR. — *Translated, by Dr. Bowring, from the Russian of Khemnitzer.*

So goes the world; if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother, friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless, witless, never mind it;
You may have been a stable-boy, — what then?
'T is wealth, good Sir, makes honorable men.
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.
But if you 're poor, Heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possessed the intellect of angels, too,
'T is all in vain; — the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score; — why should it take the pains?
'T is easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.
I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise; — he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "'Strange!" cried I; "whence is it?"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some
Said, by their silence, "Better stay at home."
A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus rich, I 'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit;
And as for wisdom, he had none of it;
He had what 's better, — he had wealth,
What a confusion! — all stand up erect;
These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in honest duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.

"Allow me, Sir, the honor!" — then a bow
Down to the earth. Is 't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?
The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is, indeed, beyond my comprehension!"
Then looking round,
One friendly face he found,
And said, "Pray tell me, why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?" — "That 's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other; "have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

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5. WHITTLING — A YANKEE PORTRAIT. — *Rev. J. Pierpont.*

The Yankee boy, before he 's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You 'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch,
And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch.

Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven
Ere long he 'll solve you any problem given;
Make any jim-crack, musical or mute,
A plough, a couch, an organ or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,

Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock,
Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block; —
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four; —
Make it, said I? — Ay, when he undertakes it,
He 'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.

And when the thing is made, — whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea;
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For, when his hand 's upon it, you may know
That there 's go in it, and he 'll make it go.

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6. CITY MEN IN THE COUNTRY. — *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered like truants for riches or fame!
With a smile on her face and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your lanes,
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
Will declare it 's all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it 's a cheese,
And leave "the old lady that never tells lies"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go
The old roundabout road to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens,
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels
With the burrs on his legs and the grass at his heels;
No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share, —
No constable grumbling, "You must n't walk there!"

In yonder green meadow, to Memory dear,
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear;
The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms and shoots, —
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church;
That tree at its side had the flavor of birch:
O, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks!"

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,
The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps;
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

'T is past, — he is dreaming, — I see him again;
The ledger returns as by legerdemain;
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,
"A. 1. — Extra super. — Ah, is n't it prime!"

O, what are the prizes we perish to win,
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin!
No soil upon earth is as dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties, and parts, to our feast;
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you, at least,
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of old — water — at nothing a glass.

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7. FUSS AT FIRES. — *Anonymous.*

It having been announced to me, my young friends, that you were about forming a fire-company, I have called you together to give you such directions as long experience in a first-quality engine company qualifies me to communicate. The moment you hear an alarm of fire, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way, except the right way, — for the furthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood-pile, so much the better; you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view, "break" for it immediately; but be sure you don't jump into a bow window. Keep yelling, all the time; and, if you can't make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling, too; 't will help amazingly. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a "powerful

auxiliary." When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or, if you can't do that, perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump-handle and pound it down. Don't forget to yell, all the while, as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. The louder the better, of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater necessity for "doing it brown." Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man "smoke" that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit-trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. *Don't forget to yell!* Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse, — he 'll be alive and kicking; and if his legs don't do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs; — let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next, cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and, if that don't stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the first floor share a similar fate. Should the "devouring element" still pursue the "even tenor of its way," you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, and tumble out the tumblers. *Yell all the time!*

If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way; but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers, and empty their contents out of the back window; telling somebody below to upset the slop-barrel and rain-water hogshead at the same time. Of course, you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown, the more pieces will be made. If anybody objects, smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story: the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life. Set it straddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed-clothes carefully on the floor, and throw the crockery out of the window. By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building be burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed; and, of course, you require no further directions.

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8. ONE STORY 'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD. — *Charles Swain.*

THERE 's a maxim that all should be willing to mind:
'T is an old one, a kind one, and true as 't is kind;
'T is worthy of notice wherever you roam,
And no worse for the heart, if remembered at home!
If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it — the first to defend!
Say, to-morrow will come — and then time will unfold
That "one story 's good till another is told!"

A friend 's like a ship, when, with music and song,
The tide of good fortune still speeds him along;
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,
And any mean billow can batter his deck!
Then give me the heart that true sympathy shows,
And clings to a messmate, whatever wind blows;
And says, — when aspersion, unanswered, grows cold, —
Wait; — " one story 's good till another is told! "

9. THE GREAT MUSICAL CRITIC. — *Original translation.*

Once on a time, the Nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear.
Of course, her friends all flocked to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw, or carp at a mistake!
She sang as only nightingales can sing;
And when she 'd ended,
There was a general cry of " Bravo! splendid! "
While she, poor thing,
Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.
The Turkeys gobbled their delight; the Geese,
Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,
Gave this one no denial:
It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But, 'mong the critics on the ground,
An Ass was present, pompous and profound,
Who said, " My friends, I 'll not dispute the honor,
That you would do our little prima donna.
Although her upper notes are very shrill,
And she defies all method in her trill,
She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
With study, may some cleverness attain.
Then, her friends tell me, she 's a virtuous soul;
But — but — "
" But," growled the Lion, " by my mane,
I never knew an Ass who did not strain
To qualify a good thing with a but! "
" Nay," said the Goose, approaching, with a strut,
" Don't interrupt him, sire; pray let it pass;
The Ass is honest, if he is an Ass! "

" I was about," said Long Ear, " to remark,
That there is something lacking in her whistle; —
Something magnetic, —
To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,

And kindle in the breast a spark
Like — like, for instance, a good juicy thistle."

The assembly tittered, but the Fox, with gravity,
Said, at the Lion winking,
"Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,
Has given his opinion, without shrinking;
But, to do justice to the Nightingale,
He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
What sort of music 't is that does not fail
His sensibilities to rouse and thrill."

"Why," said the critic, with a look potential,
And pricking up his ears, delighted much
At Reynard's tone and manner deferential, —
"Why, Sir, there 's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings, and so carry *me* away,
As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray."

"I thought so," said the Fox, without a pause;
"As far as you 're concerned, your judgment 's true; —
You do not like the Nightingale, because
The Nightingale is not an Ass like you!"

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10. DRAMATIC STYLES. — *Blackwood's Mag.*

In dramatic writing, the difference between the Grecian and Roman styles is very great. When you deal with a Greek subject, you must be very devout, and have unbounded reverence for Diana of the Ephesians. You must also believe in the second sight, and be as solemn, calm, and passionless, as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never descend to the slightest familiarity, nor lay off the stilts for a moment; and, far from calling a spade a spade, call it

> That sharp instrument
> With which the Theban husbandman lays bare
> The breast of our great mother.

The Roman, on the other hand, may occasionally be jocular, but always warlike. One is like a miracle-play in church; — the other, a tableau vivant in a camp. If a Greek has occasion to ask his sweetheart "if her mother knows she 's out," and "if she has sold her mangle yet," he says:

> *Menestheus.* Cleanthe!
> *Cleanthe.* My Lord!
> *Men.* Your mother, — your kind, excellent mother, —
> She who hung o'er your couch in infancy,
> And felt within her heart the joyous pride
> Of having such a daughter, — does she know,
> Sweetest Cleanthe! that you 've left the shade
> Of the maternal walls?
> *Cle.* She does, my Lord.
> *Men.* And, — but I scarce can ask the question, — when
> I last beheld her, 'gainst the whitened wall

Stood a strong engine, flat, and broad, and heavy;
Its entrail stones, and moved on mighty rollers,
Rendering the crispéd web as smooth and soft
As whitest snow. — That engine, sweet Cleanthe, —
Fit pedestal for household deity, —
Larés and old Penātés ; — has she 't still ?
Or for gold bribes has she disposed of it ?
I fain would know; — pray tell me, is it sold ?

The Roman goes quicker to work :

Tell me, my Julia, does your mother know
You 're out ? and has she sold her mangle yet !

The Composite, or Elizabethan, has a smack of both :

Conradin. Ha ! Celia here ! Come hither, pretty one.
Thou hast a mother, child ?
Celia. Most people have, Sir.
Con. I' faith thou 'rt sharp, — thou hast a biting wit;
But does this mother, — this epitome
Of what all other people are possessed of, —
Knows she thou 'rt out, and gadding?
Cel. No, not gadding !
Out, sir; she knows I 'm out.
Con. She had a mangle;
Faith, 't was a huge machine, and smoothed the web
Like snow. I 've seen it oft; — it was, indeed,
A right good mangle.
Cel. Then thou 'rt not in thought
To buy it, else thou would not praise it so.
Con. A parlous child ! keen as the cold North wind,
Yet light as Zephyrs. No, no; I 'd not buy it;
But has she sold it, child ?

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11. THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER. — *Horace Smith.*

In Broad-street buildings (on a winter night),
Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
Sat, all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose;
With t' other he 'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gums, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, tumeric, turpentine, and tin;
When, lo ! a decent personage in black
Entered, and most politely said, —
" Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by;
And thought it neighborly to give you notice."
" Ten thousand thanks ! " the gouty man replied;
" You see, good Sir, how to my chair I 'm tied; —
Ten thousand thanks ! — how very few get,

In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger!
Assuredly that footman's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate;
And he well knows (the heedless elf!)
That there 's no soul at home, except myself."
"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave
"Then he 's a double knave:
He knows that rogues and thieves, by scores,
Nightly beset unguarded doors;
And see, how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks:
Enter your room, as I have done;
Blow out your candles, — thus, and thus, —
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off, — thus!"
So said, so done; — he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark!

12. THE VICTIM OF REFORM. — *Blackwood's Magazine. Adapted.*

A MONKEY, once, whom fate had led to list
To all the rancorous spouting and contention
Of a convention
For every one's emancipation
From every thing and body in creation,
Determined in the good work to assist.
So, with some curious notions in his noddle,
And conning portions of the precious twaddle,
Which, in the form of resolutions,
Had struck at all existing institutions,
He strode forth with a step that seemed designed
To represent the mighty march of mind.
Not far he 'd wandered, when his indignation
Was roused to see
A great menagerie,
Where birds and beasts of every race and station,
All free-born animals, were kept confined,
Caged and locked up in durance vile!
It was a sight to waken all his bile.

The window of the building stood ajar;
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb;
The hour was verging on the supper time,

And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile, Pug scrambled upward, like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnoticed in the hunger-telling din.
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
Zounds! how it made him chafe, —
To look around upon this brute Bastille,
And see the King of creatures in — a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Enduring all oppression's bitterest ills;
A bear in bars unbearable; and then,
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
Imprisoned in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;
And, still worse lot, a leopard to one spot!

Pug went above, a solitary mounter, —
Up gloomy stairs, and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls, cranes, vultures, owls, —
In fact, it was a sort of poultry-counter,
Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there, aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation
All caged against their wills,
And cramped in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation; —
In truth, it was a scene more foul than fair.

His temper little mended,
Pug from his bird-cage walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all Nature's free list thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey in their own way, —
A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved, and finally resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious;
And first, with stealthy paw, Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the King of brutes within.
"Now, Monarch of the forest, thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement, — thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
Free to search all the jungles about London."

Alas for Freedom, and for Freedom's hero!
Alas for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

13. 'TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS THAT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A Peacock came, with his plumage gay,
Strutting in regal pride, one day,
Where a little bird hung in a gilded cage,
Whose song might a seraph's ear engage.
The bird sang on, while the peacock stood,
Vaunting his plumes to the neighborhood;
And the radiant sun seemed not more bright
Than the bird that basked in his golden light;
But the little bird sang, in his own sweet words,
"'T is not fine feathers that make fine birds!"

The peacock strutted; — a bird so fair
Never before had ventured there,
While the small bird hung at the cottage door, —
And what could a peacock wish for more?
Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing,
He was n't contented, — *he tried to sing!*
And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
Scared by his screaming, soon took to flight;
While the little bird sang, in his own sweet words,
"'T is not fine feathers that make fine birds!"

Then, prithee, take warning, maidens fair,
And still of the peacock's fate beware;
Beauty and wealth won't win your way,
Though they 're attired in plumage gay;
Something to charm you all must know,
Apart from fine feathers and outward show; —
A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
Or else small beauty is left behind!
While the little birds sing, in their own true words,
"'T is not fine feathers that make fine birds!"

14. THE CULPRIT AND THE JUDGE. — *Horace Smith.*

A Gascon, who had long pursued
The trade of clipping
And filing the similitude
Of good King Pepin,
Was caught by the police, who found him
With file and scissors in his hand,
And ounces of Pactolian sand
Lying around him.

The case admitting no denial,
They hurried him forthwith to trial;
When the Judge made a long oration
About the crime of profanation,
And gave no respite for repentance,
But instantly pronounced his sentence —
"Decapitation!" —
"As to offending powers divine,"
The culprit cried, "be nothing said;
Yours is a deeper guilt than mine.
I took a portion from the head
Of the King's image; you, O fearful odds!
Strike the whole head at once from God's!"

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15. THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH. — *Horace Smith.*

One of the Kings of Scanderoon, a royal jester, had in his train a gross buffoon, who used to pester the court with tricks inopportune, venting on the highest folks his scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes. It needs some sense to play the fool; which wholesome rule occurred not to our jackanapes, who consequently found his freaks lead to innumerable scrapes, and quite as many kicks and tweaks; which only made him faster try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure, incurred the desperate displeasure of his serene and raging Highness. Whether the wag had twitched his beard, which he was bound to have revered, or had intruded on the shyness of the seraglio, or let fly an epigram at royalty, none knows — his sin was an occult one; but records tell us that the Sultan, meaning to terrify the knave, exclaimed, "'T is time to stop that breath! Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave! Thou stand'st condemned to certain death! Silence, base rebel! no replying. But such is my indulgence still, that, of my own free grace and will, I leave to thee the mode of dying." "Your royal will be done; 't is just," replied the wretch, and kissed the dust; "since, my last moments to assuage, your majesty's humane decree has deigned to leave the choice to me, I 'll die, so please you, of old age!"

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16. THE POET AND THE ALCHEMIST. — *Horace Smith.*

Before this present golden age of writers, a Grub-street Garreteer existed, one of the regular inditers of odes and poems to be twisted into encomiastic verses, for patrons who have heavy purses. Besides the bellman's rhymes, he had others to let, both gay and sad, all ticketed from A to Izzard; and, living by his wits, I need not add, the rogue was lean as any lizard. Like a rope-maker's were his ways; for still one line upon another he spun, and, like his hempen brother, kept going backwards all his days. Hard by his attic lived a chemist, or alchemist, who had a mighty faith in the Elixir Vitæ; and, though

unflattered by the dimmest glimpses of success, kept groping and grubbing in his dark vocation; stupidly hoping to find the art of changing metals, and guineas coin from pots and kettles, by mystery of transmutation.

Our starving poet took occasion to seek this conjuror's abode; not with encomiastic ode, or laudatory dedication, but with an offer to impart, for twenty pounds, the secret art, which should procure, without the pain of metals, chemistry and fire, what he so long had sought in vain, and gratify his heart's desire. The money paid, our bard was hurried to the philosopher's sanctorum: who, somewhat sublimized, and flurried out of his chemical decorum, crowed, capered, giggled, seemed to spurn his crucibles, retort and furnace, and cried, as he secured the door, and carefully put to the shutter: "Now, now, the secret, I implore! For Heaven's sake, speak, discover, utter!" With grave and solemn air, the Poet cried: "List! O, list! for thus I show it: — Let this plain truth those ingrates strike, who still, though blessed, new blessings crave: *that we may all have what we like, simply by liking what we have!*"

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17. BLINDMAN'S BUFF. — *Horace Smith.*

THREE wags (whom some fastidious carpers might rather designate three sharpers) entered, at York, the Cat and Fiddle; and, finding that the host was out on business for two hours or more, while Sam, the rustic waiter, wore the visage of a simple lout, whom they might safely try to diddle, — they ordered dinner in a canter, — cold or hot, it mattered not, provided it was served *instanter;* and, as the heat had made them very dry and dusty in their throttles, they bade the waiter bring three bottles of prime old Port, and one of Sherry. Sam ran with ardor to the larder, then to the kitchen; and, as he briskly went to work, he drew from the spit a roasted turkey, with sausages embellished, which in a trice upon the board was spread, together with a nice, cold brisket; nor did he even obliviscate half a pig's head. To these succeeded puddings, pies, custards and jellies, all doomed to fall a sacrifice to their insatiable bellies; as if, like camels, they intended to stuff into their monstrous craws enough to satisfy their maws, until their pilgrimage was ended. Talking, laughing, eating and quaffing, the bottles stood no moment still. They rallied Sam with joke and banter, and, as they drained the last decanter, called for the bill.

'T was brought, — when one of them, who eyed and added up the items, cried, — "Extremely moderate, indeed! I 'll make a point to recommend this inn to every travelling friend; and you, Sam, shall be doubly fee'd." This said, a weighty purse he drew, when his companion interposed: — "Nay, Harry, that will never do; pray let your purse again be closed; you paid all charges yesterday; 't is clearly now my turn to pay." Harry, however, would n't listen to any such insulting offer; his generous eyes appeared to glisten, indig-

nant at the very proffer; and, though his friend talked loud, his clangor served but to aggravate Hal's anger. "My worthy fellow," cried the third, "now, really, this is too absurd. What! do both of you forget, I have n't paid a farthing, yet? Am I eternally to cram, at your expense? 'T is childish, quite. I claim this payment as my right. Here, how much is the money, Sam?"

To this most rational proposal, the others gave such fierce negation, one might have fancied they were foes, all; so hot became the altercation, each in his purse his money rattling, insisting, arguing and battling. One of them cried, at last: — "A truce! This point we will no longer moot. Wrangling for trifles is no use; and, thus we 'll finish the dispute: — That we may settle what we three owe, we 'll blindfold Sam, and whichsoe'er he catches of us first shall bear all the expenses of the trio, with half a crown (if that 's enough) to Sam, for playing blindman's buff." Sam liked it hugely, — thought the ransom for a good game of fun was handsome; gave his own handkerchief beside, to have his eyes securely tied, and soon began to grope and search; when the three knaves, I need n't say, adroitly left him in the lurch, slipped down the stairs and stole away. Poor Sam continued hard at work. Now o'er a chair he gets a fall; now floundering forwards with a jerk, he bobs his nose against the wall; and now encouraged by a subtle fancy that they 're near the door, he jumps behind it to explore, and breaks his shins against the scuttle; crying, at each disaster — "Drat it! Hang it! 'od rabbit it!" and "Rat it!" Just in the crisis of his doom, the host, returning, sought the room; and Sam no sooner heard his tread, than, pouncing on him like a bruin, he almost shook him into ruin, and, with a shout of laughter, said: — "Huzza! I 've caught you now; so down with cash for all, and my half crown!" Off went the bandage, and his eyes seemed to be goggling o'er his forehead, while his mouth widened with a horrid look of agonized surprise. "Gull!" roared his master; "Gudgeon! dunce! fool, as you are, you 're right for once; 't is clear that I must pay the sum; but this one thought my wrath assuages — that every half-penny shall come out of your wages!"

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18. THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR. — *Horace Smith.*

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas, who was esteemed a mighty wit, upon the strength of a chance hit, amid a thousand flippancies, and his occasional bad jokes, in bullying, bantering, browbeating, ridiculing and maltreating women, or other timid folks, — in a late cause, resolved to hoax a clownish Yorkshire farmer, — one, who, by his uncouth look and gait, appeared expressly meant by Fate for being quizzed and played upon. So, having tipped the wink to those in the back rows, who kept their laughter bottled down until our wag should draw the cork, he smiled jocosely on the clown, and went to work. "Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?" "Why — not, Sir, as they do wi' you; but on four legs, instead of two." "Officer!"

cried the legal elf, piqued at the laugh against himself, "do pray keep silence down below, there. Now, look at me, clown, and attend; have I not seen you somewhere, friend?" "Yes, very like; I often go there." "Our rustic 's waggish — quite laconic!" the counsel cried, with grin sardonic; "I wish I 'd known this prodigy, this genius of the clods, when I on circuit was at York residing. Now, Farmer, do for once speak true; mind, you 're on oath, so tell me, you who doubtless think yourself so clever, are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?" "Why, no Sir, no; we 've got our share, — but not so many as when *you* were there."

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19. MR. PUFF'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF. — *Sheridan.*

Sir, I make no secret of the trade I follow. Among friends and brother authors, I love to be frank on the subject, and to advertise myself vivâ vocé. I am, Sir, a practitioner in panegyric; or, to speak more plainly, a professor of the art of puffing, at your service — or anybody else's. I dare say, now, you conceive half the very civil paragraphs and advertisements you see to be written by the parties concerned, or their friends. No such thing; nine out of ten manufactured by me, in the way of business. You must know, Sir, that, from the first time I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such, that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life, indeed. Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes; by advertisements *To the charitable and humane!* and, *To those whom Providence has blessed with affluence!* And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time. Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes; then, Sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burned out, and lost my little all both times. I lived upon those fires a month. I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs. That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself. I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to — O, no! — then I became a widow, with six helpless children. All this I bore with patience, though I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se;* but, as I did not find those rash actions answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, Sir, at last, what with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience, and in a more liberal way still to indulge my talents for fiction and embellishments, through my favorite channel of diurnal communication; — and so, Sir, you have my history.

PART TENTH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. ADDRESS OF BLACK HAWK TO GENERAL STREET.

You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved; for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble, before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last General understood Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them, and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indian, to cheat him; they shake him by the hand, to gain his confidence, to make him drunk, and to deceive him. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us; but they followed on and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises; but we got no satisfaction: things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and pappooses without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose, and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set

up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom, when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him. Black Hawk is a true Indian, and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and his friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for the Nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. Farewell, my Nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are crushed. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

2. TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR, 1824. — *Pushmataha. Born*, 1764; *died*, 1824.

Father — I have been here at the council-house some time; but I have not talked. I have not been strong enough to talk. You shall hear me talk to-day. I belong to another district. You have, no doubt, heard of me. I am Pushmataha.

Father — When in my own country, I often looked towards this council-house, and wanted to come here. I am in trouble. I will tell my distresses. I feel like a small child, not half as high as its father, who comes up to look in his father's face, hanging in the bend of his arm, to tell him his troubles. So, father, I hang in the bend of your arm, and look in your face; and now hear me speak.

Father — When I was in my own country, I heard there were men appointed to talk to us. I would not speak there; I chose to come here, and speak in this beloved house; for Pushmataha can boast, and say, and tell the truth, that none of his fathers, or grandfathers, or any Choctaw, ever drew bow against the United States. They have always been friendly. We have held the hands of the United States so long, that our nails are long like birds' claws; and there is no danger of their slipping out.

Father — I have come to speak. My nation has always listened to the applications of the white people. They have given of their country till it is very small. I came here, when a young man, to see my Father Jefferson. He told me, if ever we got in trouble, we must run and tell him. I am come. This is a friendly talk; it is like that of a man who meets another, and says, How do you do? Another of my tribe shall talk further. He shall say what Pushmataha would say, were he stronger.

3. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF A CHIEF OF THE POCOMTUC INDIANS. — *Edward Everett.*

White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder

waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, It is mine. Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the South, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the West? — the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the East? — the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here I will die! and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps; — the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time, in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!

4. LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF, TO LORD DUNMORE.

The charge against Colonel Cresap, in the subjoined speech, — or, rather, message, — sent to Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, in 1774, through John Gibson, an Indian trader, has been proved to be untrue. Gibson corrected Logan on the spot, but probably felt bound to deliver the speech as it was delivered to him.

I APPEAL to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and chil-

dren. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not think that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!

5. MORAL COSMETICS. — *Horace Smith. Born*, 1779; *died*, 1849.

Ye who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From Age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan, —
'T will make, in climate cold or torrid,
A hale old man:

Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of Age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure;
But find your richest, dearest treasure,
In books, friends, music, polished leisure:
The mind, not sense,
Made the sole scale by which to measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

6. THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED. — *Caroline Bowles Southey.*

Tread softly, — bow the head, —
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll, —
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With holy reverence bow; —
There 's one in that poor shed, —
One by that paltry bed, —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! death doth keep his state;
Enter, — no crowds attend;
Enter, — no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting, with meagre hands,
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed, — again,
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O, change! — O, wondrous change! —
Burst are the prison bars, —
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

O, change! — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal breaks, —
The new immortal wakes, —
Wakes with his God!

7. HOPE. — *Sarah F. Adams.*

Hope leads the child to plant the flower, the man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour, but prompts again to deed.
And ere upon the old man's dust the grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears to trust Hope's sunshine on the grave.
O no! it is no flattering lure, — no fancy weak or fond, —
When hope would bid us rest secure in better life beyond.
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin, her promise may gainsay;
The voice divine hath spoke within, and God did ne'er betray.

8. DEATH. — *Horace Smith.*

Fate! Fortune! Chance! whose blindness, hostility or kindness,
Play such strange freaks with human destinies, —
Contrasting poor and wealthy, the life-diseased and healthy,
The blessed, the cursed, the witless and the wise, —
Ye have a master; one, who mars what ye have done;
Levelling all that move beneath the sun, —
Death!

Take courage, ye that languish beneath the withering anguish
Of open wrong, or tyrannous deceit;
There comes a swift redresser to punish your oppressor,
And lay him prostrate, helpless, at your feet!
O, Champion strong! Righter of wrong!
Justice, equality, to thee belong, —
Death!

Where Conquest crowns his quarrel, and the victor, wreathed with laurel,
While trembling Nations bow beneath his rod,
On his guarded throne reposes, in living apotheōsis,
The Lord's anointed and earth's demigod, —
What form of fear croaks in his ear
"The victor's car is but a funeral bier"?
Death!

Who, spite of guards and yeomen, steel phalanx and cross-bowmen,
Leaps, at a bound, the shuddering castle's moat,
The tyrant's crown down dashes, his sceptre treads to ashes,
With rattling finger grasps him by the throat,
His breath out-wrings, and his corse down flings
To the dark pit where grave-worms feed on kings? —
Death!

When the murderer 's undetected, when the robber 's unsuspected,
And night has veiled his crime from every eye, —
When nothing living daunts him, and no fear of justice haunts him,
Who wakes his conscience-stricken agony?
Who makes him start, with his withering dart,
And wrings the secret from his bursting heart? —
Death!

To those who pine in sorrow, whose wretchedness can borrow
No moment's ease from any human act, —
To the widow comfort-spurning, to the slave for freedom yearning,
To the diseased, with cureless anguish racked, —
Who brings release, and whispers peace,
And points to realms where pain and sorrow cease? —
Death!

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9. LACHRYMOSE WRITERS. — *Horace Smith.*

Ye human screech-owls, who delight
To herald woe, — whose day is night,
Whose mental food is misery and moans, —
If ye must needs uphold the pall,
And walk at Pleasure's funeral,
Be Mutes — and publish not your cries and groans.

Ye say that Earth 's a charnel; Life,
Incessant wretchedness and strife;
That all is doom below and wrath above;
The sun and moon, sepulchral lamps;
The sky, a vault whose baleful damps
Soon blight and moulder all that live and love.

Ungrateful and calumnious crew,
Whose plaints, as impious as untrue,
From morbid intellects derive their birth, —
Away! begone, to mope and moan,
And weep in some asylum lone,
Where ye may rail unheard at Heaven and Earth!

Earth! on whose stage, in pomp arrayed,
Life's joyous interlude is played, —
Earth! with thy pageants ever new and bright,
Thy woods and waters, hills and dales,
How dead must be the soul that fails
To see and bless thy beauties infinite!

Man! whose high intellect supplies
A never failing Paradise
Of holy and enrapturing pursuits;
Whose heart 's a fount of fresh delight, —
Pity the Cynics, who would blight
Thy godlike gifts, and rank thee with the brutes!

O, Woman! who from realms above
Hast brought to Earth a Heaven of love,
Terrestrial angel, beautiful as pure!
No pains, no penalties, dispense
On thy traducers, — their offence
Is its own punishment, most sharp and sure.

Father and God! whose love and might
To every sense are blazoned bright
On the vast three-leaved Bible, — Earth, Sea, Sky, —
Pardon the impugners of Thy laws,
Expand their hearts, and give them cause
To bless the exhaustless grace they now deny!

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10. THE SANCTUARY. — *Horace Smith. Adapted.*

For man there still is left one sacred charter;
One refuge still remains for human woes.
Victim of care! or persecution's martyr!
Who seek'st a sure asylum from thy foes,
Learn that the holiest, safest, purest, best,
Is man's own breast!

There is a solemn sanctuary, founded
By God himself; not for transgressors meant;
But that the man oppressed, the spirit-wounded,
And all beneath the world's injustice bent,
Might turn from outward wrong, turmoil and din,
To peace within.

Each bosom is a temple, — when its altar,
The living heart, is unprofaned and pure,
Its verge is hallowed; none need fear or falter
Who thither fly; it is an ark secure,
Winning, above a world o'erwhelmed with wrath,
Its peaceful path.

O, Bower of Bliss! O, sanctuary holy!
Terrestrial antepast of heavenly joy,
Never, O, never may misdeed or folly
My claim to thy beatitudes destroy!
Still may I keep this Paradise unlost,
Where'er I 'm tost!

E'en in the flesh, the spirit disembodied,
Unchecked by time and space, may soar elate,
In silent awe to commune with the Godhead, —
Or the millennium reign anticipate,
When Earth shall be all sanctity and love,
Like Heaven above.

How sweet to turn from anguish, guilt and madness,
From scenes where strife and tumult never cease,
To that Elysian world of bosomed gladness,
Where all is concord, charity and peace;
And, sheltered from the storm, the soul may rest
On its own nest!

When, spleenful as the sensitive Mimosa,
We shrink from Winter's touch and Nature's gloom,
There may we conjure up a Vallombrosa,
Where groves and bowers in Summer beauty bloom,
And the heart dances in the sunny glade
Fancy has made.

But, would we dedicate to nobler uses
This bosom sanctuary, let us there
Hallow our hearts from all the world's abuses;
While high and charitable thoughts, and prayer,
May teach us gratitude to God, combined
With love of kind.